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Landmarks of Civilization



HEINRICH HEINE
From a painting by Schick

Pictures of Travel

By
Heinrich Heine

Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland

With a Critical and Biographical Introduction
by Charles Harvey Genung

Illustrated



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HEINRICH HEINE

IT is difficult, even after the lapse of more than forty years since Heine's death, to assign to the poet his true place and to the man his moral value. Heine's nature was complex, and it was a complexity of unresolved discords, of unreconciled contrasts. Never have critical judgments been more widely divergent than those which have been passed upon the life and works of Heine. That he is the greatest literary force in Germany since Goethe is now a clearly established fact, but how this can be, in view of his moral and temperamental defects, is a question which continues to stimulate and baffle the student. Goethe's life and works form an harmonious whole; Heine's life and Heine's lyrics are often strangely at variance. The reader is never sure of fair treatment from Heine. Moved to tears by the exquisite pathos, beauty, and lilt of his verse, we are suddenly confronted by the pale face of the poet distorted into a cynical grin. While we gaze delighted upon a beautiful picture, it is converted before our very eyes, by a final stroke of the capricious artist's brush, into a ridiculous caricature. We sit in a solemn temple listening to music, sublime and sweet, but, as it dies away, we hear from without the strains of mocking antiphonies. It is this trait which increases the difficulty of judging Heine aright. Loftiness of moral character has come justly to be regarded as an essential condition to all literary work of the highest order. "The greatness of the great poets, the power of their criticism of life, is that their virtue is sustained." This condition is not fulfilled in the case of Heine; indeed, he himself takes pains to remind us that it is not. His virtue came in moments; it was not sustained, and when it came, too often he turned it into ridicule. And yet he was a poet who displayed divine inspi-

ration in his wonderful lyrics and the highest brilliancy of wit and style in his prose, while his character, his outward life, his cynicism, his coarseness, his mockery, made painful dissonances with the glorious chords that his higher nature struck. But when Tyndall said that if an object should disobey the law of gravitation, we were not to go forth and proclaim a miracle, but quietly to seek to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, he uttered a truth which may be applied to literary criticism as well as to physics. The conflicting traits of Heine's character present a difficulty, but they do not warrant a pedantic denial of the beauty and sincerity of the poet's best work, or of the genuineness of his inspiration. The pearls, to paraphrase his own figure, are not less fair and pure because the ocean in whose calm depths they lie has its heaving tides and tempests.

Carlyle, writing at a time when Heine's importance in literature had not yet become clear, disregarded his advent and laid all stress upon the elder Romantic poets as continuators of Goethe. Matthew Arnold, while fully recognizing that the wreath with which posterity has crowned Heine is of laurel, not of oak, seeks a solution of the character problem by laying emphasis upon Heine's function as a brave soldier fighting in the vanguard for the liberation of humanity. But that is only half a solution; it would still leave unexplained how the poet could turn the tenderest emotions to ridicule and the loftiest conceptions to caricature. Moreover, to have been a brave soldier in such a fight would seem to demand a tougher moral fiber than Heine had. George Eliot saw his faults, but, although her essay was written just before the poet died, and in the midst of the conflict that was waged around him, she proclaimed him the first great wit, the second great lyricist, and the greatest prose writer of German literature. And in this view of him, with various modifications, the opinions of men are now united. Robert Louis Stevenson has called him the "most perfect of poets." Hans Christian Andersen, who in his youth had felt the influence of Heine and had known him personally in later life, wrote his mature opinion of him in 1865: "Heine is a glittering firework; it goes out, and dark night surrounds us. He is a witty babbler, impious and frivolous, and yet a *true poet*."

His books are elfin girls in gauze and silk which swarm with vermin, so that one cannot let them move freely about the rooms of respectably dressed people." There is the puzzling contradiction again: a *true* poet, but a witty, impious, frivolous babbler! It is Matthew Arnold, the poet, and not Matthew Arnold, the critic, who has caught the clearest vision of Heine's tricksy and elusive nature:—

"The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
THAT SMILE WAS HEINE!"

That is a complete characterization of Heine; poetry *sees* and the truth of the vision is at once recognized; there is no need of an explanation. But we may, perhaps, arrive at a more prosaic understanding of the tortuous intricacies of Heine's character, by a rapid review of those circumstances of his life which most affected his development. Harry Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, on December 13, 1797. He was a Jew. This fact in the social organization of that time was a degradation that entailed upon him manifold humiliations and sufferings; these made life-lasting scars. He gloried in the great achievements of his ancient race, but he was obliged formally to renounce his allegiance to it and was repeatedly subjected to indignities because of it. His proud and sensitive nature made these trials doubly bitter. It has been said of him that he was born without a skin. "He had a sensibility so quivering," writes the eminent French critic, Émile Faguet, "that his sighs were cries, and, thanks to his imagination, cries as infinitely poetic as they were pitiful." In his Jewish origin lies the chief cause of the incongruities of his character. The Jews hated him as a renegade and mocker; the Christians despised him as a Jew and iconoclast. His sparkling and incisive wit was the armor in which he wrapped his sensitive soul, for defense against the inclemency of his environment, for offense against his enemies. It was both his salvation and his curse; he became its slave, and matters of much solemn moment to him with this regard lost their solemnity and became the ob-

jects of his ribald mockery. With his fine elegiac power and poetic sentiment he united an instinct for raillery and even buffoonery. To his incompatible double position as Jew and German is, it would seem, directly attributable that unfortunate, though often amusing, dissonance between the promptings of his better nature and the jocose distortions which marred their utterance. More than once, however, the cry of real agony was wrung from him in all its unmixed pathos, and tragic accents are heard behind the mask of comedy.

"To be born with diverse souls," writes Edward Dowden, "is embarrassing, but it was Heine's distinction. It signifies that life is to be no steadfast progress, directed by some guiding light, but a wavering advance through a countless series of attractions passing into repulsions, and of repulsions transformed into attractions." This is descriptive of Heine's experience, but had he been a Teuton born in Germany or a Jew born elsewhere, this diversity might have been less marked. His early education was unfavorable. His father, Samson Heine, was an amiable and accomplished man of little force; from him the son derived his artistic temperament. His mother, Elizabeth von Geldern, the daughter of a well-to-do Jewish physician of Düsseldorf, was a deist of the school of Voltaire with a highly intellectual contempt for poetry. She forbade her son all imaginative literature. It was at the house of his uncle, Simon von Geldern, that young Heine came under the thrall of such formative works as "Don Quixote," the "Sentimental Journey," and "Gulliver's Travels." The influence of the first two books is evident in his own writings. No religious influence was ever brought to bear upon him; it was only the poetry of religion that appealed to him, and the pride he took in Hebrew traditions had no admixture of religious feeling. It was, indeed, a bitter trial to him when in 1825, in accordance with the Prussian law and in order to enter the legal profession, he had himself baptized in the Lutheran faith. It was then that his original name of Harry was changed to Heinrich. The act was purely one of convenience and had no religious meaning, but he felt that he had forsworn his people and humbled his exultant pride of birth. It brought his innermost soul into conflict with his surroundings; it rendered the harmonious development

of the man impossible. Heine's intellectual development was from subjectivity to objectivity, from within outwards; but, while the heat within expanded, the cold reality without contracted, and his soul, warped and cracked, could no longer ring true.

Another grief which exercised a lifelong and embittering influence upon the poet was his attachment to his cousin, Amalie Heine. In 1816 Heine had been sent to Hamburg to work as a clerk in the counting-house of his wealthy uncle, Salomon Heine. He fell in love with his uncle's daughter; it proved to be the one great passion of his life, but his love was unrequited. He was at best but a poor relative in a family in which commercial considerations were paramount. The shadow of this sorrow was never raised from his life; beneath it he wrote some exquisite love lyrics, but many also that were cynical, unworthy, and coarse. The feeling was genuine, but the duality of his nature exhibited that feeling in contrasted phases, with the grief of Faust and the leer of Mephisto. The knowledge of this early disappointment is another help towards an understanding of a "true" poet who could vent his sorrow in beautiful songs and at the same time conceal his sobs behind ribald laughter. If the latter jars upon us, perhaps it gave him relief, and at all events it is a small price that posterity has to pay in order to possess some of the most simple and pathetic songs that ever a rejected lover sang.

A business career was, of course, wholly uncongenial to Heine's finely organized spirit. With much reluctance his uncle finally granted him a small annual stipend, and in 1819 Heine went to Bonn to study law. There he came under the direct personal influence of Schlegel and entered at once upon the whole inheritance of medieval Germanic tradition which the Romantic School had restored to the German race. Of this school Heine was destined to be the last representative; he wrote its history and sang in "Atta Troll" its mocking dirge. From Bonn he went to Göttingen, which he afterwards so mercilessly satirized in the "Travel Pictures." Thence in a period of enforced rustication he went to Berlin, then the center of intellectual activity. He was received into the intimate circle of many of the most distin-

guished men of the time and found a home in the salon of Rahel von Varnhagen. Rahel's husband secured an opening for the young poet in the columns of the "Gesellschafter," and his poems were so well received that the publisher of the magazine brought out a volume of them. These were the "Junge Leiden" (Youthful Sorrows) which now constitute the first part of the famous "Book of Songs." Two tragedies which followed, "Almansor" and "Ratcliff," the latter written under the then fashionable influence of Scott, were unnoticed failures, but the Lyric Intermezzo which accompanied their publication in book form exhibits Heine's best qualities. His poems of later years contain higher imaginative flights, but the "astonishing Intermezzo," as his French biographer, Jules Legras, calls it, reveals Heine himself with all his elegiac tenderness, his folk-song simplicity, his inimitable drollery, and his flashing wit. Heine found himself suddenly famous.

But meanwhile the poet's vogue brought small pecuniary return. The law was as uncongenial to him as business had been. The stipend from his uncle, however, was granted upon the condition that he should take his degree and practise law in Hamburg. His health was bad, and his uncle grudgingly allowed him to go to Cuxhaven, where he began the series of "North Sea" poems, and to Norderney, which gave its name to a section of the "Travel Pictures." A visit to Hamburg inspired him to write the sorrowful songs of the "Heimkehr" (Home-coming), which became a part of the "Book of Songs." At Hamburg he again saw Amalie, now a wife and a mother; he left the house, feeling that the whole "world smelt of withered violets." The sense of dependence upon his uncle was irksome to him; he knew that he was regarded as a good-for-nothing; indeed, his uncle called him "my stupid nephew." It was characteristic of Heine that upon a subsequent occasion he said: "My dear uncle, did you really expect not to have to pay for the honor of bearing my name?" But in this one can see the bravado of wit concealing the bitterness of unwilling dependence. He returned to Göttingen to carry out his contract. In a flying visit to Berlin he enjoyed the exhilaration of fame. He was greeted as the German

Byron, and laughed at the incongruity. But a few months later when the news of Byron's death reached Germany, he wrote: "Byron was the only man to whom I felt myself related, and we may have had a good deal of resemblance in many things." In that summer of 1824 Heine strapped his knapsack on his back and took the now famous tramp through the Harz Mountains. This trip he has immortalized in that sprightliest product of his pen, "The Harz Journey." It is the most generally appreciated of all his prose works, perhaps the most important section of the "Travel Pictures," and certainly, despite the flavor of Sterne, a new thing in literature. In the following year Heine was baptized and with some difficulty succeeded in taking his degree.

It was on his way to the Harz that Heine had his celebrated meeting with Goethe, of which the younger poet has furnished so amusing a description. He was awed by the German Jupiter and was about to speak Greek to him, but, finding that he understood German, Heine remarked that the Saxon plums were very good. For many winter nights Heine had been thinking what he should say to Goethe if he ever met him. This was what he said, and "Goethe smiled." It is also related that in response to Goethe's inquiry: "What is your business in Weimar?" Heine replied that he was writing a Faust. "Have you any other business in Weimar?" asked Goethe. It is certain that whatever the truth about the interview was, Heine felt himself injured in his self-esteem. Goethe doubtless treated the young man with condescension, and for several years thereafter Heine characteristically transformed the admiration that he really felt for Goethe into ridicule of "the great man in a silk coat." But after Goethe's death, Heine made a frank confession: "It is difficult," he wrote, "to guess the particular motive that may have impelled individuals to give public expression to their anti-Goethean convictions. In the case of only one person I know that motive perfectly well, and since I am myself that person I will honestly confess it: it was envy!" And of Goethe's songs he said: "The harmonious lines twine around your heart like a tender lover; the word embraces you while the thought gives you a kiss." But when

Heine wrote these words he had himself become almost Goethe's peer as a lyric poet. Heine's peculiar piquant flavor is his own, but the folk-song simplicity of his verse had been made possible for him by the work of Herder and Goethe. Their influence was directly transmitted to him through the poets of the Romantic School, and chiefly through Wilhelm Muller and "The Boy's Wonder Horn" of Brentano and Arnim. To Muller Heine wrote in 1826: "It was in your songs that I found what I looked for, — the pure tone and the true simplicity. What I yearn to tell you is that, with the exception of Goethe, there is no lyric poet whom I love so much as you."

In the "Travel Pictures," although they are filled with the music of Heine's verse, "prose receives him in her wide arms." From 1826 to 1831 these volumes of mingled prose and verse were the author's chief care and the public's chief delight or annoyance. In 1826 Heine wrote to Immermann: "The 'Travel Pictures' are just now the place where I set before the public whatever I will." And in the same year, writing to Muller, he said: "In the next volume of my 'Travel Pictures,' you will find in prose much that is mad, bitter, offensive, angry, and very polemical. Times are really too bad and whoever has strength, freedom, and boldness has also the duty seriously to begin the fight against all that is bad and puffed up, against all that is mediocre, and yet spreads itself out so broad, so intolerably broad." It was in that year also that Julius Campe, who was Heine's publisher from that time forth, brought out the first volume of "Travel Pictures." It contained "The Harz Journey," which had already appeared in the "Gesellschafter"; but Heine had taken his degree since then, and the delicious satire on Göttingen with which the book opens was added. The poems of the sad "Home-coming," five legends, and the first section of the "North Sea" poems made up the rest of the volume. In April, 1827, appeared the second volume, upon the very day of Heine's departure for London. This comprised the delightful "Book Le Grand" and the second and third cycles of the "North Sea," of which the last cycle is in prose and now bears the title, taken from the French edition, of "Norderney." Some of the sections which formed parts of this original edition

have been omitted and the order of the others changed in the later editions of Heine's collected works. This volume made a still greater sensation than the first. The tiger began to show his claws. Napoleonic enthusiasm and anti-Hanoverian tirades appear in "Norderney." "Book Le Grand" is also strongly pro-Napoleonic and contains the well-known diatribe against England, at which Heine himself had to laugh in later years. His hatred of England at that time was due to the fact that of all European states the island kingdom alone had never shown hospitality to the imperial conqueror. Heine's dislike of the pious mechanical British Philistine was growing out of his personal experience at the very time that "Book Le Grand" was electrifying Germany. The figure of Napoleon had completely dominated Heine's youthful fancy; at the age of sixteen he wrote the "Two Grenadiers." The Rhinelands where he was born were under French rule, and Le Grand, who gave his name to the book, was a drum major in the French army; he was quartered upon the Heine household in Dusseldorf, as nearly half a century earlier the king's lieutenant was established in the house of Goethe's father during the French occupation of Frankfort. Both poets responded to the influence of this foreign and martial element. The lieutenant and the drum major have passed forever into the history of German literature. The sensation caused by "Book Le Grand" on the political side cannot now be understood when the passions of those days have passed into the calm of history. The book was prohibited everywhere within the sphere of Prussian influence. This greatly increased its vogue, and Heine was elated.

By this time it was evident that Heine would never practise law. Nevertheless his uncle continued to pay him a grudging pension. Places on the staff of two of Cotta's literary enterprises in Munich were offered him, and he gladly accepted. In the columns of the "General Political Annals" appeared his "English Fragments," which afterwards formed the fourth volume of the "Travel Pictures." But this journalistic enterprise failed; the air of Munich was unhealthful, and Heine seized the opportunity and in July, 1828, went to Italy. Out of this experience grew the third volume of the "Travel Pictures." "This third series," Heine wrote to

Moser, "shall be a man of war far more fearfully equipped; the cannon shall be of greater caliber, and I have discovered quite a new powder for them. Neither shall it carry so much ballast as its predecessor." The volume contained in all editions the "Journey from Munich to Genoa" and the "Baths of Lucca." This Italian section, although it added to his fame and increased the fear in which he was held, did him more harm than good and lost him many friends. The new powder which he had discovered had a fierce rebound. The book displays a fine enthusiasm and is a daring assertion of rights, but it did the author permanent harm in many quarters. Heine could not keep his friends; his wit was too uncontrolled and it was impossible to love him. Ten years before Heine visited the baths of Lucca, Shelley had sojourned there and sung, but, as William Sharp points out, with what different feelings we regard the works and personalities of these two men! It is this consideration that gives point to Goethe's comment that Heine was deficient in love. Arnold, quoting this comment, adds that the real deficiency was "in self-respect, in true dignity of character," and insists that the center of gravity in Heine's moral make-up was his love of freedom: that he was "a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the Liberation War of humanity." But this is to be understood only partly in a political sense; it was the war which Goethe waged all his life long to free mankind from the shackles of outworn conventions. In this war Heine was, indeed, a vigorous, if undisciplined, soldier. He was never a leader. Reformers are cast in a sterner mold than this Ariel of fancy. But in 1822 he wrote to Immermann: "War against established wrong, prevailing folly, and the bad! If you will be my comrade at arms in this holy war, I offer you joyfully my hand. Poetry is after all only a beautiful accessory." But it was as a poet that Heine accomplished his work in the world, and his enduring fame is a poet's fame. In the last years of his life he felt this: "I will not abandon myself to hypocritical humility, and undervalue this noble name of a poet. One who is a poet is much, and especially if one is a great lyric poet of Germany, the poet of a people which in two things, philosophy and lyric verse, has surpassed all other nations. I will not with that

false modesty discovered by beggar knaves renounce my glory."

Heine had now to experience the truth of Goethe's bitter exclamation: "A German poet, a German martyr!" The Italian section of the "Travel Pictures" had raised up a host of enemies. The professorship which he had hoped to obtain at Munich was definitely refused. He was warned that residence in Prussia was unsafe. And before he could get back from Italy, his father died. A baptized Jew, disappointed in love, dependent, without home encouragement or sympathy in his literary strivings, and dissatisfied with the political conditions under which he was living and which even threatened his personal liberty, Heine, when he heard of the revolution of 1830, felt all his old love for France revive. He had been studying the literature of the French Revolution, and in the spring of 1831 his plans were ripe. He crossed the boundaries of his foster-land, and on the third of May arrived in Paris. At first he was intoxicated with delight, but "honeymoons pass so swiftly." The roseate colors in which he painted this new act in the liberation of mankind faded into the disillusionment of the gray reality. But for a quarter of a century Paris remained his home, until his emaciated body was taken away to be buried on Montmartre. In some respects this sojourn in Paris was a misfortune. He never became a part of French life and letters as Turgenev did. He knew little of France, writes Émile Faguet,— "four salons, five or six cafés, and Mathilde." Heine was not a patriot in the narrower sense; he hated the conventional patriot, but he was a poet, and a poet never forgets to love the soil of his native land. In spite of the ridicule which he heaped upon the Philistinism of Germany, he always felt himself a German and an exile on the streets of Paris. Jules Legras has admirably set forth how deep was his attachment to the land of his birth, although thence came to him the bitterest abuse, and there the censor cruelly mutilated the works with which he was enriching and enlivening German literature. But Germany was his mother's home, and in Heine's character there was no finer trait than appears in his devotion to the dear old woman at the Dammthor in Hamburg. Nor is there in all his verse anything more touching than the two sonnets

addressed to her. When the evil days came, and disease was slowly consuming him, he continued to send her cheerful letters. She never read the papers and never learned of his condition; the fact that his letters were dictated he explained by reference to his weak eyes. "Take good care of my poor old mother; she is, indeed, the pearl of women," he wrote to his sister, and again in a whimsical strain: "I embrace my dear little mother five and twenty times and love her better than all the cats in the world." Upon the darker side of Heine's life in Paris it is not necessary to dwell. Against it shine out his filial love and the affectionate gratitude that he always felt for his commonplace, but light-hearted and devoted wife.

The great task which Heine set out to accomplish in Paris was that of bringing about a better understanding between the intelligent minds of France and Germany. Towards this end he strove with energy and success. The wits of Paris might well inquire concerning Heine, as once before concerning one of his countrymen: "Who is this German that permits himself to have more esprit than we ourselves?" And under cover of this wit, as brilliant and incisive as that of the cleverest Frenchman, Heine interpreted to France the German spirit, and to Germany he endeavored to give an understanding of the complexity of French life, of the stage, of painting, of music, and of politics, in which still rumbled the echoes of '89. These articles appeared in the German papers; they bear the collective title of "French Conditions." To Frenchmen he addressed his work, written in French, "*De l'Allemagne*," adopting the title of Madame de Stael's book which had first opened the eyes of her countrymen to the spiritual qualities of their neighbors beyond the Rhine. Heine's work is in two parts: the "History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany" and the "Romantic School." Together these treatises form a seriously conceived but whimsically painted picture of the intellectual life of Germany. The philosophical cast of the first book is a St. Simonian pantheism; the author shows himself to be "the grandson of both Goethe and Voltaire," but the work, although Heine's Mephistophelean nature holds his better impulses in check, is nevertheless a well-constructed history of German philosophic thought

from Luther to Hegel. It is in the "Romantic School," however, that Heine discovers his highest critical capacity. It is a perfect garden of witty sayings and epigrammatic characterizations. No work could have been more happily conceived or more skilfully executed for the purpose of conveying to the French intelligence an idea of the profundity and beauty of German literature; even the critical and historical statements are instinct with the very spirit of romantic Germany. Besides these works of more lasting importance, Heine published the brilliant and fantastic "Florentine Nights," an outgrowth of the Italian journey which was then left and still remains a fragment, the perfunctory commercial undertaking entitled "Shakespeare's Maids and Matrons," the fragmentary "Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski," often irreverent and vulgar, but always witty, and finally, on a loftier plain, the "Rabbi von Bacharach," which, like the "Florentine Nights," was written much earlier and now published as a fragment: it is a worthy and dignified utterance of the woe of Israel. These works, with the regrettable book on Ludwig Borne, represent the decade from 1831 to 1841, which may be called Heine's prose period.

In 1841 the poetic impulse returned in all its former vigor. It was in other respects a notable year in Heine's life. On the eve of the duel which grew out of his unpardonable personalities in the Borne book, he legalized his relations with Mathilde Mirat. The story of the quarrel with Borne is unrefreshing. Borne was an earnest reformer, devoid of imagination, and the volatile spirit of his poet-comrade gave him the impression of insincerity and lack of seriousness; he attacked Heine bitterly, and Heine remained silent; three years after Borne's death, however, he took a terrible revenge, descending to scurrilous personalities, one of which led to the challenge. He made a spontaneous apology to the lady involved, but his conduct was entirely inexcusable; it was an instance of that same lack of taste which he displayed in his unworthy attack upon Count Platen in the third volume of the "Travel Pictures." In the excitements of that time Heine turned again to the muse and began the composition of "Atta Troll." This is his longest poem, vivacious, amusing, satirical, but possessing to-day an importance rather historical than

poetic. He wrote to his publisher that it was "calculated to give a death-blow to the prosaic, bombastic tendency-poetry." In none of his works has Heine shown more of that Byronic power to blend satire, criticism, and unbridled imagination with poetic elements and impassioned expression. And then the lyric poet awoke again, and from the unrhymed trochaics of "Atta Troll" he passed once more to his old tuneful measures in a volume of "New Poems." Here, too, with many that are frivolous and coarse are found some poems that have endeared themselves to all lovers of song. In 1842, when the enmity against Heine was at its height, he paid a visit to his mother. The fruit of this journey was his beautiful poem "Germany, A Winter's Tale." After all the years he had spent in Paris the old German spirit was still strong within him, and this poem, though a satire, won back many friends whom the third volume of the "Travel Pictures" had alienated.

The publication of these works fell in the early forties. In the spring of 1846 Heine was an invalid, and he bade farewell to the world of beauty before the Lady of Milo. The ravages of his terrible disease were rapid and appalling, but death was slow in coming, "an inverted immortality." Heine clung heroically to life, determined to taste experience to the dregs. During those ten years of misery his keen intellect with all its wit remained clear to the last. On his death-bed he wrote the poems of the brilliant "Romancero." In it he touches some solemn chords, as in the "Hebrew Melodies." Several minor productions followed. Between 1852 and 1854 he dictated his "Confessions" and composed his "Last Poems." Among the finest of all his poems is one, published posthumously, called "Bimini." It describes the search for the land of eternal youth; it is found at last in the land of death: "For this land is the real Bimini." Heine died on February 17, 1856.

In Heine's character the startling contrasts and contradictions are what always first strike the student; every one who has written about him counts off a series of antitheses. The source of these lay in the lack of correspondence between ideals, clearly perceived, and the hindering but unalterable circumstances of his birth and youthful experiences. Above

this lack of correspondence he had not the strength of will to rise, as Goethe did, into the higher region of renunciation and reconciliation. The zest of life and the demand for happiness were strong upon him. Byron, Leopardi, Musset, Slowacki, Heine, all represent that poetry of world-sorrow which began in the sentimentalism of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" and Goethe's "Werther," and was nourished by the disappointments of the French Revolution. In this poetry human life was refracted rather than reflected. But Heine actually led the refracted life, and the very discords of his writings serve to complete, not a distorted, but a faithful, picture of himself. He was born for paradox and not the least astounding paradox is this: that a man of such a character should now hold and deserve an almost undisputed place among the greatest lyric poets of all time.

When, therefore, we apply to Heine the supreme test of all greatness: was he great as a man? doubts of his enduring glory must arise; when we turn to the best that he produced, the doubts vanish. We can continue to delight in the beauty of the face, even though we know that, like fair Dame World in the medieval legend, the back is covered with reptiles and scorpions. The best that he did was "a cry of Ajax," wrung from him by pain; his unworthy work was often an effort to forget in folly the suffering of a soul that had never made peace with itself. Here, as in the case of Villon, a moral nature wholly unworthy of its high mission in this world was inscrutably chosen as the medium of expression to mankind of the tenderness, the gaiety, the pained humor, of the human heart.

CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG,

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PICTURES OF TRAVEL



THE HARZ JOURNEY

“Nothing is permanent but change, nothing constant but death. Every pulsation of the heart inflicts a wound, and life would be an endless bleeding, were it not for Poetry. She secures to us what Nature would deny,—a golden age without rust, a spring which never fades, cloudless prosperity and eternal youth.”

—BÖRNE.

BLACK dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces —
Oh, if they but held a heart !

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows ;
Ah, — I’m wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lover’s woes !

I will climb upon the mountains
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o’er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains
Where the dark green fir-trees grow ;
Brooks are rustling — birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men, and polished hall !
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

THE town of Gottingen, celebrated for its sausages and University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council-cellar," where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing, its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad, that Luder was obliged to take quite a run ere he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at — backwards. It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago, when I was there matriculated (and shortly after "summoned"), it had already the same gray, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissertations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washerwomen, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelfic orders, professors ordinary and extraordinary, pipe heads, court-counselors, and law-counselors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others who at the present day abound in Gottingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the Rasenmill, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their Duces, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the "Comment," which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Gottingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors; besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen, while among

the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Gottingen Philistines must be as numerous as the sands (or more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea, indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created.

More accurate information of the town of Gottingen may be very conveniently obtained from its "Topography," by K. F. H. Marx. Though entertaining the most sacred regard for its author, who was my physician, and manifested for me much esteem, still I cannot pass by his work with altogether unconditional praise, inasmuch as he has not with sufficient zeal combated the erroneous opinions that the ladies of Gottingen have not enormous feet. On this point I speak authoritatively, having for many years been earnestly occupied with a refutation of this opinion. To confirm my views I have not only studied comparative anatomy and made copious extracts from the rarest works in the library, but have also watched for hours, in the Weender Street, the feet of the ladies as they walked by. In the fundamentally erudite treatise which forms the result of these studies, I speak firstly, of feet in general; secondly, of the feet of antiquity; thirdly, of elephants' feet; fourthly, of the feet of the Gottingen ladies, fifthly, I collect all that was ever said in Ulrich's "Garden" on the subject of female feet. Sixthly, I regard feet in their connection with each other, availing myself of the opportunity to extend my observation to ankles, calves, knees, etc., and finally and seventhly, if I can manage to hunt up sheets of paper of sufficient size, I will present my readers with some copperplate facsimiles of the feet of the fair dames of Gottingen.

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Gottingen, and the learned — beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate, I met two native and diminutive

schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore, he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of 'mensa.'" Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record — nay, I would even write them as town motto on the gate of Gottingen, for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the highly learned Georgia Augusta

Fresh morning air blew over the road, the birds sang cheerily, and little by little, with the breeze and the birds, my mind also became fresh and cheerful. Such a refreshment was needed for one who had long been imprisoned in a stall of legal lore. Roman casuists had covered my soul with gray cobwebs, my heart was cemented firmly between the iron paragraphs of selfish systems of jurisprudence, there was an endless ringing in my ears of such sounds as "Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, and Blockheadian," and a sentimental brace of lovers seated under a tree appeared to me like an edition of the "Corpus Juris" with closed clasps. The road began to wear a more lively appearance. Milkmaids occasionally passed, as did also donkey drivers with their gray pupils. Beyond Weender, I met the Shepherd and Doris. This is not the idyllic pair sung by Gessner, but the well-matched University beadles, whose duty it is to keep watch and ward, so that no students fight duels in Bovden, and above all that no new ideas (such as are generally obliged to maintain a decennial quarantine before Gottingen) are smuggled in by speculative private teachers. Shepherd greeted me very collegially and congenially, for he too is an author, who has frequently mentioned my name in his semiannual writings. In addition to this, I may mention that when, as was frequently the case, he came to summon me before the University court and found me not at home, he was always kind enough to write the citation with chalk upon my chamber door. Occasionally a one-horse vehicle rolled along, well packed with students, who traveled away for the vacation—or forever. In such a university town, there is an endless coming and going. Every three years beholds a new student generation, forming an incessant human tide, where one vacation wave washes along

its predecessor, and only the old professors remain upright in the general flood, immovable as the Pyramids of Egypt. Unlike their oriental contemporaries, no tradition declares that in them treasures of wisdom are buried.

From amid the myrtle leaves, by Rauschenwasser, I saw two hopeful youths appear. A female, who there carried on her business, accompanied them as far as the highway, clapped with a practised hand the meager legs of the horses, laughed aloud, as one of the cavaliers, inspired with a very peculiar spirit of gallantry, gave her a cut behind with his whip, and traveled off for Bovden. The youths, however, rattled along towards Norten, trilling in a highly intelligent manner, and singing the Rossinian lay of "Drink beer, pretty, pretty Liza!" These sounds I continued to hear when far in the distance, and after I had long lost sight of the amiable vocalists, as their horses, which appeared to be gifted with characters of extreme German deliberation, were spurred and lashed in a most excruciating style. In no place is the skinning alive of horses carried to such an extent as in Gottingen; and often, when I beheld some lame and sweating hack, who, to earn the scraps of fodder which maintained his wretched life, was obliged to endure the torment of some roaring blade, or draw a whole wagon-load of students—I reflected: "Unfortunate beast,—most certainly thy first ancestors, in some horse paradise, did eat of forbidden oats."

In the tavern at Norten I again met my two vocalists. One devoured a herring salad, and the other amused himself with the leathern-complexioned waiting-maid, Fusia Canina, also known as Stepping-bird.¹ He passed from compliments to caresses, until they became finally hand in glove together. To lighten my knapsack, I extracted from it a pair of blue pantaloons, which were somewhat remarkable in a historical point of view, and presented them to the little waiter, whom we called Humming-bird. The old landlady, Bussenia, brought me bread and butter, and greatly lamented that I so seldom visited her, for she loved me dearly.

Beyond Norten the sun flashed high in heaven. He evidently wished to treat me honorably, and warmed my heart

¹ *Trutvogel*, or "Step-bird," signifies, in German student slang, one who demands money; a Manichean, or creditor, etc.

until all the unripe thoughts which it contained came to full growth. The admirable "Sun" tavern, in Norten, should not be passed over in silence, for it was there that I breakfasted. All the dishes were excellent, and suited me far better than the wearisome, academical courses of saltless, leathery dried fish and cabbage *réchauffée*, which characterized both our physical and mental pabulum at Gottingen. After I had somewhat appeased my appetite, I remarked in the same room of the tavern, a gentleman and two ladies, who appeared about to depart on their journey. The cavalier was clad entirely in green, even to his eyes, over which a pair of green spectacles cast in turn a verdigris glow upon his copper-red nose. The gentleman's general appearance was that which we may presume King Nebuchadnezzar to have presented after having passed a few years out at grass. The Green One requested me to recommend him to a hotel in Gottingen, and I advised him when there to inquire of the first convenient student for the Hotel de Brubach. One lady was evidently his wife: an altogether extensively constructed dame, gifted with a mile-square countenance, with dimples in her cheeks which looked like hide-and-go-seek holes for well-grown cupids. A copious double chin appeared below, like an imperfect continuation of the face, while her high-piled bosom, which was defended by stiff points of lace, and a many-cornered collar, as if by turrets and bastions, reminded one of a fortress. Still it is by no means certain that this fortress would have resisted an ass laden with gold, any more than did that of which Philip of Macedon spoke. The other lady, her sister, seemed her extreme antitype. If the one were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was as certainly derived from the lean. Her face was but a mouth between two ears; her breast was as inconsolably comfortless and dreary as the Luneburger heath; while her altogether dried-up figure reminded one of a charity table for poor students of theology. Both ladies asked me, in a breath, if respectable people lodged in the Hotel de Brubach? I assented to this question with certainty, and a clear conscience, and as the charming trio drove away, I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The landlord of the "Sun" laughed, however, in his sleeve, being probably

aware that the Hotel de Brubach was a name bestowed by the students of Gottingen upon their University prison.

Beyond Nordheim mountain ridges begin to appear, and the traveler occasionally meets with a picturesque eminence. The wayfarers whom I encountered were principally pedlers, traveling to the Brunswick fair, and among them were swarms of women, every one of whom bore on her back an incredibly large pack, covered with linen. In these packs were cages, containing every variety of singing birds, which continually chirped and sung, while their bearers merrily hopped along and sang together. A queer fancy came into my head, that I beheld one bird carrying others to market.

The night was dark as pitch as I entered Osterode. I had no appetite for supper, and at once went to bed. I was as tired as a dog and slept like a god. In my dreams I returned to Gottingen, even to its very library. I stood in a corner of the Hall of Jurisprudence, turning over old dissertations, lost myself in reading, and when I finally looked up, remarked to my astonishment that it was night, and that the Hall was illuminated by innumerable overhanging crystal chandeliers. The bell of the neighboring church struck twelve, the hall doors slowly opened, and there entered a superb colossal female form, reverentially accompanied by the members and hangers-on of the legal faculty. The giantess though advanced in years retained in her countenance traces of extreme beauty, and her every glance indicated the sublime Titaness, the mighty Themis. The sword and balance were carelessly grasped in her right hand, while with the left she held a roll of parchment. Two young *Doctores Juris* bore the train of her faded gray robe, by her right side the lean Court Counselor Rusticus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, fluttered here and there like a zephyr, declaiming extracts from his last legal essay, while by her left, her *cavalier servante*, the privy legal counselor Cajacius, hobbled gaily and gallantly along, constantly cracking legal jokes, laughing himself so heartily at his own wit, that even the serious goddess often smiled and bent over him, exclaiming as she tapped him on the shoulder with the great parchment roll, "Thou little scamp who cuttest down the tree from the top!" All of the gentlemen who formed her escort now drew nigh in

turn, each having something to remark or jest over, either a freshly worked up system, or a miserable little hypothesis, or some similar abortion of their own brains. Through the open door of the hall now entered many strange gentlemen, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious order; mostly angular suspicious-looking fellows, who with extreme complacency blazed away with their definitions and hair-splittings, disputing over every scrap of a title to the title of a pandect. And other forms continually flocked in, the forms of those who were learned in law in the olden time,—men in antiquated costume, with long counselors' wigs and forgotten faces, who expressed themselves greatly astonished that they, the widely famed of the previous century, should not meet with especial consideration, and these, after their manner, joined in the general chattering and screaming, which like ocean breakers became louder and madder around the mighty Goddess, until she, bursting from impatience, suddenly cried, in a tone of the most agonized Titanic pain, "Silence! silence! I hear the voice of the loved Prometheus,—mocking cunning and brute force are chaining the innocent One to the rock of martyrdom, and all your prattling and quarreling will not allay his wounds or break his fetters!" So cried the Goddess, and rivulets of tears sprang from her eyes, the entire assembly howled as if in the agonies of death, the ceiling of the hall burst asunder, the books tumbled madly from their shelves, and in vain the portrait of old Munchausen called out "order" from his frame, for all crashed and raged more wildly around. I sought refuge from this Bedlam broke loose, in the Hall of History, near that gracious spot where the holy images of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici stand near together, and I knelt at the feet of the Goddess of Beauty; in her glance I forgot all the wearisome barren labor which I had passed, my eyes drank in with intoxication the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her infinitely blessed form; Hellenic calm swept through my soul, while above my head, Phoebus Apollo poured forth like heavenly blessings, the sweetest tones of his lyre.

Awaking, I continued to hear a pleasant musical ringing. The flocks were on their way to pasture, and their bells were

tinkling The blessed golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating the pictures on the walls of my room. They were sketches from the war of Independence, and among them were placed representations of the execution of Louis XVI. on the guillotine, and other decapitations which no one could behold without thanking God that he lay quietly in bed, drinking excellent coffee, and with his head comfortably adjusted upon neck and shoulders.

After I had drunk my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions upon the window-panes and set everything straight in the inn, I left Osterode

This town contains a certain quantity of houses and a given number of inhabitants, among whom are divers and sundry souls, as may be ascertained in detail from Gottschalk's "Pocket Book for Harz Travelers." Ere I struck into the highway I ascended the ruins of the very ancient Osteroder Burg. They consisted of merely the half of a great, thick-walled tower, which appeared to be fairly honeycombed by time. The road to Clausthal led me again up-hill, and from one of the first eminences I looked back into the dale where Osterode, with its red roofs, peeps out from among the green fir woods, like a moss-rose from amid its leaves. The pleasant sunlight inspired gentle, childlike feelings. From this spot the imposing rear of the remaining portion of the tower may be seen to advantage.

After proceeding a little distance, I overtook and went along with a traveling journeyman, who came from Brunswick, and related to me, that it was generally believed in that city, that their young duke had been taken prisoner by the Turks during his tour in the Holy Land, and could only be ransomed by an enormous sum. The extensive travels of the duke probably originated this tale. The people at large still preserve that traditional fable-loving train of ideas, which is so pleasantly shone in their "Duke Ernst." The narrator of this news was a tailor, a neat little youth, but so thin that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's ghosts. Altogether, he formed a vulgar mixture of affectation, whim and melancholy. This was peculiarly expressed in the droll and affecting manner in which he sang that extraordinary popular ballad, "A beetle sat upon the hedge, summ, summ!"

That is a pleasant peculiarity of us Germans. No one is so crazy but that he may find a crazier comrade, who will understand him. Only a German can appreciate that song, and in the same breath laugh and cry himself to death over it. On this occasion, I also remarked the depth to which the words of Goethe have penetrated into the national life. My lean comrade trilled occasionally as he went along. "Joyful and sorrowful, thoughts are free!" Such a corruption of a text is usual among the multitude. He also sang a song in which Lottie by the grave of Werther wept. The tailor ran over with sentimentalism in the words, "Sadly by the rose beds now I weep, where the late moon found us oft alone! Moaning where the silver fountains sleep, which rippled once delight in every tone." But he soon became capricious and petulant, remarking, that "We have a Prussian in the tavern at Cassel, who makes exactly such songs, himself. He can't sew a single decent stitch; when he has a penny in his pocket he always has twopence worth of thirst with it, and when he has a drop in his eye, he takes heaven to be a blue jacket, weeps like a roof spout, and sings a song with double poetry." I desired an explanation of this last expression, but my tailoring friend hopped about on his walking-cane legs and cried incessantly, "Double poetry is double poetry, and nothing else." Finally, I ascertained that he meant doubly rhymed poems, or stanzas. Meanwhile, owing to his extra exertion, and an adverse wind, the knight of the needle became sadly weary. It is true that he still made a great pretense of advancing, and blustered, "Now I will take the road between my legs." But he, immediately after, explained that his feet were blistered, and that the world was by far too extensive, and finally sinking down at the foot of a tree, he moved his delicate little head like the tail of a troubled lamb, and wofully smiling, murmured, "Here am I, poor vagabond, already again weary!"

The hills here became steeper, the fir woods waved below like a green sea, and white clouds above sailed along over the blue sky. The wildness of the region was, however, tamed by its uniformity and the simplicity of its elements. Nature, like a true poet, abhors abrupt transitions. Clouds — however fantastically formed they may at times appear — still have a

white, or at least a subdued, hue, harmoniously corresponding with the blue heaven and the green earth; so that all the colors of a landscape blend into each other like soft music, and every glance at such a natural picture tranquilizes and reassures the soul. The late Hoffman would have painted the clouds spotted and checkered. And like a great poet, Nature knows how to produce the greatest effects with the most limited means. There she has only a sun, trees and flowers, water and love. Of course, if the latter be lacking in the heart of the observer, the whole will, in all probability, present but a poor appearance, the sun will be so and so many miles in diameter, the trees are for fire-wood, the flowers are classified according to their stamens, and the water is wet.

A little boy who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the village of Lerrbach, whose little huts with gray roofs scatter along for two miles through the valley. "There," said he, "live idiots with goiters, and white negroes." By white negroes the people mean albinos. The little fellow lived on terms of peculiar understanding with the trees, addressing them like old acquaintances, while they in turn seemed by their waving and rustling to return his salutations. He chirped like a thistle-finch, many birds around answered his call, and, ere I was aware, he had disappeared with his little bare feet and his bundle of brush, amid the thickets. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we, they can perhaps remember when they were once trees or birds, and are, consequently, still able to understand them. We of larger growth are, alas, too old for that, and carry about in our heads too much legal lore, and too many sorrows and bad verses." But the time when it was otherwise, recurred vividly to me as I entered Clausthal. In this pretty little mountain town, which the traveler does not behold until he stands directly before it, I arrived just as the clock was striking twelve and the children came tumbling merrily out of school. The little rogues—nearly all red-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired—sprang and shouted, and awoke in me melancholy and cheerful memories, how I once myself, as a little boy, sat all the forenoon long in a gloomy Catholic cloister school in Dusseldorf, without so much as daring to stand up, enduring meanwhile such a terrible amount

of Latin, whipping and geography, and how I, too, hurrahed and rejoiced beyond all measure when the old Franciscan clock at last struck twelve. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and greeted me in the most hospitable manner. One of the boys told me that they had just had a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they were questioned on Christianity. This little book was very badly printed, so that I greatly feared that the doctrines of faith made thereby but an unpleasant blotting-paper sort of impression upon the children's minds. I was also shocked at observing that the multiplication table contrasted with the Holy Trinity on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might, even in their earliest years, be led to the most sinful skepticism. We Prussians are more intelligent, and in our zeal for converting those heathens who are familiar with arithmetic, take good care not to print the multiplication table behind the catechism.

I dined in the "Crown," at Clausthal. My repast consisted of spring green, parsley soup, violet-blue cabbage, a pile of roast veal which resembled Chimborazo in miniature, and a sort of smoked herrings, called "Buckings," from their inventor, William Bucking, who died in 1447, and who on account of the invention was so greatly honored by Charles V. that the great monarch in 1556 made a journey from Middleburg to Bievlid in Zealand, for the express purpose of visiting the grave of the great fish drier. How exquisitely such dishes taste when we are familiar with their historical associations! Unfortunately, my after-dinner coffee was spoiled by a youth, who in conversing with me ran on in such an outrageous strain of noise and vanity that the milk was soured. He was a young counter jumper, wearing twenty-five variegated waistcoats, and as many gold seals, rings, breastpins, etc. He seemed like a monkey who having put on a red coat had resolved within himself that clothes make the man. This gentleman had got by heart a vast amount of charades and anecdotes, which he continually repeated in the most inappropriate places. He asked for the news in Gottingen, and I informed him that a decree had been recently published there

by the Academical Senate, forbidding any one, under penalty of three dollars, to dock puppies' tails, — because during the dog-days, mad dogs invariably ran with their tails between their legs, thus giving a warning indication of the existence of hydrophobia, which could not be perceived were the caudal appendage absent. After dinner I went forth to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries.

In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this I have never been able to advance. On such occasions, mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe, that if it should rain dollars from Heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, in my hand, and said to it: "Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue, how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering! how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally laden with trespasses, and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an Abraham, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being!"

I will narrate in detail my visit to Dorothea and Caroline, the two principal Clausthaler mines, having found them very interesting.

Half a German mile from the town are situated two large, dingy buildings. Here the traveler is transferred to the care of the miners. These men wear dark, and generally steel-blue colored, jackets, of ample girth, descending to the hips, with pantaloons of a similar hue, a leather apron bound on behind, and a rimless green felt hat, which resembles a decapitated ninepin. In such a garb, with the exception of the back leather, the visitor is also clad, and a miner, his leader, after lighting his mine lamp, conducts him to a gloomy entrance, resembling a chimney hole, descends as far as the

breast, gives him a few directions relative to grasping the ladder, and carelessly requests him to follow. The affair is entirely devoid of danger, though it at first appears quite otherwise to those unacquainted with the mysteries of mining. Even the putting on of the dark convict dress awakens very peculiar sensations. Then one must clamber down on all fours, the dark hole is so very dark, and Lord only knows how long the ladder may be! But we soon remark that this is not the only ladder in the black eternity around, for there are many of from fifteen to twenty rounds apiece, each standing upon a board capable of supporting a man, and from which a new hole leads in turn to a new ladder. I first entered the Caroline, the dirtiest and most disagreeable of that name with whom I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The rounds of the ladders were covered with wet mud. And from one ladder we descended to another, with the guide ever in advance, continually assuring us that there is no danger so long as we hold firmly to the rounds and do not look at our feet, and that we must not for our lives tread on the side plank, where the buzzing barrel rope runs, and where two weeks ago a careless man was knocked down, unfortunately breaking his neck by the fall. Far below is a confused rustling and humming, and we continually bump against beams and ropes which are in motion, winding up and raising barrels of broken ore or of water. Occasionally we pass galleries hewn in the rock, called "stulms," where the ore may be seen growing, and where some solitary miner sits the livelong day, wearily hammering pieces from the walls. I did not descend to those deepest depths, where it is reported that the people on the other side of the world, in America, may be heard crying, "Hurrah for Lafayette!" Where I went seemed to me, however, deep enough in all conscience; amid an endless roaring and rattling, the mysterious sounds of machinery, the rush of subterranean streams, the sickening clouds of ore dust continually rising, water dripping on all sides, and the miner's lamp gradually growing dimmer and dimmer. The effect was really benumbing, I breathed with difficulty, and held with trouble to the slippery rounds. It was not fright which overpowered me, but oddly enough, down there in the depths, I remembered that a year

before, about the same time, I had been in a storm on the North Sea, and I now felt that it would be an agreeable change could I feel the rocking of the ship, hear the wind with its thunder-trumpet tones, while amid its lulls sounded the hearty cry of the sailors, and all above was freshly swept by God's own free air. Yes, Air! — Panting for air, I rapidly climbed several dozens of ladders, and my guide led me through a narrow and very long gallery toward the Dorothea mine. Here it is airier and fresher, and the ladders are cleaner, though at the same time longer than in the Caroline. I felt revived and more cheerful, particularly as I observed indications of human beings. Far below I saw wandering, wavering lights, miners with their lamps came one by one upwards, with the greeting, "Good luck to you!" and receiving the same salutation from us, went onwards and upwards. Something like a friendly and quiet, yet at the same time terrific and enigmatical, recollection flitted across my mind as I met the deep glances and earnest, pale faces of these men, mysteriously illuminated by their lanterns, and thought how they had worked all day in lonely and secret places in the mines, and how they now longed for the blessed light of day, and for the glances of wives and children.

My guide himself was a thoroughly honest, honorable, blundering German being. With inward joy he pointed out to me the stulm where the Duke of Cambridge, when he visited the mines, dined with all his train, and where the long wooden table yet stands, with the accompanying great chair, made of ore, in which the Duke sat. "This is to remain as an eternal memorial," said the good miner, and he related with enthusiasm how many festivities had then taken place, how the entire stulm had been adorned with lamps, flowers, and decorations of leaves; how a miner boy had played on the cither and sung; how the dear, delighted fat Duke had drained many healths, and what a number of miners (himself especially) would cheerfully die for the dear, fat Duke, and for the whole house of Hanover. I am moved to my very heart when I see loyalty thus manifested in all its natural simplicity. It is such a beautiful sentiment! And such a purely German sentiment! Other people may be more intelligent and wittier, and more agreeable, but none

are so faithful as the real German race Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world, I would believe that a German had invented it German fidelity is no modern "yours very truly," or, "I remain your humble servant." In your courts, ye German princes, ye should cause to be sung, and sung again, the old ballad of "The trusty Eckhart and the base Burgund," who slew Eckhart's seven children, and still found him faithful Ye have the truest people in the world, and ye err when ye deem that the old, intelligent, trusty hound has suddenly gone mad, and snaps at your sacred calves!

And like German fidelity, the little mine lamp has guided us quietly and securely, without much flickering or flaring, through the labyrinths of shafts and stulms. We jump from the gloomy mountain night — sunlight flashes around, "Luck to you!"

Most of the miners dwell in Clausthal, and in the adjoining small town of Zellerfeld. I visited several of these brave fellows, observed their little household arrangements, heard many of their songs, which they skilfully accompany with their favorite instrument, the cither, and listened to old mining legends, and to their prayers, which they are accustomed to offer daily in company ere they descend the gloomy shaft. And many a good prayer did I offer up with them. One old climber even thought that I ought to remain among them, and become a man of the mines, and as I, after all, departed, he gave me a message to his brother, who dwelt near Goslar, and many kisses for his darling niece

Immovably tranquil as the life of these men may appear, it is, notwithstanding, a real and vivid life. That ancient, trembling crone who sits before the great clothes-press and behind the stove, may have been there for a quarter of a century, and all her thinking and feeling is, beyond a doubt, intimately blended with every corner of the stove and the carvings of the press. And the clothes-press and stove live, — for a human being hath breathed into them a portion of its soul.

Only a life of this deep looking into phenomena and its "immediateness" could originate the German popular tale whose peculiarity consists in this, — that in it, not only ani-

mals and plants, but also objects apparently inanimate, speak and act. To thinking, harmless beings who dwelt in the quiet home-ness of their lowly mountain cabins or forest huts, the inner life of these objects was gradually revealed, they acquired a necessary and consequential character, a sweet blending of fantasy and pure human reflection. This is the reason why, in such fables, we find the extreme of singularity allied to a spirit of perfect self-intelligence, as when the pin and the needle wander forth from the tailor's home and are bewildered in the dark, when the straw and the coal seek to cross the brook and are destroyed; when the dust-pan and broom quarrel and fight on the stairs; when the interrogated mirror of Snowdrop shows the image of the fairest lady, and when even drops of blood begin to utter dark words of the deepest compassion. And this is the reason why our life in childhood is so infinitely significant, for then all things are of the same importance, nothing escapes our attention, there is equality in every impression; while, when more advanced in years, we must act with design, busy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, carefully exchange the pure gold of observation for the paper currency of book definitions, and win in the breadth of life what we have lost in depth. Now, we are grown-up, respectable people, we often inhabit new dwellings, the housemaid daily cleans them, and changes at her will the position of the furniture which interests us but little, as it is either new, or may belong to-day to Jack, to-morrow to Isaac. Even our very clothes are strange to us, we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat we wear, — for we change our garments as often as possible, and none of them remain deeply identified with our external or inner history. We scarce dare to think how that brown vest once looked, which attracted so much laughter, and yet on the broad stripes of which the dear hand of the loved one so gently rested!

The old dame who sat before the clothes-press and behind the stove, wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal robe of her long-buried mother. Her great-grandson, a flashing-eyed blond boy, clad in a miner's dress, knelt at her feet, and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a

story connected with that dress: serious or pretty stories, which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him when he, a grown-up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the Caroline, and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead; and he himself, a silver-haired, tranquil old man, sits amid the circle of his grandchildren before the great clothes-press and behind the oven.

I lodged that night in the "Crown," where I had the pleasure of meeting and paying my respects to the old Court Counselor B——, of Gottingen. Having inscribed my name in the book of arrivals, I found therein the honored autograph of Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the immortal "Schlemihl." The landlord remarked of Chamisso, that the gentleman had arrived during one terrible storm, and departed in another.

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun, and over all the blue silk canopy of Heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a deathlike magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly, innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns, which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming

long-bearded thistle tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then — oh Heavens! — I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea! over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin, — and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea-monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight, in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that my love dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

The name of Goslar rings so pleasantly, and there are so many very ancient and imperial associations connected therewith, that I had hoped to find an imposing and stately town. But it is always the same old story when we examine celebrities too closely! I found a nest of houses, drilled in every direction with narrow streets of labyrinthine crookedness, and amid them a miserable stream, probably the Goslar, winds its flat and melancholy way. The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin hexameters. Only the antiquities which are embedded in the frame, or mounting, of the city; that is to say, its remnants of walls, towers, and battlements give the

place a piquant look. One of these towers, known as the Zwinger, or donjon keep, has walls of such extraordinary thickness, that entire rooms are excavated therein. The open place before the town, where the world-renowned shooting-matches are held, is a beautiful large plain surrounded by high mountains. The market is small, and in its midst is a spring fountain, the water from which pours into a great metallic basin. When an alarm of fire is raised, they strike strongly on this cup-formed basin, which gives out a very loud vibration. Nothing is known of the origin of this work. Some say that the devil placed it once during the night on the spot where it stands. In those days people were as yet fools, nor was the devil any wiser, and they mutually exchanged gifts.

The town hall of Goslar is a whitewashed police station. The Guildhall, hard by, has a somewhat better appearance. In this building, equidistant from roof and ceiling, stand the statues of the German emperors. Partly gilded, and altogether of a smoke-black hue, they look, with their scepters and globes of empire, like roasted college beadles. One of the emperors holds a sword, instead of a scepter. I cannot imagine the reason of this variation from the established order, though it has doubtless some occult signification, as Germans have the remarkable peculiarity of meaning something in whatever they do.

In Gottschalk's "Handbook," I had read much of the very ancient Dom, or Cathedral, and of the far-famed imperial throne at Goslar. But when I wished to see these curiosities, I was informed that the church had been torn down, and that the throne had been carried to Berlin. We live in deeply significant times, when millennial churches are shattered to fragments, and imperial thrones are tumbled into the lumber-room.

A few memorials of the late cathedral of happy memory are still preserved in the church of St. Stephen. These consist of stained-glass pictures of great beauty, a few indifferent paintings, including a Lucas Cranach, a wooden Christ crucified, and a heathen altar of some unknown metal. This latter resembles a long square box, and is supported by four caryatids, which in a bowed position hold their hands over their

heads, and make the most hideous grimaces. But far more hideous is the adjacent wooden crucifix of which I have just spoken. This head of Christ, with its real hair and thorns and blood-stained countenance, represents, in the most masterly manner, the death of a man,—but not of a divinely born Savior. Nothing but physical suffering is portrayed in this image,—not the sublime poetry of pain. Such a work would be more appropriately placed in a hall of anatomy than in a house of the Lord.

I lodged in a tavern, near the market, where I should have enjoyed my dinner much better, if the landlord with his long, superfluous face, and his still longer questions, had not planted himself opposite to me. Fortunately I was soon relieved by the arrival of another stranger, who was obliged to run in turn the gantlet of *quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?* This stranger was an old, weary, worn-out man, who, as it appeared from his conversation, had been all over the world, had resided very long in Batavia, had made much money, and lost it all, and who now after thirty years' absence was returning to Quedlinburg, his native city,—“for,” said he, “our family has there its hereditary tomb” The landlord here made the highly intelligent remark that it was all the same thing to the soul, where the body was buried.

“Have you scriptural authority for that?” retorted the stranger, while mysterious and crafty wrinkles circled around his pinched lips and faded eyes. “But,” he added, as if nervously desirous of conciliating,—“I mean no harm against graves in foreign lands,—oh, no!—the Turks bury their dead more beautifully than we ours; their churchyards are perfect gardens, and there they sit by their white turbaned gravestones under cypress trees, and stroke their grave beards, and calmly smoke their Turkish tobacco from their long Turkish pipes; and then among the Chinese, it is a real pleasure to see how genteelly they walk around, and pray, and drink tea among the graves of their ancestors and how beautifully they bedeck the beloved tombs with all sorts of gilt lacquered work, porcelain images, bits of colored silk, fresh flowers and variegated lanterns—all very fine indeed—how far is it yet to Quedlinberg?”

The churchyard at Goslar did not appeal very strongly to

my feelings. But a certain very pretty blond ringleted head which peeped smilingly from a parterre window did. After dinner I again took an observation of this fascinating window, but instead of a maiden, I beheld a vase containing white bellflowers. I clambered up, stole the flowers, put them neatly in my cap, and descended, unheeding the gaping mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes with which the street population, and especially the old women, regarded this qualified theft. As I, an hour later, passed by the same house, the beauty stood by the window, and as she saw the flowers in my cap, she blushed like a ruby, and started back. This time I had seen the beautiful face to better advantage; it was a sweet transparent incarnation of summer evening air, moonshine, nightingale notes and rose perfume. Later—in the twilight hour, she was standing at the door. I came—I drew near—she slowly retreated into the dark entry—I followed, and seizing her hand, said, “I am a lover of beautiful flowers and of kisses, and when they are not given to me, I steal them.” Here I quickly snatched a kiss, and as she was about to fly, I whispered apologetically, “To-morrow I leave this town and never return again.” Then I perceived a faint pressure of the lovely lips and of the little hand, and I—went smiling away. Yes, I must smile when I reflect that this was precisely the magic formula by which our red-and-blue-coated cavaliers more frequently win female hearts, than by their mustachioed attractiveness. “To-morrow I leave, and never return again!”

My chamber commanded a fine view toward Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a “man in the moon”? The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named Clotar, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and

with a terrible Hand of Glory had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremburg, who with nightcap on his head, and white clay pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort, that it would be right pleasant, if, with unextinguishable pipe, and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover, who in the arms of his loved one thought the immortality thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside! — Love! Immortality! It speedily became so hot in my breast, that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love; — it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night, when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded, yet ashamed, appear to await for concealing darkness, that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings, and breathe them out in sweet odors. Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! Now she lies in slumber, at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, and birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.

During the night which I passed at Goslar, a remarkably curious occurrence befell me. Even now, I cannot think of it without terror. I am not by nature cowardly, but I fear ghosts almost as much as the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it come from the understanding or from the natural disposition? This was a point which I frequently disputed with Doctor Saul Ascher, when we accidentally met in the Café Royal, in Berlin, where I for a long time dined. The doctor invariably maintained, that we feared anything, because we recognized it as

fearful, owing to certain determinate conclusions of the reason. Only the reason was an active power, — not the disposition. While I ate and drank to my heart's content, the doctor demonstrated to me the advantages of reason. Towards the end of his dissertation, he was accustomed to look at his watch and remark conclusively, "Reason is the highest principle!" — Reason! Never do I hear this word without recalling Doctor Saul Ascher, with his abstract legs, his tight-fitting transcendental gray long coat, and his immovably icy face, which resembled a confused amalgam of geometrical problems. This man, deep in the fifties, was a personified straight line. In his striving for the positive, the poor man had philosophized everything beautiful out of existence, and with it everything like sunshine, religion and flowers, so that there remained nothing for him but a cold positive grave. The Apollo Belvedere and Christianity were the two especial objects of his malice, and he had even published a pamphlet against the latter, in which he had demonstrated its unreasonableness and untenableness. In addition to this, he had, however, written a great number of books, in all of which Reason shone forth in all its peculiar excellence, and as the poor doctor meant what he said in all seriousness, they were, so far, deserving of respect. But the great joke consisted precisely in this, that the doctor invariably cut such a seriously absurd figure in not comprehending that which every child comprehends, simply because it is a child. I visited the doctor several times in his own house, where I found him in company with very pretty girls, for Reason, it seems, however abstract, does not prohibit the enjoyment of the things of this world. Once, however, when I called, his servant told me that the Herr Doctor had just died. I experienced as much emotion on this occasion, as if I had been told that the Herr Doctor had just stepped out.

To return to Goslar. "The highest principle is Reason," said I consolingly to myself as I slid into bed. But it availed me nothing. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense's "German Narrations," which I had brought with me from Clausthal, that terrible tale of a son, who, when about to murder his father, was warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful truthfulness with which this story is depicted, caused while reading it a shudder of horror in all

my veins. Ghost stories invariably thrill us with additional horror when read during a journey, and by night in a town, in a house, and in a chamber where we have never before been. We involuntarily reflect, "How many horrors may have been perpetrated on this very spot where I now lie?" Meanwhile, the moon shone into my room in a doubtful, suspicious manner; all kinds of uncalled-for shapes quivered on the walls, and as I laid me down and glanced fearfully around, I beheld —

There is nothing so uncanny as when a man sees his own face by moonlight in a mirror. At the same instant there struck a deep booming, yawning bell, and that so slowly and wearily that I firmly believed that it had been full twelve hours striking, and that it was now time to begin over again. Between the last and next to the last tones, there struck in very abruptly, as if irritated and scolding, another bell, who was apparently out of patience with the slowness of her friend. As the two iron tongues were silenced, and the stillness of death sank over the whole house, I suddenly seemed to hear, in the corridor before my chamber, something halting and waddling along, like the unsteady steps of a man. At last the door slowly opened, and there entered deliberately the late departed Doctor Saul Ascher. A cold fever drizzled through marrow and vein — I trembled like an ivy leaf, and scarcely dared I gaze upon the ghost. He appeared as usual, with the same transcendental gray long coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face; only this latter was a little yellower than usual, and the mouth, which formerly described two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, was pinched together, and the circles around the eyes had a somewhat greater radius. Tottering, and supporting himself as usual upon his Malacca cane, he approached me, and said, in his usual drawling dialect, but in a friendly manner: "Do not be afraid, nor believe that I am a ghost. It is a deception of your imagination, if you believe that you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Define one. Deduce for me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost. In what reasonable connection does such an apparition coincide with reason itself? Reason, I say, reason!" Here the ghost proceeded to analyze reason, cited from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," part 2, 1st section, chap 3, the distinction between phenomena and noumena, then pro-

ceeded to construct a hypothetical system of ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and concluded with the logical proof that there are absolutely no ghosts. Meanwhile the cold sweat beaded over me, my teeth clattered like castanets, and from very agony of soul I nodded an unconditional assent to every assertion which the phantom Doctor alleged against the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and which he demonstrated with such zeal, that finally, in a moment of abstraction, instead of his gold watch, he drew a handful of grave worms from his vest pocket, and remarking his error, replaced them with a ridiculous but terrified haste. "The reason is the highest—" Here the clock struck one, and the ghost vanished.

I wandered forth from Goslar the next morning, half at random, and half intending to visit the brother of the Clausthaler miner. I climbed hill and mount, saw how the sun strove to drive afar the mists, and wandered merrily through the trembling woods, while around my dreaming head rang the bellflowers of Goslar. The mountains stood in their white night-robes, the fir-trees were shaking sleep out of their branching limbs, the fresh morning wind curled their down-drooping green locks, the birds were at morning prayers, the meadow vale flashed like a golden surface sprinkled with diamonds, and the shepherd passed over it with his bleating flock. I had gone astray. Men are ever striking out short cuts and by-paths, hoping to abridge their journey. It is in life as in the Harz. However, there are good souls everywhere to bring us again to the right way. This they do right willingly, appearing to take a particular satisfaction, to judge from their self-gratified air and benevolent tones, in pointing out to us the great wanderings which we have made from the right road, the abysses and morasses into which we might have sunk, and, finally, what a piece of good luck it was for us to encounter, betimes, people who knew the road as well as themselves. Such a guide-post I found not far from the Harzburg, in the person of a well-fed citizen of Goslar—a man of shining, double-chinned, slow cunning countenance, who looked as if he had discovered the murrain. We went along for some distance together, and he narrated many ghost stories, which would have all been well enough if they

had not all concluded with an explanation that there was no real ghost in the case, but that the specter in white was a poacher, that the wailing sound was caused by the new-born farrow of a wild sow, and that the rapping and scraping on the roof was caused by cats. "Only when a man is sick," observed my guide, "does he ever believe that he sees ghosts"; and to this he added the remark, that as for his own humble self, he was but seldom sick,—only at times a little wrong about the head, and that he invariably relieved this by dieting. He then called my attention to the appropriateness and use of all things in nature. Trees are green, because green is good for the eyes. I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef soup strengthened man, that jackasses were created for the purpose of serving as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef soup, and realize that he was no jackass. My companion was delighted to meet with one of sympathetic views, his face glowed with a greater joy, and on parting from me he appeared to be sensibly moved.

As long as he was with me Nature seemed benumbed, but when he departed the trees began again to speak, the sun-rays flashed, the meadow flowers danced once more, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes—I know better. God hath created man that he may admire the beauty and the glory of the world. Every author, be he ever so great, desires that his work may be praised. And in the Bible, that great memoir of God, it is distinctly written that he hath made man for his own honor and praise.

After long wandering, here and there, I came to the dwelling of the brother of my Clausthaler friend. Here I stayed all night, and experienced the following beautiful poem:—

On yon rock the hut is standing,
Of the ancient mountaineer.
There the dark green fir-trees rustle,
And the moon is shining clear.

In the hut there stands an armchair
Which quaint carvings beautify;
He who sits therein is happy,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits a maiden,
On my lap her arms repose . —
With her eyes like blue stars beaming,
And her mouth a new-born rose

And the dear blue stars shine on me,
Full as heaven is their gaze ,
And her little lily finger
Archly on the rose she lays.

“Nay — thy mother cannot see us,
For she spins the whole day long ;
And thy father plays the cither
As he sings a good old song.”

And the maiden softly whispers,
So that none around may hear :
Many a solemn little secret
Hath she murmured in my ear.

“Since I lost my aunt who loved me,
Now we never more repair
To the shooting-ground at Goslar,
And it is so pleasant there !

And up here it is so lonely
On the rocks where cold winds blow ;
And in winter, we are ever
Deeply buried in the snow.

And I'm such a timid creature,
And I'm frightened like a child ;
At the evil mountain spirits,
Who by night are raging wild.”

At the thought the maid was silent,
As if terror thrilled her breast ;
And the small hands, white and dimpled
To her sweet blue eyes she pressed.

Loud, without, the fir-trees rustle,
Loud the spinning-wheel still rings .
And the cither sounds above them,
While the father softly sings.

“Dearest child : — no evil spints
Should have power to cause thee dread ;
For good angels still are watching
Night and day around thy head.”

Fir-tree with his dark green fingers
Taps upon the window low ,
And the moon, a yellow listener,
Casts within her sweetest glow.

Father, mother, both are sleeping,
Near at hand their rest they take ;
But we two in pleasant gossip,
Keep each other long awake.

“That thou prayest much too often,
Seems unlikely I declare ,
On thy lips there's a contraction
Which was never born of prayer.

Ah, that heartless, cold expression !
Terrifies me as I gaze ;
Though a solemn sorrow darkens
In thine eyes, their gentle rays.

And I doubt if thou believest
What is held for truth by most ;
Hast thou faith in God the Father
In the Son and Holy Ghost ? ”

“Ah, my darling , when, an infant,
By my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father,
He who ruleth great and good.

He who made the world so lovely,
Gave man beauty, gave him force ;
And to sun and moon and planets,
Preappointed each their course.

As I older grew, my darling,
And my way in wisdom won ;
I, in reason comprehended,
And believe now in the Son.

In the well-loved Son, who loving,
Oped the gates of Love so wide ;
And for thanks, — as is the custom, —
By the world was crucified.

Now, at man's estate arriving,
Full experience I boast ,
And with heart expanded, truly
I believe in the Holy Ghost,

Who hath worked the greatest wonders,
Greater still he'll work again ,
He hath broken tyrant's strongholds
And he breaks the vassal's chain.

Ancient deadly wounds he healeth,
He renews man's ancient right ;
All to him, born free and equal,
Are as nobles in his sight.

Clouds of evil flee before him,
And those cobwebs of the brain,
Which forbade us love and pleasure,
Scowling grimly on our pain.

And a thousand knights well weaponed
Hath he chosen, and required
To fulfil his holy bidding,
All with noblest zeal inspired.

Lo ! their precious swords are gleaming,
And their banners wave in fight !
What ! thou fain wouldst see, my darling,
Such a proud and noble knight ?

Well, then gaze upon me, dearest,
I am of that lordly host.
Kiss me ! I am an elected
True knight of the Holy Ghost !”

Silently the moon goes hiding
Down behind the dark green trees ;
And the lamp which lights our chamber
Flickers in the evening breeze,

But the star-blue eyes are beaming
Softly o'er the dimpled cheeks,
And the purple rose is gleaming,
While the gentle maiden speaks.

“Little people — fairy goblins —
Steal away our meat and bread ;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning it has fled.

From our milk, the little people
Steal the cream and all the best ;
Then they leave the dish uncovered,
And our cat drinks up the rest.

And the cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For by night when storms arise ;
Oft she glides to yonder Ghost-Rock,
Where the fallen tower lies.

There was once a splendid castle,
Home of joy and weapons bright ,
Where there swept in stately torch dance,
Lady, page, and armed knight.

But a sorceress charmed the castle,
With its lords and ladies fair ;
Now it is a lonely ruin,
And the owls are nestling there.

But my aunt hath often told me,
Could I speak the proper word,
In the proper place up yonder,
When the proper hour occurred,

Then the walls would change by magic
To a castle gleaming bright ;
And I'd see in stately dances,
Dame and page and gallant knight.

He who speaks the word of power
Wins the castle for his own ;
And the knights with drum and trumpet,
Loud will hail him lord alone.”

Thus, sweet legendary pictures
From the little rose-mouth bloom ;
And the gentle eyes are shedding
Star-blue luster through the gloom.

Round my hand the little maiden
Winds her gold locks as she will,
Gives a name to every finger,
Kisses, — smiles, and then is still.

All things in the silent chamber
Seem at once familiar grown,
As if e'en the chairs and clothes-press,
Well, of old, to me were known.

Now the clock talks kindly, gravely,
And the cither, as 'twould seem,
Of itself is faintly chiming,
And I sit as in a dream.

Now the proper hour is o'er us,
Here's the place where't should be heard ;
Child — how thou wouldst be astonished,
Should I speak the magic word !

If I spoke that word, then fading
Night would thrill in fearful strife ;
Trees and streams would roar together
As the castle woke to life.

Ringling lutes and goblin ditties
From the clefted rock would sound ;
Like a mad and merry spring-tide
Flowers grow forest-high around.

Flowers — startling, wondrous flowers,
Leaves of vast and fabled form,
Strangely perfumed, — wildly quivering,
As if thrilled with passion's storm.

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,
O'er the busy tumult rise ;
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Great as suns the stars above us
Gaze adown with burning glow ;
In the lilies, giant calyx
All their floods of flashes flow.

We ourselves, my little maiden,
Would be changed more than all ;
Torchlight gleams, o'er gold and satin
Round us merrily would fall.

Thou thyself wouldst be the princess,
And this hut thy castle high ;
Ladies, lords, and graceful pages,
Would be dancing, singing by.

I, however, I have conquered
Thee, and all things, with the word :—
Serfs and castle :—lo ! with trumpet
Loud they hail me as their lord !

The sun rose. Clouds flitted away like phantoms at the third crow of the cock. Again I wandered up hill and down dale, while overhead swept the fair sun, ever lighting up new scenes of beauty. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favored me, well knowing that a poetical character has it in his power to say many a fine thing of him, and on this morning he let me see his Harz, as it is not, most assuredly, seen by every one. But the Harz also saw me as I am seen by few, and there were as costly pearls on my eyelashes, as on the grass of the valley. The morning dew of love wetted my cheeks, the rustling pines understood me, their parting twigs waved up and down, as if, like mute mortals, they would express their joy with gestures of their hands, and from afar, I heard beautiful and mysterious chimes, like the bell tones of some long-lost forest church. People say that these sounds are caused by the cattle bells, which in the Harz ring with remarkable clearness and purity.

It was noon, according to the position of the sun, as I chanced upon such a flock ; and its herd, a friendly, light-haired young fellow, told me that the great hill at whose base I stood, was the old world-renowned Brocken. For many leagues around there is no house, and I was glad enough

when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a déjeuner dinatoire, consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep snatched up our crumbs, while pretty shining heifers jumped around, ringing their bells roguishly, and laughing at us with great merry eyes. We made a royal meal, my host appearing to me altogether a king; and as he is the only monarch who has ever given me bread, I will sing him right royally.

The shepherd is a monarch,
A hillock is his throne,
The sun above him shining,
Is his heavy golden crown.

Sheep at his feet are lying,
Soft flatterers, crossed with red,
The calves are cavaleros,
Who strut with haughty head.

Court players are the he goats,
And the wild bird and the cow,
With their piping and their herd bell,
Are the king's musicians now.

They ring and sing so sweetly,
And so sweetly chime around,
The waterfall and fir-trees,
While the monarch slumbers sound.

And as he sleeps, his sheep-dog,
As minister must reign;
His snarling and his barking,
Reecho o'er the plain.

Dozing, the monarch murmurs
"Such work was never seen
As reigning — I were happier
At home beside my queen!

"My royal head when weary,
In my queen's arms softly lies,
And my endless broad dominion,
In her deep and gentle eyes."

We took leave of each other in a friendly manner, and with a light heart I began to ascend the mountain. I was soon welcomed by a grove of stately firs, for whom I, in every respect, entertain the most reverential regard. For these trees, of which I speak, have not found growing to be such an easy business, and during the days of their youth it fared hard with them. The mountain is here sprinkled with a great number of blocks of granite, and most of the trees are obliged either to twine their roots over the stones, or split them in two, that they may thus with trouble get at a little earth to nourish them. Here and there stones lie, on each other, forming as it were a gate, and over all grow the trees, their naked roots twining down over the wild portals, and first reaching the ground at its base, so that they appear to be growing in the air. And yet they have forced their way up to that startling height, and grown into one with the rocks, they stand more securely than their easy comrades, who are rooted in the tame forest soil of the level country. So it is in life with those great men who have strengthened and established themselves by resolutely subduing the obstacles which oppressed their youth. Squirrels climbed amid the fir twigs, while beneath, yellow-brown deer were quietly grazing. I cannot comprehend, when I see such a noble animal, how educated and refined people can take pleasure in its chase or death. Such a creature was once more merciful than man, and suckled the longing Schmerzenreich of the Holy Genofeva.¹

Most beautiful were the golden sun-rays shooting through the dark green of the firs. The roots of the trees formed a natural stairway, and everywhere my feet encountered swelling beds of moss, for the stones are here covered foot-deep, as if with light-green velvet cushions. Everywhere a pleasant freshness and the dreamy murmur of streams. Here and there we see water rippling silver-clear amid the rocks, washing the bare roots and fibers of trees. Bend down to the current and listen, and you may hear at the same time the mysterious history of the growth of the plants, and the quiet pulsations of the heart of the mountain. In many places

¹ According to the Legend of Genofeva, when the fair saint and her little son, Schmerzenreich (abounding in sorrows), were starving in the wilderness, they were suckled by a doe.

the water jets strongly up, amid rocks and roots, forming little cascades. It is pleasant to sit in such places. All murmurs and rustles so sweetly and strangely, the birds carol broken strains of love-longing, the trees whisper like a thousand girls, odd flowers peep up like a thousand maidens' eyes, stretching out to us their curious, broad, droll-pointed leaves, the sun-rays flash here and there in sport, the soft-souled herds are telling their green legends, all seems enchanted, and becomes more secret and confidential, an old, old dream is realized, the loved one appears, — alas that all so quickly vanishes!

The higher we ascend, so much the shorter and more dwarf-like do the fir-trees become, shrinking up as it were within themselves, until finally only whortleberries, bilberries, and mountain herbs remain. It is also sensibly colder. Here, for the first time, the granite boulders, which are frequently of enormous size, become fully visible. These may well have been the play-balls which evil spirits cast at each other on the Walpurgis night, when the witches came riding hither on brooms and pitchforks, when the mad, unhallowed revelry begins, as our believing nurses have told us, and as we may see it represented in the beautiful Faust-pictures of Master Retsch. Yes, a young poet who in journeying from Berlin to Gottingen, on the first evening in May, passed the Brocken, remarked how certain belles-lettered ladies held their esthetic tea circle in a rocky corner, how they comfortably read the evening journal, how they praised as an universal genius their pet billy-goat, who, bleating, hopped around their table, and how they passed a final judgment on all the manifestations of German literature. But when they at last fell upon "Ratcliff" and "Almansor," utterly denying to the author aught like piety or Christianity, the hair of the youth rose on end, terror seized him — I spurred my steed and rode onwards!

In fact, when we ascend the upper half of the Brocken, no one can well help thinking of the attractive legends of the Blocksberg, and especially of the great mystical German national tragedy of Doctor Faust. It ever seemed to me that I could hear the cloven foot scrambling along behind, and that some one inhaled an atmosphere of humor. And I verily

believe that Mephisto himself must breathe with difficulty when he climbs his favorite mountain, for it is a road which is to the last degree exhausting, and I was glad enough when I at last beheld the long-desired Brocken-house.

This house — as every one knows, from numerous pictures — consists of a single story, and was erected in the year 1800 by Count Stollberg Wernigerode, for whose profit it is managed as a tavern. On account of the wind and cold in winter, its walls are incredibly thick. The roof is low. From its midst rises a tower-like observatory, and near the house lie two little outbuildings, one of which, in earlier times, served as shelter to the Brocken visitors.

On entering the Brocken-house, I experienced a somewhat unusual and legend-like sensation. After a long, solitary journey, amid rocks and pines, the traveler suddenly finds himself in a house amid the clouds. Far below lie cities, hills and forests, while above he encounters a curiously blended circle of strangers, by whom he is received as is usual in such assemblies, almost like an expected companion — half inquisitively and half indifferently. I found the house full of guests, and, as becomes a wise man, I first reflected on the night, and the discomfort of sleeping on straw. My part was at once determined on. With the voice of one dying I called for tea, and the Brocken landlord was reasonable enough to perceive that the sick gentleman must be provided with a decent bed. This he gave me, in a narrow room, where a young merchant — a long emetic in a brown overcoat — had already established himself.

In the public room I found a full tide of bustle and animation. There were students from different universities. Some of the newly arrived were taking refreshments. Others, preparing for departure, buckled on their knapsacks, wrote their names in the album, and received bouquets from the housemaid. There was jesting, singing, springing, trilling, some questioning, some answering, fine weather, foot-path, prosit! — luck be with you! Adieu! Some of those leaving were also partly drunk, and these derived a twofold pleasure from the beautiful scenery, for a tipsy man sees double.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, and there found a little gentleman, with two ladies, one of whom

was young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful. A superb figure, flowing locks, surmounted by a helm-like black satin chapeau, amid whose white plumes the wind played; fine limbs, so closely enwrapped by a black silk mantle that their exquisite form was made manifest, and great free eyes, calmly looking down into the great free world.

When as yet a boy I thought of naught save tales of magic and wonder, and every fair lady who had ostrich feathers on her head I regarded as an elfin queen. If I observed that the train of her dress was wet, I believed at once that she must be a water fairy¹. Now I know better, having learned from Natural History that those symbolical feathers are found on the most stupid of birds, and that the skirt of a lady's dress may be wetted in a very natural way. But if I had, with those boyish eyes, seen the aforesaid young lady, in the aforesaid position on the Brocken, I would most assuredly have thought "That is the fairy of the mountain and she has just uttered the charm which has caused all down there to appear so wonderful." Yes, at the first glance from the Brocken, everything appears in a high degree marvelous, — new impressions throng in on every side, and these, varied and often contradictory, unite in our soul to an overpowering and confusing sensation. If we succeed in grasping the idea of this sensation, we shall comprehend the character of the mountain. This character is entirely German as regards not only its advantages, but also its defects. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he points out to us — sharply and accurately defined as in a panorama — the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages which are principally situated to the north, and all the mountains, forests, rivers, and plains which lie infinitely far around. But for this very cause everything appears like an accurately designed and perfectly colored map, and nowhere is the eye gratified by really beautiful landscapes, — just as we German compilers, owing to the honorable exactness with which we attempt to give all and everything, never

¹ It is an accepted tradition in fairy mythology that undines, water-nixies, and other aqueous spirits, however they may disguise themselves, can always be detected by the fact that a portion of their dress invariably appears to be wet.

appear to think of giving integral parts in a beautiful manner. The mountain in consequence has a certain calm-German, intelligent, tolerant character, simply because he can see things so distant, yet so distinctly. And when such a mountain opens his giant eyes, it may be that he sees somewhat more than we dwarfs, who with our weak eyes climb over him. Many, indeed, assert that the Blocksberg is very Philistine-like, and Claudius once sang "The Blocksberg is the lengthy Sir Philistine." But that was an error. On account of his bald head, which he occasionally covers with a cloud cap, the Blocksberg has indeed something of a Philistine-like aspect, but this with him, as with many other great Germans, is the result of pure irony. For it is notorious that he has his wild-student and fantastic times, as for instance on the first night of May. Then he casts his cloud cap uproariously and merrily on high, and becomes like the rest of us, real German romantic mad.

I soon sought to entrap the beauty into a conversation, for we only begin to fully enjoy the beauties of nature when we talk about them on the spot. She was not spirituelle, but attentively intelligent. Both were perfect models of gentility. I do not mean that commonplace, stiff, negative respectability, which knows exactly what must not be done or said, but that rarer, independent positive gentility, which inspires an accurate knowledge of what we may venture on, and which amid all our ease and abandon inspires the utmost social confidence. I developed to my own amazement much geographical knowledge, detailed to the curious beauty the names of all the towns which lay before us, and sought them out for her on the map, which with all the solemnity of a teacher I had spread out on the stone table which stands in the center of the tower. I could not find many of the towns, possibly because I sought them more with my fingers than with my eyes, which latter were scanning the face of the fair lady, and discovering in it fairer regions than those of Schierke and Elend.¹ This countenance was one of those which never excite, and seldom enrapture, but which always please. I love such faces, for they smile my evilly agitated heart to rest.

¹*Schierke* (*Schurke*), "rascal," and *Elend* or "misery," are the names of two places near the Brocken.

I could not divine the relation in which the little gentleman stood to the ladies whom he accompanied. He was a spare and remarkable figure. A head sprinkled with gray hair, which fell over his low forehead down to his dragon-fly eyes, and a round, broad nose which projected boldly forwards, while his mouth and chin seemed retreating in terror back to his ears. His face looked as if formed of the soft yellowish clay with which sculptors mold their first models, and when the thin lips pinched together, thousands of semicircular and faint wrinkles appeared on his cheeks. The little man never spoke a word, only at times when the elder lady whispered something friendly in his ear, he smiled like a lap-dog which has taken cold.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and she too was gifted with an air of extreme respectability and refinement. Her eyes betrayed a sickly, dreamy depth of thought, and about her mouth there was an expression of confirmed piety, yet withal it seemed to me that she had once been very beautiful, and often smiled, and taken and given many a kiss. Her countenance resembled a *codex palimpsestus*, in which, from beneath the recent black monkish writing of some text of a Church Father, there peeped out the half-obliterated verse of an old Greek love poet. Both ladies had been that year with their companion in Italy, and told me many things of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother had much to say of the pictures of Raphael in St. Peter's; the daughter spoke more of the opera in La Fenice.

While we conversed, the sun sank lower and lower, the air grew colder, twilight stole over us, and the tower platform was filled with students, traveling mechanics, and a few honest citizens with their spouses and daughters, all of whom were desirous of witnessing the sunset. That is truly a sublime spectacle, which elevates the soul to prayer. For a full quarter of an hour all stood in solemn silence, gazing on the beautiful fire-ball as it sank in the west; faces were rosy in the evening red; hands were involuntarily folded; it seemed as if we, a silent congregation, stood in the nave of a giant church, that the priest raised the body of the Lord, and that Palestrina's everlasting choral song poured forth from the organ.

As I stood thus lost in piety, I heard some one near me exclaim, "Ah! how beautiful Nature is, as a general thing!" These words came from the full heart of my roommate, the young shopman. This brought me back to my week-day state of mind, and I found myself in tune to say a few neat things to the ladies about the sunset, and to accompany them, as calmly as if nothing had happened, to their room. They permitted me to converse an hour longer with them. Our conversation, like the earth's course, was about the sun. The mother declared that the sun as it sank in the snowy clouds seemed like a red glowing rose, which the gallant heaven had thrown upon the white and spreading bridal veil of his loved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a frequent observation of such phenomena weakened their impression. The mother corrected this error by a quotation from Goethe's "Letters of Travel," and asked me if I had read Werther. I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady, while daintily lisping and sighing, recited several sunset quotations. To the younger lady, who did not understand English, and who wished to become familiar with those poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and gifted countrywoman, the Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen. On this occasion, as is my custom when talking with young ladies, I did not neglect to speak of Byron's impiety, heartlessness, cheerlessness, and heaven knows what beside.

After this business I took a walk on the Brocken, for there it is never quite dark. The mist was not heavy, and I could see the outlines of the two hills, known as the Witch's Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired my pistol, but there was no echo. But suddenly I heard familiar voices, and found myself embraced and kissed. The newcomers were fellow students, from my own part of Germany, and had left Gottingen four days later than I. Great was their astonishment at finding me alone on the Blocksberg. Then came a flood-tide of narrative, of astonishment, and of appointment making, — of laughing and of recollection, — and in the spirit we found ourselves again in our learned Siberia, where refinement is carried to such an extent that bears are "bound by

many ties" in the taverns, and sables wish the hunter good evening.¹

In the great room we had supper. There was a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first we had only the usual subject of University conversation—duels, duels, and once again duels. The company consisted principally of Halle students, and Halle formed in consequence the nucleus of their discourse. The window-panes of Court Counselor Schutz were exegetically lighted up. Then it was mentioned that the king of Cyprus's last levee had been very brilliant, that the monarch had appointed a natural son, that he had married—over the left—a princess of the house of Lichtenstein, that the state mistress had been forced to resign, and that the entire ministry, greatly moved, had wept according to rule. I need hardly explain that this all referred to certain beer dignitaries in Halle. Then the two Chinese, who two years before had been exhibited in Berlin, and who were now appointed professors of Chinese esthetics in Halle, were discussed. Some one supposed a case in which a live German might be exhibited for money in China. Placards would be pasted up, in which the Mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho certified that the man was a genuine Teuton, including a list of his accomplishments, which consisted principally of philosophizing, smoking, and endless patience. As a finale, visitors might be prohibited from bringing any dogs with them at twelve o'clock (the hour for feeding the captive), as these animals would be sure to snap from the poor German all his titbits.

A young Burschenschafter, who had recently passed his

¹ According to that dignified and erudite work, the "Burschikoses Wörterbuch," or Student-Slang Dictionary, "to bind a bear," signifies to contract a debt. The term is most frequently applied to tavern scores. In "the Landlord's Twelve Commandments," a sheet frequently pasted up in German beer-houses, I have observed—"Thou shalt not bind any bears in this my house." The definition of a sable (*Zobel*), as given in the dictionary above cited, are: 1, a finely furred animal; 2, a young lady anxious to please; 3, "a broom" (*i. e.* housemaid, or female in general); 4, a lady of pleasure; 5, a wench; 6, a nymph of the pave; 7, a "buckle," etc., etc. The *sable hunt* is synonymous with the *Besenjagd* or "broom chase." I have, however, heard it asserted in Heidelberg that the term "sable" was strictly applicable only to ladies'-maids.

period of purification in Berlin, spoke much, but very partially of this city. He had been constant in his attendance on Wisotzki and the Theater, but judged falsely of both. "For youth is ever ready with a word," etc. He spoke of wardrobe expenditures, theatrical scandal, and similar matters. The youth knew not that in Berlin, where outside show exerts the greatest influence (as is abundantly evidenced by the commonness of the phrase "so people do"), this apparent life must first of all flourish on the stage, and consequently that the especial care of the Direction must be for "the color of the beard with which a part is played," and for the truthfulness of the dresses, which are designed by sworn historians, and sewed by scientifically instructed tailors. And this is indispensable. For if Maria Stuart wore an apron belonging to the time of Queen Anne, the banker, Christian Gumpel, would with justice complain that the anachronism destroyed the illusion, and if Lord Burleigh in a moment of forgetfulness should don the hose of Henry the Fourth, then Madam, the war counselor Von Steinzopf's wife, *née* Lilienthau, would not get the error out of her head for the whole evening. And this delusive care on the part of the general direction extends itself not only to aprons and pantaloons, but also to the within enclosed persons. So in future Othello will be played by a real Moor, for whom Professor Lichtenstein has already written to Africa; the misanthropy and remorse of Eulalia are to be sustained by a lady who has really wandered from the paths of virtue; Peter will be played by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a genuine mysterious wittol — for which last three characters it will not be necessary to send to Africa. But little as this young man had comprehended the relations of the Berlin drama, still less was he aware that the Spontini Janizary opera with its kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and gongs is a heroic means of inspiring with valor our sleeping race, — a means once shrewdly recommended by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the youth comprehend the diplomatic inner meaning of the ballet. It was with great trouble that I finally made him understand that there was really more political science in Hoguet's feet than in Buckholtz's head, that all his *tours de danse* signified diplomatic negotiations, and that his every

movement hinted at state matters, as, for instance, when he bent forward anxiously, widely grasping out with his hands, he meant our Cabinet, that a hundred pirouettes on one toe without quitting the spot alluded to the alliance of Deputies, that he was thinking of the lesser princes when he tripped around with his legs tied, that he described the European balance of power when he tottered hither and thither like a drunken man, that he hinted at a Congress when he twisted his bended arms together like a skein, and finally that he sets forth our altogether too great friend in the East, when very gradually unfolding himself he rises on high, stands for a long time in this elevated position, and then all at once breaks out into the most terrifying leaps. The scales fell from the eyes of the young man, and he now saw how it was that dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet forms in diplomatic circles an inexhaustible subject of conversation, and why a beautiful danseuse is so frequently privately supported by a minister, who beyond doubt labors night and day that she may obtain a correct idea of his "little system." By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric, and how small the array of the esoteric frequenters of the theater! There sit the stupid audience, gaping and admiring leaps and attitudes, studying anatomy in the positions of Lemièrè and applauding the entre-chats of Rohnisch, prattling of "grace," "harmony," and "limbs," — no one remarking, meanwhile, that he has before him in choregraphic ciphers the destiny of the German fatherland.

While such observations flitted hither and thither, we did not lose sight of the practical, and the great dishes which were honorably piled up with meat, potatoes, etc., were industriously disposed of. The food, however, was of an indifferent quality. This I carelessly mentioned to my next neighbor at table, who, however, with an accent in which I recognized the Swiss, very impolitely replied, that Germans knew as little of true content as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, remarking, that all the world over the humblest vassals of princes, as well as pastry-cooks and confectioners, were Swiss, and known as a class by that name. I also took the liberty of stating that the Swiss heroes of liberty of the present day reminded me of those tame hares, which we see

on market-days in public places, where they fire off pistols to the great amazement of peasants and children—yet remain hares as before.

The son of the Alps had really meant nothing wicked, "he was," as Cervantes says, "a plump man, and consequently a good man" But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswalder, was deeply touched by the assertion of the Swiss. Energetically did he assert that German ability and simplicity were not as yet extinguished, struck in a threatening manner on his breast, and gulped down a tremendous flagon of white-beer. The Swiss said "Nu! nu!" But the more appeasingly and apologetically he said this, so much the faster did the Greifswalder get on with his riot. He was a man of those days when hair-cutters came near dying of starvation. He wore long locks, a knightly cap, a black old German coat, a dirty shirt, which at the same time did duty as a waistcoat, and beneath it a medallion, with a tassel of the hair of Blucher's gray horse. His appearance was that of a full-grown fool. I am always ready for something lively at supper, and consequently held with him a patriotic strife. He was of the opinion that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts. I asserted on the contrary that there should be forty-eight, because it would then be possible to write a more systematic guide-book for Germany, and because it is essential that life should be blended with science. My Greifswald friend was also a German bard, and, as he informed me in confidence, was occupied with a national heroic poem, in honor of Herrman and the Herrman battle. Many an advantageous hint did I give him on this subject. I suggested to him that the morasses and crooked paths of the Teutobergian forest might be very onomatopœically indicated by means of watery and ragged verse, and that it would be merely a patriotic liberty should the Romans in his poem chatter the wildest nonsense. I hope that this bit of art will succeed in his works as in those of other Berlin poets, even to the minutest particular.

The company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *smolliren*,¹ and singing were the

¹ Contracted from the Latin *sibi molre amicum*. *Schmolliren* signifies to gain a friend, to drink brotherhood with him, to give and take the "brother-

order of the night. The old "Landsfather" and the beautiful songs of W. Muller, Ruckert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from "The Crime," a fourth spoke Latin,¹ a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair learnedly, lectured as follows: "Gentlemen! The world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings, as individual pins, are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as Universal History. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history; which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies—" and so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mechlenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and, smiling with happiness, snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theater! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast

kiss," and finally to *Duzen*, or call the friend *Du* or *thou*, equivalent to the French *tutoyer*. The act of *schmolliren* is termed *Schmollis*, from the Latin *sis mihi mollis amicus*, "Be my good friend!" The *schmollis* in universities is accompanied by a variety of ceremonies, more or less imposing. The Crown-Schmollis, sung at a *Commerz*, or general meeting, involves a vast amount of singing, etc. To refuse a *schmollis* is equivalent to a challenge. It is generally asserted that to *break the schmollis*, or to call the friend in a moment of forgetfulness "you," instead of "thou," calls for the forfeit of a bottle of wine, but I have never observed that this rule was enforced against any, save *foxes* or freshmen and the like.

¹ Was tipsy.

himself upon my breast and shouted wildly, "Oh, that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, "Oh, Molly dear! oh, Molly dear!"

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other, and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love, which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle, who had loved a student, and who when the latter left Halle spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, "My soul is sorrowful—come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee, thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets, they reecho in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one by mistake, instead of the window, threw open the door of a large wardrobe, and that both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain, far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-

trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers Oh, that I could hunt with ye, on your cloud steeds, through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out his arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, Daughter of Heaven! Lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light Who is like unto thee in Heaven, thou the Night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither—ah, whither—when morning pales thy face dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of humility? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, O lovely light, and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in Heaven. Then the stars, who were once lovely in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now, thou art clothed in thy starry splendor, and gazest adown from the gate of Heaven. Tear aside the clouds, O ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner, that is to say, *à la* swine, shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house door, and began to roar around outside, as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew wilder and louder—the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I bleed.

Why dost thou waken me, O breath of Spring? Thou caressest me, and sayest, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven.' But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain—" But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap, and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews, declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the "Falcidia,"¹ with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it, Servius Asinius Goschenus sitting as pretor on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as prima donna lega-

¹ The "Falcidian law" was so called from its proposer, Falcidius. According to it, the testator was obliged to leave at least the fourth part of his fortune to the person whom he named his heir.

taria all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting bravura of *Quicunque civis Romanus*, referees, rouged red as sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as minors; private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-colored stockinets, danced an ante-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the Twelve Tables, while amid thunder and lightning rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa*.

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sunrise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled around, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how, above the horizon, there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim, wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible, so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:—

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
 Though the sun gleams cloudily;
 Far and wide the mountain summits
 Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
 Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
 Over valley, rock, and river,
 To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping
 Soft, the curtain I would slip;
 Softly kiss her childlike forehead,
 Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
 In the little snow-white ear:
 "Think in dreams that I still love thee,
 Think in dreams I'm ever dear."

Meanwhile my desire for breakfast greatly increased, and after paying a few attentions to my ladies, I hastened down to drink coffee in the warm public room. It was full time, for all within me was as sober and as somber as in the St. Stephen's church of Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage, the warm Orient thrilled through my limbs Eastern roses breathed forth their perfumes, the students were changed to camels,¹ the Brocken housemaids with their Congreve-rocket glances became houris, the Philistine roses minarets, etc., etc.

But the book which lay near me, though full of nonsense, was not the Koran. It was the so-called Brocken book, in which all travelers who ascend the mountain write their names, many inscribing their thoughts or, in default thereof, their feelings. Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Paphlagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it, with especial splendor, are Messieurs the excise collectors, with their moldy "high inspirations"; counter jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German dilettanti with their Turner-union phrases, and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author. In one page, the majestic splendor of the sun is described, — in another, complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. "Went up wet without, and came down wet within," is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times.

The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese, — we might fancy it one of Clauren's romances.

¹ A "camel" in German student dialect signifies according to the erudite Dr. Vollmann, 1st. A student not in any regular club. 2d. A savage 3d. A finch. 4th A badger. 5th. A stag. 6th. A hare. 7th * * * * 8th. An "outsider" 9th. A Jew. 10th. A nigger. 11th. A Bedouin. 12th. One who neither drinks, smokes, fights duels, cares for girls, nor *renowns* it. To *renown* it (*rennommen*) is equivalent to the American phrase "spreads himself." The sum total of Dr. Vollmann's definitions amounts, according to German student ideas, to what an Englishman would call a "muff" or a "slow coach."

While I drank the coffee aforesaid, and turned over the Brocken book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the Sun, that symbol of Truth, fought with the night mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war-chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally entwined in the maddest contortions melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon I had neglected, and, should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation, I am ready to declare on oath that all I know of the matter is the flavor of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother and friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom — for this was in fact the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before, when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamina of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eighth class

It vexes me every time, when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made have been, like us, divided into castes, and like us are distinguished by those external names which indicate descent and family. If there must be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls — that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of Natural Science, according to which

all things are divided into those which may — or may not be — eaten!

The secret and mysterious nature of flowers was, however, anything but a secret to the elder lady, and she involuntarily remarked that she felt happy in her very soul when she saw flowers growing in the garden or in a room, while a faint, dreamy sense of pain invariably affected her on beholding a beautiful flower with broken stalk — that it was really a dead body, and that the delicate pale head of such a flower-corpse hung down like that of a dead infant. The lady here became alarmed at the sorrowful impression which her remark caused, and I flew to the rescue with a few Voltairian verses. How quickly two or three French words bring us back into the conventional concert pitch of conversation. We laughed, hands were kissed, gracious smiles beamed, the horses neighed, and the wagon jolted heavily and slowly adown the hill

And now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the too susceptible housemaids, upon whose pretty countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken bouquets, and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either coppers or kisses. Thus we all went down hill, albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Greifswalder, took the road towards Schierke, and the other of about twenty men, among whom were my land's people and I, led by a guide, went through the so-called Snow Holes, down to Ilseburg

Such a head over heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew where I was, the bald summit of the mountain with groups of stones strewed over it was behind us, and we went through the fir wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry Burschen as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running in marshy places across on shaking trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree roots, while they trilled all the time in the merriest manner.

The lower we descended, the more delightfully did subter-

anean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitering if they might yet come to light, until at last one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show—the bravest one makes a beginning, and then the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. A multitude of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which with its innumerable waterfalls and beautiful windings ripples adown the valley. This is now the Ilse—the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks, and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle-covered evergreens having disappeared. For that variety of trees prevails upon the Lower Harz, as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side or Upper Harz, being really much higher and better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity, and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place amid rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then in collected stream trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes,—the old legend is true, the Ilse is a princess, who laughing in beauty runs adown the mountain. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-tree gazes down on her like a grave father secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child, the white birch-trees nod their heads around like delighted aunts, the proud oak looks on like a not overpleased uncle, as though he must pay for all the fine weather; the birds in the air sing their share in their joy, the flowers on the bank whisper, “Oh, take us with thee! take us with thee! dear sister!” but the wild maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward, and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and all my senses are

lost in beauty and splendor as I hear only the voice sweet
pealing as a flute.

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein ,
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest — and mine !

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow ;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling,
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing
And on my snow-white breast
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sink in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
Only the living love ;
And I am fair and blooming,
— Dost feel my wild heart move ?

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle rings ;
Where many a knight and lady
In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
Spurs ring from night to morn ;
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
My arms round thee shall fall ;
I held his ears — he heard not
The trumpet's warning call.

We feel infinite happiness when the outer world blends
with the world of our own soul, and green trees, thoughts,

the songs of birds, gentle melancholy, the blue of heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers run together in sweet arabesques. Women best understand this feeling, and this may be the cause that such a sweet, incredulous smile plays around their lips when we, with school pride, boast of our logical deeds,—how we have classified everything so nicely into subjective and objective,—how our heads are provided, apothecary-like, with a thousand drawers, one of which contains reason, another understanding, a third wretched wit, and the fifth nothing at all—that is to say, the Idea.

As if wandering in dreams, I scarcely observed that we had left the depths of the Ilsethal and were now again climbing up hill. This was steep and difficult work, and many of us lost our breath. But like our late lamented cousin, who now lies buried at Molln, we constantly kept in mind the ease with which we should descend, and were much the better off in consequence. Finally we reached the Ilsenstein.

This is an enormous granite rock, which rises high and boldly from a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by woody hills, but from the fourth—the north—there is an open view, and we gaze upon the Ilsenburg and the Ilse lying far below, and our glances wander beyond into the lower land. On the tower-like summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also here a resting-place for four human feet.

As nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the Ilsenstein with strange and beautiful charms, so has also Legend poured over it her rosy light. According to Gottschalk, “the people say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the fair Princess Ilse, who yet bathes every morning in the Ilse. He who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place, will be led by her into the rock, where her castle lies, and receive a royal reward.” Others narrate a pleasant legend of the loves of the Lady Ilse and of the Knight of Westenburg, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets, in the “Evening Journal.” Others again say that it was the old Saxon Emperor Henry, who passed in pleasure his imperial hours with the water-nymph, Ilse, in her enchanted castle. A later author, one Niemann, Esq., who has written a Harz Guide,

in which the heights of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances, and similar matters are described with praise-worthy accuracy, asserts, however, that "what is narrated of the Princess Ilse belongs entirely to the realm of fable." So all men, to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared, assert; but we who have been especially favored by fair ladies know better. And this the Emperor Henry knew too! It was not without cause that the old Saxon emperors held so firmly to their native Harz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair "Lunenburg Chronicle," where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted woodcuts as well weaponed, high on their mailed war steeds; the holy imperial crown on their blessed heads, scepter and sword in firm hands; and then in their dear bearded faces he can plainly read how they often longed for the sweet hearts of their Harz princesses, and for the familiar rustling of the Harz forests, when they lingered in distant lands. Yes, — even when in the orange and poison gifted Italy, whither they, with their followers, were often enticed by the desire of becoming Roman emperors — a genuine German lust for title which finally destroyed emperor and realm.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenburg to think neither of emperor and crown, nor of the fair Ilse, but simply of his own feet. For as I stood there, lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle, and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing, and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I was then placed, can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

The "Harz Journey" is, and remains, a fragment, and the variegated threads which were so neatly wound through it, with the intention to bind it into a harmonious whole, have been suddenly snapped asunder as if by the shears of the implacable Destinies. It may be that I will one day weave

them into new songs, and that that which is now stingily withheld, will then be spoken in full. But when or what we have spoken will all come to one and the same thing at last, provided that we do but speak. The single works may ever remain fragments, if they only form a whole by their union.

By such a connection the defective may here and there be supplied, the rough be polished down, and that which is altogether too harsh be modified and softened. This is perhaps especially applicable to the first pages of the "Harz Journey," and they would in all probability have caused a far less unfavorable impression could the reader in some other place have learned that the ill humor which I entertain for Gottingen in general, although greater than I have here expressed it, is still far from being equal to the respect which I entertain for certain individuals there. And why should I conceal the fact that I here allude particularly to that estimable man, who in earlier years received me so kindly, inspiring me even then with a deep love for the study of History; who strengthened my zeal for it later in life and thus led my soul to calmer paths; who indicated to my peculiar disposition its peculiar paths, and who finally gave me those historical consolations, without which I should never have been able to support the painful events of the present day. I speak of George Sartorius, the great investigator of history and of humanity, whose eye is a bright star in our dark times, and whose hospitable heart is ever open to all the griefs and joys of others—for the needs of the beggar or the king, and for the last sighs of nations perishing with their gods.

I cannot here refrain from remarking that the Upper Harz—that portion of which I described as far as the beginning of the Ilsethal—did not by any means make so favorable an impression on me as the romantic and picturesque Lower Harz, and in its wild dark fir-tree beauty contrasts strangely with the other, just as the three valleys formed by the Ilse, the Bode and the Selke, beautifully contrast with each other when we are able to individualize the character of each. They are three beautiful women of whom it is impossible to determine which is the fairest.

I have already spoken and sung of the fair, sweet Ilse, and how sweetly and kindly she received me. The darker beauty

— the Bode — was not so gracious in her reception, and as I first beheld her in the smithy-dark Turnip land, she appeared to me to be altogether ill-natured and hid herself beneath a silver-gray rain veil; but with impatient love she suddenly threw it off, as I ascended the summit of the Rosstrappe her countenance gleamed upon me with the sunniest splendor, from every feature beamed the tenderness of a giantess, and from the agitated, rocky bosom there was a sound as of sighs of deep longing and melting tones of woe. Less tender, but far merrier, did I find the pretty Selke, an amiable lady whose noble simplicity and calm repose held at a distance all sentimental familiarity, but who by a half-concealed smile betrayed her mocking mood. It was perhaps to this secret, merry spirit that I might have attributed the many "little miseries" which beset me in the Selkethal — as, for instance, when I sought to spring over the rivulet, I plunged in exactly up to my middle; how when I continued my wet campaign with slippers, one of them was soon "not at hand," or rather "not at foot," for I lost it, — how a puff of wind bore away my cap, — how thorns scratched me, etc., etc. Yet do I forgive the fair lady all this, for she is fair. And even now she stands before the gates of Imagination, in all her silent loveliness, and seems to say, "Though I laugh I mean no harm, and I pray you sing of me!" The magnificent Bode also sweeps into my memory, and her dark eye says, "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will that thou lovest me." Also the fair Ilse comes merrily springing, delicate and fascinating in mien, form, and motion, in all things like the dear being who blesses my dreams, and like her she gazes on me with unconquerable indifference, and is withal so deeply, so eternally, so manifestly true. Well, I am Paris, and I award the apple to the fair Ilse.

It is the first of May, and spring is pouring like a sea of life over the earth, a foam of white blossoms covers the trees, the glass in the town windows flashes merrily, swallows are again building on the roofs, people saunter along the street, wondering that the air affects them so much, and that they feel so cheerful, the oddly dressed Vierlander girls are selling bouquets of violets, foundling children, with their blue jackets and dear little illegitimate faces, run along the Jungfernstieg, as happily as if they had all found their fathers; the beggar

on the bridge looks as jolly as though he had won the first lottery prize, and even on the grimy and as yet unhung pedler, who scours about with his rascally "manufactory goods" countenance, the sun shines with his best-natured rays, — I will take a walk beyond the town gate.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, thou fair Ilse — or shall I call thee by the name which I better love, of Agnes? — I think of thee and would fain see once more how thou leapest in light adown thy hill. But best of all were it could I stand in the valley below, and hold thee in my arms. It is a lovely day! Green — the color of hope — is everywhere around me. Everywhere flowers — those dear wonders — are blooming, and my heart will bloom again also. This heart is also a flower of strange and wondrous sort. It is no modest violet, no smiling rose, no pure lily, or similar flower, which with good gentle loveliness makes glad a maiden's soul, and may be fitly placed before her pretty breast, and which withers to-day, and to-morrow blooms again. No, this heart rather resembles that strange, heavy flower, from the woods of Brazil, which, according to the legend, blooms but once in a century. I remember well that I once, when a boy, saw such a flower. During the night we heard an explosion, as of a pistol, and the next morning a neighbor's children told me that it was their "aloe," which had bloomed with the shot. They led me to their garden, where I saw to my astonishment that the low, hard plant, with ridiculously broad, sharp-pointed leaves, which were capable of inflicting wounds, had shot high in the air and bore aloft beautiful flowers, like a golden crown. We children could not see so high, and the old grinning Christian, who liked us all so well, built a wooden stair around the flower, upon which we scrambled like cats, and gazed curiously into the open calyx, from which yellow threads, like rays of light, and strange foreign odors, pressed forth in unheard-of splendor.

Yes, Agnes, this flower blooms not often, not without effort; and according to my recollection it has as yet opened but once, and that must have been long ago — certainly at least a century since. And I believe that, gloriously as it then unfolded its blossoms, it must now miserably pine for want of sunshine and warmth, if it is not indeed shattered by some mighty win-

try storm. But now it moves, and swells, and bursts in my bosom — dost thou hear the explosion? Maiden, be not terrified! I have not shot myself, but my love has burst its bud and shoots upwards in gleaming songs, in eternal dithyrambs, in the most joyful fulness of poesy!

But if this high love has grown too high, then, young lady, take it comfortably, climb the wooden steps, and look from them down into my blooming heart

It is as yet early; the sun has hardly left half his road behind him, and my heart already breathes forth so powerfully its perfumed vapor that it bewilders my brain, and I no longer know where irony ceases and heaven begins, or that I people the air with my sighs, and that I myself would fain dissolve into sweet atoms in the uncreated Divinity, — how will it be when night comes on, and the stars shine out in heaven, “the unlucky stars who could tell thee —”

It is the first of May, the lowest errand boy has to-day a right to be sentimental, and would you deny the privilege to a poet?

THE NORTH SEA

MOTTO. Xenophon's "Anabasis," IV. 7

PART FIRST

TWILIGHT

ON the white strand of Ocean,
Sat I, sore troubled with thought, and alo
The sun sank lower and lower, and cast
Red glowing shadows on the water,
And the snow-white, rolling billows,
By the flood impelled,
Foamed up while roaring nearer and nearer,
A wondrous tumult, a whistling and whispering,
A laughing and murmuring, sighing and washing,
And mid them a lullaby known to me only —
It seemed that I thought upon legends forgotten,
World-old and beautiful stories,
Which I once, when little,
From the neighbor's children had heard,
When we, of summer evenings,
Sat on the steps before the house door,
Bending us down to the quiet narrative,
With little, listening hearts,
And curious cunning glances ; —
While near, the elder maidens,
Close by sweet-smelling pots of roses,
At the windows were calmly leaning,
Rosy-hued faces,
Smiling and lit by the moon.

SUNSET

THE sun in crimsoned glory falls
Down to the ever-quivering,

Gray and silvery world sea,
Airy figures, warm in rosy light,
Quiver behind, while eastward rising,
From autumn-like darkening veils of vapor,
With sorrowful death-pale features,
Breaks the silent moon.
Like sparks of light behind her,
Cloud-distant, glimmer the planets.

Once there shone in heaven,
Bound in marriage,
Luna the goddess, and Sol the god,
And the bright thronging stars in light swarm round them,
Their little and innocent children.

But evil tongues came whisp'ring quarrels.
And they parted in anger,
The mighty, light-giving spouses.

Now, but by day, in loneliest light
The sun god walks yonder on high,
All for his lordliness
Ever prayed to and sung by many,
By haughty, heartless, prosperous mortals,
But still by night
In heaven, wanders Luna,
The wretched mother
With all her orphaned starry children,
And she shines in silent sorrow,
And soft-loving maidens and gentle poets
Offer their songs and their sorrows.

The tender Luna ! woman at heart,
Ever she loveth her beautiful lord
And at evening, trembling and pale,
Out she peeps from light cloud curtains,
And looks to the lost one in sorrow,
Fain would she cry in her anguish : " Come !
Come, the children are longing for thee — "
In vain, — the haughty-souled god of fire,
Flashes forth at the sight of pale Luna
In doubly deep purple,

For rage and pain,
 And yielding he hastens him down
 To his ocean-chilled and lonely bed.

* * * * *

Spirits whispering evil
 By their power brought pain and destruction
 Even to great gods eternal.
 And the poor deities, high in the heavens,
 Travel in sorrow —
 Endless, disconsolate journeys,
 And they are immortal,
 Still bearing with them,
 Their bright-gleaming sorrow.

But I, the mortal,
 Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
 I sorrow no longer.



NIGHT ON THE SEASHORE

STARLESS and cold is the Night,
 The wild sea foams ;
 And over the sea, flat on his face,
 Lies the monstrous terrible North Wind,
 Sighing and sinking his voice as in secret,
 Like an old grumbler, for once in good humor,
 Unto the ocean he talks,
 And he tells her wonderful stories, —
 Giant legends, murderous-humored,
 Very old sagas of Norway,
 And midst them, far sounding, he howls while laughing
 Sorcery songs from the Edda,
 Gray old Runic sayings,
 So darkly stirring and magic inspiring,
 That the snow-white sea children
 High are springing and shouting,
 Drunk with wanton joy.

Meanwhile, on the level, white sea beach,
 Over the sand ever washed by the flood,
 Wanders a stranger with wild-storming spirit,

And fiercer far than wind and billow ;
Go where he may,
Sparks are flashing and sea-shells are cracking,
And he wraps him well in his iron-gray mantle,
And quickly treads through the dark-waving Night,
Safely led by a distant taper
Which guiding and gladdening glimmers
From the fisherman's lonely hovel.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And all alone and sad, there sits
In the hovel the fisher's daughter,
The wondrous-lovely fisher's daughter,
She sits by the hearth,
Listening to the boiling kettle's
Sweet, prophetic, domestic humming ;
Scattering light-crackling wood on the fire,
And blows on it,
Till the flashing, ruddy flame rays
Shine again in magic luster
On her beautiful features,
On her tender, snow-white shoulder,
Which moving, comes peeping
Over heavy, dark gray linen,
And on the little industrious hand,
Which more firmly binds her undergarment
Round her well-formed figure.
But lo ! at once the door springs wide,
And there enters in haste the benighted stranger ;
Love assuring rest his glances
On the foam-white slender maiden,
Who trembling near him stands,
Like a storm-terrified lily ;
And he casts on the floor his mantle,
And laughs and speaks : —

“Seest thou, my child, I keep my word,
For I seek thee, and with me comes
The olden time, when the bright gods of heaven
Came once more to the daughters of mortals,
And the daughters of mortals embraced them,
And from them gave birth to

Scepter-carrying races of monarchs,
And heroes astounding the world.
Yet stare not, my child, any longer
At my divinity,
And I entreat thee, make some tea with rum,
For without it is cold,
And by such a night air
We too oft freeze, yes, we the undying,
And easily catch the divinest catarrhs
And coughs which may last us forever."



POSEIDON

THE sun's bright rays were playing,
Over the far-away, rolling sea ;
Far in the harbor glittered the ship,
Which to my home erelong should bear me ;
But we wanted favorable breezes,
And I still sat calm on the snow-white sea beach,
Alone on the stand,
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The ancient, ever new-born song,
And from its ocean-rippled pages,
Friendly there arose to me
The breath of immortals,
And the light-giving human spring-tide,
And the soft blooming heaven of Hellas.

My noble heart accompanied truly,
The son of Laertes in wand'ring and sorrow,
Set itself with him, troubled in spirit,
By bright gleaming firesides,
By fair queens, winning, purple spinning,
And helped him to lie and escape, glad singing
From giant-caverns and nymphs seducing,
Followed behind in fear-boding night,
And in storm and shipwreck,
And thus suffered with him unspeakable sorrow.

Sighing I spoke : "Thou evil Poseidon,
Thy wrath is fearful,

And I myself dread
For my own voyage homeward."

The words were scarce spoken,
When up foamed the sea,
And from the sparkling waters rose
The mighty bulrush crowned sea god,
And scornful he cried —

"Be not afraid, small poet !
I will not in leastwise endanger
Thy wretched vessel,
Nor put thy precious being in terror,
With all too significant shaking.
For thou, small poet, hast troubled me not,
Thou hast no turret — though trifling — destroyed
In the great sacred palace of Priam,
Nor one little eyelash hast thou e'er singed,
In the eye of my son Polyphemus,
Thee with her counsels did never protect
The goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athéné."
And so spake Poseidon,
And sank him again in the sea ;
And over the vulgar sailor's joke
There laughed under the water
Amphitrite, the fat old fish-wife,
And the stupid daughters of Nereus



HOMAGE

YE poems ! ye mine own valiant poems !
Up, up and weapon ye !
Let the loud trump be ringing,
And lift upon my shield
The fair young maiden,
Who now my heart in full
Shall govern as a sov'reign queen.

All hail to thee, thou fair young queen !

From the sun above me
I tear the flashing, ruddy gold,

And weave therefrom a diadem
For thy all holy head.
From the fluttering, blue-silken heaven's curtain,
Wherein night's bright diamonds glitter,
I cut a costly piece,
To hang as coronation mantle,
Upon thy white, imperial shoulders.
I give to thee, dearest, a city
Of stiffly adorned sonnets,
Proud triple verses and courteous stanzas ,
My wit thy courier shall be,
And for court fool my fantasy,
As herald, the soft smiling tears in my escutcheon,
And with them, my humor.
But I, myself, O gentle queen,
I bow before thee, lowly,
And kneeling on scarlet velvet cushions,
I here offer to thee
The fragments of reason,
Which from sheer pity once were left to me
By her who ruled before thee in the realm.

EXPLANATION

ADOWN and dimly came the evening,
Wilder tumbled the waves,
And I sat on the strand, regarding
The snow-white billows dancing,
And then my breast swelled up like the sea,
And longing, there seized me a deep homesickness,
For thee, thou lovely form,
Who everywhere art near
And everywhere dost call,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rustling of breezes, the roaring of Ocean,
And in the sighing of this, my sad heart.

With a light reed I wrote in the sand :
" Agnes, I love but thee ! "
But wicked waves came washing fast

Over the tender confession,
And bore it away
Thou too fragile reed, thou false shifting sand,
Ye swift-flowing waters, I trust ye no more !
The heaven grows darker, my heart grows wilder,
And, with strong right hand, from Norway's forests
I'll tear the highest fir-tree,
And dip it adown
Into Ætna's hot glowing gulf, and with such a
Fiery, flaming, giant graver,
I'll inscribe on heaven's jet-black cover :
" Agnes, I love but thee."

And every night I'll witness, blazing
Above me, the endless flaming verse,
And even the latest races born from me
Will read, exulting, the heavenly motto .
" Agnes, I love but thee !"



NIGHT IN THE CABIN

THE sea hath many pearl drops,
The heaven hath many planets,
But this fond heart, my heart,
My heart hath tender true love.

Great is the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart ;
And fairer than pearl drops or planets
Flashes the love in my bosom.

Thou little gentle maiden,
Come to my beating heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are lost in loving frenzy.

* * * * *

On the dark blue heaven curtain,
Where the lovely stars are gleaming,
Fain would I my lips be pressing,
Press them wildly, storm-like weeping.

And those planets are her bright eyes
But a thousand times repeated ;
And they shine and greet me kindly,
From the dark blue heaven's curtain.

To the dark blue heavenly curtain,
To the eyes I love so dearly,
High my hands I raise devoutly,
And I pray, and I entreat her :

Lovely eyes, ye lights of mercy,
Oh, I pray ye, bless my spirit,
Let me perish, and exalt me
Up to ye, and to your heaven.

* * * * *

From the heavenly eyes above me,
Snow-light sparks are trembling, falling
Through the night, and all my spirit,
Wide in love, flows forth and wider.

Oh, ye heavenly eyes above me !
Weep your tears upon my spirit,
That those living tears of starlight
O'er my soul may gently ripple.

* * * * *

Cradled calm by waves of ocean,
And by wondrous dreaming, musing
Still I lie within the cabin,
In my gloomy corner hammock.

Through the open deadlight gazing,
Yonder to the gleaming starlight,
To the dearest, sweetest glances
Of my sweetest, much-loved maiden.

Yes, those sweetest, best-loved glances,
Calm above my head are shining,
They are ringing, they are peeping,
From the dark blue vault of heaven.

To the dark blue vault of heaven
Many an hour I gaze in rapture,
Till a snow-white cloudy curtain
Hides from me the best-loved glances.

On the planking of the vessel,
Where my light-dreaming head lies,
Leap up the waters — the wild, dark waters —
They ripple and murmur
Right straight in my ear :
“ Thou crazy companion !
Thy arm is short, and the heaven is far,
And the stars up yonder are nailed down firmly ;
In vain is thy longing, in vain is thy sighing,
The best thou canst do is to go to sleep ”

* * * * *
And I was dreaming of a heath so dreary,
Forever mantled with the sad, white snow,
And 'neath the sad white snow I lay deep buried,
And slept the lonely ice-cold sleep of death.

And yet on high from the dark heaven were gazing
Adown upon my grave the starlight glances,
Those sad sweet glances ! and they gleamed victorious,
So calmly cheerful and yet full of true love.



STORM

LOUD rages the storm,
And he whips the waves,
And the waters, rage-foaming and leaping,
Tower on high, and with life there come rolling
The snow-white water mountains,
And the vessel ascends them,
Earnest striving,
Then quickly it darts adown,
In jet-black, wide opening, wat'ry abysses.

Oh, Sea !
Mother of Beauty, born of the foam billow !
Great Mother of all Love ! be propitious !
There flutters, corpse foreboding,
Around us the specter-like sea-gull.
And whets his sharp bill on the topmast,
And yearns with hunger lust, for the life-blood
Of him who sounded the praise of thy daughter,

And whom thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for a plaything.
In vain my entreaties and tears !
My plainings are lost in the terrible storm,
Mid war-cries of north winds ;
There's a roaring and whistling, a crackling and
howling,
Like a madhouse of noises !
And amid them I hear distinctly,
Sweet enticing harp tones,
Melody mad with desire,
Spirit melting and spirit rending, —
Well I remember the voices.

Far on the rocky coast of Scotland,
Where the old gray castle towers
Over the wild-breaking sea,
In a lofty archéd window,
There stands a lovely sickly dame,
Clear as crystal, and marble pale,
And she plays the harp and sings ;
Through her locks the wind is waving,
And bears her gloomy song,
Over the broad, white storm-rolling sea.

CALM AT SEA

OCEAN silence ! rays are falling,
From the sun upon the water,
Like a train of quivering jewels
Sweeps the ship's green wake behind us.

Near the rudder lies our boatswain,
On his face, and deeply snoring ;
By the mast, his canvas sewing,
Sits a little tarry sailor.

But o'er all his dirty features
Glows a blush, and fear is twitching
Round his full-sized mouth, and sadly
Gaze his large and glittering eyeballs.

For the captain stands before him,
Fumes and swears and curses "Rascal !
Rascal ! — there's another herring
Which you've stolen from the barrel !"

Ocean silence ! From the water
Up a little fish comes shooting,
Warms its head in pleasant sunlight,
With its small tail merry paddling.

But the sea-gull, sailing o'er us,
Darts him headlong on the swimmer,
And, with claws around his booty,
Flies and fades far, far above me.



A SEA PHANTOM

BUT I still leaned on the edge of the vessel,
Gazing with sad-dreaming glances,
Down at the crystal-mirror water,
Looking yet deeper and deeper —
Till in the sea's abysses,
At first, like quivering vapors,
Then slowly, — slowly, — deeper in color,
Domes of churches and towers seemed rising,
And then, as clear as day a city grand,
Quaint, old-fashioned, — Netherlandish.
And living with men,
Men of high standing, wrapped in black mantles,
With snowy-white neck ruffs and chains of honor
And good long rapiers, and good long faces,
Treading in state o'er the crowded market,
To the high steps of the town hall,
Where stone-carved statues of Kaisers
Kept watch with their swords and scepters.
Nor distant, near houses in long array,
With windows clear as mirrors,
Stand lindens, cut in pyramidal figures,
And maidens in silk-rustling garments wander,
A golden zone round the slender waist,

With flower-like faces modestly curtained
In jet-black velvet coverings,
From which a ringlet fulness comes pressing.
Quaint cavaleros in old Spanish dress,
Sweep proudly along and salute them.
Elderly ladies
In dark-brown, old-fashioned garments,
With prayer-book and rosary held in their hands,
Hasten, tripping along,
To the great Cathedral,
Attracted by bells loud ringing,
And full-sounding organ tones.

E'en I am seized at that far sound,
With strange, mysterious trembling,
Infinite longing, wondrous sorrow,
Steals through my heart,
My heart as yet scarce healed ,
It seems as though its wounds, forgotten,
By loving lips again were kissed,
And once again were bleeding,
Drops of burning crimson,
Which long and slowly trickle down
Upon an ancient house below there,
In the deep, deep sea town,
On an ancient, high-roofed, curious house,
Where lone and melancholy
Below by the window a maiden sits,
Her head on her arm reclined —
Like a poor and uncared-for child,
And I know thee, thou poor and long-sorrowing child !

Thou didst hide thus, my dear,
So deep, so deep from me,
In infant-like humor,
And now canst not arise,
And sittest strange amid stranger people,
For full five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, my spirit all grief,
Over the whole broad world have sought thee.
And ever have sought thee,
Thou dearly beloved,

Thou the long-lost one,
Thou finally found one —
At last I have found thee, and now am gazing
Upon thy sweet face,
With earnest, faithful glances,
Still sweetly smiling —
And never will I again on earth leave thee,
I am coming adown to thee,
And with longing, wide-reaching embraces,
Love, I leap down to thy heart !
But just at the right instant
The captain caught and held me safe,
And drew me from danger,
And cried, half-angry laughing,
“ Doctor — is Satan in you ? ”



PURIFICATION

STAY thou in gloomy ocean caverns,
Maddest of dreams,
Thou who once so many a night,
Hast vexed with treacherous joy my spirit;
And now, as ocean sprite,
Even by sun-bright day dost annoy me —
Rest where thou art, to eternity,
And I will cast thee as offering down,
All my long-worn sins and my sorrows,
And the cap and bells of my folly,
Which so long round my head have rung,
And the ice-cold slippery serpent skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long round my soul has been twining,
The sad, sick spirit,
The God disbelieving, and angel denying,
Miserable spirit, —
Hillo ho ! hallo ho ! There comes the wind !
Up with the sails ! they flutter and belly ;
Over the silent, treacherous surface
Hastens the ship,
And loud laughs the spirit set free.

PEACE

High in heaven the sun was standing,
By cold-white vapors bedimmed,
The sea was still,
And musing, I lay by the helm of the vessel,
Dreamily musing, — and half in waking,
And half in slumber, I saw in vision,
The Savior of Earth.

In flowing snow-white garments
He wandered giant-high
Over land and sea ;
He lifted his head unto Heaven,
His hands were stretched forth in blessing
Over land and sea ;
And as a heart in his breast
He bore the sun orb,
The ruddy, radiant sun orb,
And the ruddy, radiant, burning heart
Poured forth its beams of mercy
And its gracious and love-blessed light,
Enlight'ning and warming,
Over land and sea.

Sweetest bell tones drew us gaily,
Here and there, like swans soft leading
By bands of roses the smooth-gliding ship.
And swam with it sporting to a verdant country,
Where mortals dwelt, in a high-towering
And stately town.

Oh, peaceful wonder ! How quiet the city
Where the sounds of this world were silent,
Of prattling and sultry employment,
And o'er the clean and echoing highways
Mortals were walking, in pure white garments,
Bearing palm branches,
And whenever two met together,
They saw each other with ready feeling,
And thrilling with true love and sweet self-denial,
Each pressed a kiss on the forehead,

And then gazed above
To the bright sun heart of the Savior,
Which, gladly atoning his crimson blood,
Flashed down upon them,
And, trebly blessed, thus they spoke :
“ Blessed be Jesus Christ ! ”
If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
What wouldst thou have given,
My excellent friend ?
Thou who in head and limbs art so weak,
But in faith still so mighty,
And in single simplicity honorest the Trinity,
And the lap-dog, and cross, and fingers
Of thy proud patroness daily kissest,
And by piety hast worked thyself up
To “ Hofrath ” and then to “ Justizrath ”
And now art councilor under government,
In the pious town,
Where sand and true faith are at home,
And the patient Spree, with its holy water,
Purifies souls and weakens their tea —
If thou hadst but imagined this vision,
My excellent friend !
Thou’dst take it to some noble quarter for sale,
Thy pale, white, quivering features
Would all be melting in pious humility,
And His Gracious Highness,
Enchanted and enraptured,
Praying would sink, like thee, on his knee,
And his eyes, so sweetly beaming,
Would promise thee an augmented pension
Of a hundred current Prussian dollars,
And thou wouldst stammer, thy hands enfolding :
“ Blessed be Jesus Christ ! ”

THE NORTH SEA



PART SECOND

SEA GREETING

THALATTA ! thalatta !
Be thou greeted ! thou infinite sea !
Be thou greeted ten thousand times,
With heart wild exulting,
As once thou wert greeted
By ten thousand Grecian spirits,
Striving with misery, longing for home again,
Great, world-famous Grecian true hearts.

The wild waves were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,
The sunlight poured headlong upon them
His flickering rosy radiance,
The frightened fluttering trains of sea-gulls
Went flutt'ring up, sharp screaming,
Loud stamped their horses, loud rung their armor,
And far it reechoed, like victor's shout . —
Thalatta ! thalatta !

Greeting to thee, thou infinite sea,
Like the tongue of my country ripples thy water,
Like dreams of my childhood seem the glimmer
On thy wild wavering watery realm,
And ancient memories again seemed telling,
Of all my pleasant and wonderful playthings,
Of all the bright-colored Christmas presents,
Of all the branches of crimson coral,
Small goldfish, pearls, and beautiful sea-shells,
Which thou in secret ever keep'st
Beneath in thy sky-clear crystal home.

Oh ! how have I yearned in desolate exile !
Like to a withered floweret
In a botanist's tin herbarium,
Lay the sad heart in my breast ;
Or as if I had sat through the weary winter,
Sick in a hospital dark and gloomy,
And now I had suddenly left it,
And all bewild'ring there beams before me
Spring, — green as emerald, waked by the sun-rays,
And white tree blossoms are rustling around me,
And the young flow'rets gaze in my face,
With eyes perfuming and colored,
And it perfumes and hums, and it breathes and smiles,
And in the deep blue heaven sweet birds are singing : —
Thalatta ! thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart !
How oft, how bitter oft
The barbarous dames of the North have pressed thee round !
From blue eyes, great and conquering,
They shot their burning arrows ;
With artful polished phrases,
Often they threatened to cleave my bosom ;
With arrowhead letters full oft they smote
My poor brain bewildered and lost —
All vainly held I my shield against them,
Their arrows hissed, and their blows rang round me,
And by the cold North's barbarous ladies
Then was I driv'n, e'en to the sea,
And free breathing I hail thee, O sea !
Thou dearest, rescuing sea,
Thalatta ! thalatta !

STORM

DARK broods a storm on the ocean,
And through the deep, black wall of clouds,
Gleams the zigzag lightning flash,
Quickly darting and quick departing.
Like a joke from the head of Kronion,

Over the dreary, wild waving water,
Thunder afar is rolling,
And the snow-white steeds of the waves are springing,
Which Boreas himself begot
On the beautiful mares of Erichthon ;
And ocean birds in their fright are fluttering,
Like shadowy ghosts o'er the Styx,
Which Charon sent back from his shadowy boat.

Little ship, — wretched yet merry,
Which yonder art dancing a terrible dance !
Æolus sends thee the fastest companions,
Wildly they're playing the merriest dances ,
The first pipes soft — the next blows loud,
The third growls out a heavy basso —
And the tottering sailor stands by the helm,
And looks incessantly on the compass,
The quivering soul of the ship,
Lifting his hands in prayer to Heaven —
Oh, save me, Castor, giant-like hero,
And thou who fight'st with fist, Polydeuces !



THE SHIPWRECKED

Lost hope and lost love ! All is in ruins !
And I myself, like a dead body,
Which the sea has thrown back in anger,
Lie on the sea beach ;
On the waste, barren sea beach,
Before me rolleth a waste of water,
Behind me lies starvation and sorrow,
And above me go rolling the storm clouds,
The formless, dark gray daughters of air,
Which from the sea, in cloudy buckets,
Scoop up the water,
Ever wearied lifting and lifting,
And then pour it again in the sea,
A mournful, wearisome business,
And useless too as this life of mine.
The waves are murm'ring, the sea-gulls screaming,

Old recollections seem floating around.
Long-vanished visions, long-faded pictures,
Torturing, yet sweet, seem living once more !

There lives a maid in Norland,
A lovely maid, right queenly fair ;
Her slender cypress-like figure
Is clasped by a passionate snowy-white robe ;
The dusky ringlet fulness,
Like a too happy night, comes pouring
From the lofty braided-hair crowned forehead,
Twining all dreamily sweet
Round the lovely snow-pale features,
And from the lovely, snow-pale features,
Great and wondrous, gleams a dark eye,
Like a sun of jet-black fire.

O thou bright, black sun eye, how oft,
Enraptured oft, I drank from thee
Wild glances of inspiration,
And stood all quivering, drunk with their fire —
And then swept a smile all mild and dove-like,
Round the lips high mantling, proud and lovely ;
And the lips high mantling, proud and lovely,
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,
Soft as the perfume of roses —
Then my soul rose up in rapture
And flew, like an eagle, high up to heaven !
Hush ! ye billows and sea-mews !
All is long over, hope and fortune,
Fortune and true love ! I lie on the sea beach,
A weary and wreck-ruined man,
Still pressing my face, hot glowing,
In the cold, wet sand.

SUNSET

THE beautiful sun
Has calmly sunk down to his rest in the sea ;
The wild rolling waters already are tinged
With night's dark shade,

Though still the evening crimson
Strews them with light, as yet bright golden,
And the stern roaring might of the flood,
Crowds to the sea beach the snowy billows,
All merrily quickly leaping,
Like white woolly flocks of lambkins,
Which youthful shepherds at evening, singing,
Drive to their homes.

“How fair is the sun !”

Thus spoke, his silence breaking, my friend,
Who with me on the sea beach loitering
And jesting half, and half in sorrow,
Assured me that the bright sun was
A lovely dame, whom the old ocean god
For “convenience” once had married.
And in the daytime she wanders gaily
Through the high heaven, purple arrayed,
And all in diamonds gleaming,
And all beloved and all amazing
To every worldly being :
And every worldly being rejoicing,
With warmth and splendor from her glances ;
Alas ! at evening, sad and unwilling,
Back must she bend her slow steps
To the dripping home, to the barren embrace
Of grisly old age.

“Believe me,” — added to this my friend,
And smiling and sighing, and smiling again —
“They’re leading below there the lovindest life !
For either they’re sleeping or they are scolding,
Till high uproars above here the sea,
And the fisher in watery roar can hear
How the Old One his wife abuses —
‘Bright round measure of all things !
Wooring with radiance !
All the long day shimest thou for other loves,
By night, to me, thou art freezing and weary.’
At such a stern curtain lecture,
Of course the Sun bride falls to weeping,
Falls to weeping and wails her sorrow,

And cries so wretchedly, that the sea god,
Quickly, all desperate leaps from his bed,
And straight to the ocean surface comes rising,
To get to fresh air — and his senses.

“So I beheld him, but yesterday night,
Rising breast high up from the Ocean,
He wore a long jacket of yellow flannel,
And a new nightcap, white as a lily,
And a wrinkled faded old face.”

THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES

COLDER the twilight falls on the Ocean,
And lonely, with his own lonelier spirit,
Yon sits a man on the barren strand,
And casts death-chilling glances on high,
To the wide-spread, death-chilling vault of heaven,
And looks on the broad, wide wavering sea ;
And over the broad, white-wavering sea,
Like air-borne sailors, his sighs go sweeping,
Returning once more sad joyful,
But to discover, firm fastened, the heart,
Wherein they fain would anchor —
And he groans so loud, that the snow-white sea-mews,
Frightened up from their nests in the sand heaps,
Around in white clouds flutter,
And he speaks unto them the while, and laughing : —

“Ye black-legged sea-fowl,
With your white pinions o’er the sea fluttering,
With crooked dark bills drinking the sea water,
And rank, oily seal-blubber devouring,
Your wild life is bitter, e’en as your food is !
While I here, the fortunate, taste only sweet things !
I’ve tasted the sweetest breath of roses,
Those nourished with moonshine nightingale brides,
I eat the most delicate sugar meringues,
And the sweetest of all I’ve tasted :
Sweetest true love, and sweetest returned love,

“She loves me ! she loves me ! the lovely maiden !
She now stands at home — perhaps at the window,
And looks through the twilight, afar on the highway,
And looks and longs but for me — that’s certain,
All vainly she gazes around, still sighing,
Then sighing, she walks adown in the garden,
Wandering in moonlight and perfume,
And speaks to the sweet flowers — oft telling to them
How I, the beloved one, deserve her love,
And am so agreeable — that’s certain !
In bed reposing, in slumber, in dreams,
There flits round her, happy, my well-loved form,
E’en in the morning at breakfast ;
On the glittering bread and butter,
She sees my dear features sweet smiling,
And she eats it up out of love — that’s certain !”

Thus he’s boasting and boasting,
And ’mid it all loud scream the sea-gulls,
Like old and ironical tittering ;
The evening vapors are climbing up ;
From clouds of violet — strange and dream-like,
Out there peeps the grass-yellow moon,
High are roaring the ocean billows,
And deep from the high uproaring sea,
All sadly as whispering breezes,
Sounds the lay of the Oceanides,
The beautiful, kind-hearted water fairies,
And clearest among them, the sweet notes are ringing
Of the silver-footed bride of Peleus,
And they sigh and are singing . —
“O fool, thou fool ! thou weak boasting fool !
Thou tortured with sorrows !
Vanished and lost are the hopes thou hast cherished,
The light sporting babes of thy heart’s love ;
And ah ! thy heart, thy Niobe heart
By grief turned to stone !
And in thy wild brain ’tis night,
And through it is darting the lightning of madness,
And thou boastest from anguish !
O fool ! thou fool, thou weak boasting fool !

Stiff-necked art thou, like thy first parent,
The noblest of Titans, who from the immortals
Stole heavenly fire and on Man bestowed it,
And eagle-tortured, to rocks firm fettered,
Defied Olympus, enduring and groaning,
Until we heard it deep down in the sea,
And gathered around him with songs consoling.

“O fool, thou fool ! thou weak boasting fool !
Thou who art weaker by far than he,
Hadst thou thy reason thou’dst honor th’ immortals,
And bear with more patience the burden of suffering,
And bear it in patience, in silence, in sorrow,
Till even Atlas his patience had lost,
And the heavy world from his shoulders was thrown
Into endless night.”

So rang the deep song of the Oceanides,
The lovely compassionate water-spirits,
Until the wild waters had drowned their music —
Behind the dark clouds down sank the moon,
Tired night was yawning,
And I sat yet awhile in darkness sad weeping.



THE GODS OF GREECE.

THOU full blooming Moon ! In thy soft light,
Like wavering gold, bright shines the sea ;
Like morn’s first radiance, yet dimly enchanted,
It lies o’er the broad, wide, strand’s horizon ;
And in the pure blue heaven all starless
The snowy clouds are sweeping,
Like giant towering shapes of immortals
Of white gleaming marble.
Nay, but I err ; no clouds are those yonder !
Those are in person the great gods of Hellas,
Who once so joyously governed the world,
But now long banished, long perished,
As monstrous terrible specters are sweeping
O’er the face of the midnight heaven.

Gazing and strangely bewildered I see
The airy Pantheon,
The awfully silent, fearful far-sweeping
Giant-like specters.

He there is Kronion, the King of Heaven,
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
The far-famed locks which send throbs through Olympus.
He holds in his hand the extinguished bolt,
Sorrow and suffering sit stern on his brow,
Yet still it hath ever its ancient pride.
Once there were lordlier ages, O Zeus,
When thou didst revel divinely,
'Mid fair youths and maidens and hecatombs rich !
But e'en the immortals may not reign forever,
The younger still banish the elder,
As thou, thyself, didst banish thy father,
And drove from their kingdom thy Titan uncles,
Jupiter Parricida !
Thee too I know well, proudest sorceress !
Spite of all thy fearful jealousy,
Though from thee another thy scepter hath taken
And thou art no more the Queen of Heaven,
And thy wondrous eyes seem frozen,
And even thy lily-white arms are powerless,
And never more falls thy vengeance
On the god-impregnated maiden,
And the wonder-working son of Jove,
Well too I know thee, Pallas Athéne !
With shield and wisdom still then couldst not
Avert the downfall of immortals !
Thee, too, I know now, yes thee, Aphrodité !
Once the Golden One — now the Silver One !
E'en yet the charm of thy girdle adorns thee ;
But I shudder at heart before thy beauty,
And could I enjoy thy burning embraces
Like the ancient heroes, I'd perish with fear ;
As the goddess of corpses thou seem'st to me,
Venus Libitina !
No more in fond love looks upon thee,
There, the terrible Ares.

Sadly now gazeth Phœbus Apollo,
The youthful. His lyre sounds no more,
Which once rang with joy at the feasts of the gods.
And sadder still looks Hephaistos,
And, truly the limping one ! nevermore
Will he fill the office of Hebe,
And busily pour out, in the Assembly,
The sweet-tasting nectar. — And long hath been silent
The ne'er to be silenced laugh of immortals.

Gods of old time, I never have loved ye !
For the Greeks did never chime with my spirit,
And e'en the Romans I hate at heart,
But holy compassion and shudd'ring pity
Streams through my soul,
As I now gaze upon ye, yonder,
Gods long neglected,
Death-like, night-wandering shadows ,
Weak as clouds which the wind hath scattered —
And when I remember how weak and windy
The gods now are who o'er you triumphed,
The new and the sorrowful gods who now rule,
The joy-destroyers in lamb-ropes of meekness —
Then there comes o'er me gloomiest rage,
Fain would I shatter the modern temples,
And battle for ye, ye ancient immortals,
For ye and your good old ambrosial right.
And before your lofty altars,
Once more erected, with incense sweet smoking,
Would I, once more, kneeling, adoring,
And praying, uplift my arms to you.

For constantly, ye old immortals,
Was it your custom, in mortal battles,
Ever to lend your aid to the conqueror.
Therefore is man now far nobler than ye,
And in the contest I now take part
With the cause of the conquered immortals.

* * * * *
'Twas thus I spoke, and blushes were visible
Over the cold white aerial figures,
Gazing upon me like dying ones,

With pain transfigured, and quickly vanished
 The moon concealed her features
 Behind a cloud, which darkly went sweeping :
 Loudly the wild sea rose foaming,
 And the beautiful calm beaming stars, victorious
 Shone out o'er Heaven.

QUESTIONING

By the sea, by the dreary darkening sea
 Stands a youthful man,
 His heart all sorrowing, his head all doubting,
 And with gloomiest accent he questions the billows :

“ Oh, solve me Life's riddle I pray ye,
 The torturing ancient enigma,
 O'er which full many a brain hath long puzzled,
 Old heads in hieroglyph-marked miters,
 Heads in turbans and caps medieval,
 Wig-covered pates and a thousand others,
 Sweating, wearying heads of mortals —
 Tell me what signifies Man?
 Whence came he hither? Where goes he hence?
 Who dwells there on high in the radiant planets?”

The billows are murmuring their murmur unceasing,
 Wild blows the wind — the dark clouds are fleeting,
 The stars are still gleaming, so calmly and cold,
 And a fool awaits an answer.

THE PHENIX

A BIRD from the far west his way came winging ;
 He eastward flies
 To the beautiful land of gardens,
 Where softest perfumes are breathing and growing,
 And palm-trees rustle and brooks are rippling —
 And flying, sings the bird so wondrous . —

“ She loves him — she loves him !

She bears his form in her little bosom,
And weais it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Yet she knows it not yet !
Only in dreams he comes to her,
And she prays and weeps, his hand oft kissing,
His name often calling,
And calling she wakens, and lies in terror,
And presses in wonder those eyes, soft gleaming —
She loves him ! she loves him ! ”

ECHO

I LEANED on the mast ; on the lofty ship's deck
Standing, I heard the sweet song of a bird.
Like steeds of dark green, with their manes of bright silver,
Sprang up the white and wild curling billows.
Like trains of wild swans, went sailing past us,
With shimmering canvas, the Helgolanders,
The daring nomads of the North Sea.
Over my head, in the infinite blue,
Went sailing a snowy white cloud.
Bright flamed the eternal sun orb,
The rose of heaven, the fire blossoming,
Who, joyful, mirrored his rays in ocean
Till heaven and sea, and my heart besides
Rang back with the echo : —
She loves him ! she loves him !

SEASICKNESS

THE dark gray vapors of evening
Are sinking deeper adown on the sea,
Which rises darkling to their embrace,
And 'twixt them on drives the ship.
Seasick, I sit as before by the mainmast,
Making reflections of personal nature,
World ancient, gray-colored examinings,
Which Father Lot first made of old,
When he too much enjoyed life's good things,

And afterwards found that he felt unwell.
Meanwhile I think, too, on other old legends :
How cross and scrip-bearing pilgrims, long perished,
In stormiest voyage, the comforting image
Of the blessed Virgin, confiding, kissed ,
How knights, when seasick, in dole and sorrow,
The little glove of some fair lady
Pressed to their lips, and soon were calm ;—
But here I'm sitting and munching in sorrow
A wretched herring, the salted refreshment
Of drunken sickness and heavy sorrow !

While I'm groaning, lo ! our ship
Fights the wild and terrible flood ;
As a capering war-horse now she bounds,
Leaping on high, till the rudder cracks,
Now darting head-forward adown again,
To the sad, howling, wat'ry gulf ;
Then, as if all careless — weak with love —
It seems as though 'twould slumber
On the gloomy breast of the giantess Ocean,
Who onward comes foaming —
When sudden, a mighty sea waterfall,
In snowy foam-curles together rolls,
Wetting all, and me, with foam.
This tottering, and trembling, and shaking,
Is not to be borne with !
But vainly sweep my glances and seek
The German coast line. Alas ! but water,
And once again water — wild, waving water !

As the winter wanderer, at evening, oft longs
For one good warm and comforting cup of tea,
Even so now longs my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland !

May, for all time, thy lovely valleys be covered
With madness, hussars, and wretched verses,
And little tracts, lukewarm and watery ,
May, from this time forth, all thy zebras
Be nourished with roses instead of thistles ;
And may forever, too, thy noble monkeys

In a garb of leisure go grandly strutting,
And think themselves better than all the other
Low-plodding, stupid, mechanical cattle.
May, for all time, too, thy snail-like assemblies
Still deem themselves immortal
Because they so slowly go creeping ;
And may they daily go on deciding
If the maggots of cheeses belong to the cheese ;
And long be lost in deliberation,
How breeds of Egyptian sheep may be bettered,
That their wool may be somewhat improved,
And the shepherd may shear them like any other,
Sans difference —
Ever, too, may injustice and folly
Be all thy mantle, O Germany !
And yet I am longing for thee :
For e'en at the worst thou art solid land.



IN PORT

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosy Town Cellar of Bremen.
Oh, how the world, so homelike and sweetly,
In the wine cup is mirrored again,
And how the wavering microcosmos
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart !
All things I behold in the glass —
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron and watches patrolling,
Berlin, and Schilda, and Tunis, and Hamburg,
But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine gold ground.
Oh, how fair ! how fair art thou, beloved !
Thou art as fair as roses !
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale sung by old Hafiz !

Not like the rose of Sharon,
Holly blushing and hallowed by prophets ;
Thou art like the rose in the cellar of Bremen !¹
That is the Rose of Roses,
The older she grows, the sweeter she bloometh,
And her heavenly perfume hath made me happy,
It hath inspired me — hath made me tipsy,
And were I not held by the shoulder fast,
By the Town Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over !

The noble soul ! we sat there together,
And drank too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty, mysterious matters,
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces,
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine ;
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven ;
Till piously weeping, before me
Silently opened the gates of redemption,
Where the twelve Apostles, the holy barrels,
Preach in silence and yet so distinctly
Unto all nations.

Those are the sort
Invisible outwards in sound oaken garments,
Yet they within are lovely and radiant,
For all the proudest Levites of the Temple,
And the life guardsmen and courtiers of Herod,
Glittering in gold and arrayed in rich purple ;—
Still I have ever maintained
That not amid common, vulgar people,
No — but the élite of society,
Constantly lived the monarch of Heaven.

Halleluiah ! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Beth-El !

¹ In the Rathskeller — Council Cellar or Town Hall Cellar — of Bremen, there is kept a celebrated tun called the Rose, containing wine three hundred years old. Around it are the twelve Apostles or hogsheads filled with wine of a lesser age. When a bottle is drawn from the Rose it is supplied from one of the Apostles, and by this arrangement the contents of the Rose are thus kept up to the requisite standard of antiquity.

How sweet breathe the myrrh shrubs of Hebron !
How Jordan ripples and tumbles with gladness,
And my own immortal spirit tumbleth,
And I tumble with it, and tumbling
I'm helped up the stairway into broad daylight,
By the brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen !

Thou brave Council Cellar Master of Bremen !
Seest thou upon the roofs of the houses sitting
Lovely, tipsy angels sweetly singing ;
The radiant sun, too, yonder in Heaven
Is only a crimson, wine-colored proboscis,
Which the World Soul protrudeth,
And round the red nose of the World Soul
Circles the whole of the tipsified world.

EPILOGUE

As in the meadow the wheat is growing,
So, sprouting and waving in mortal souls,
Thoughts are growing.
Aye — but the soft inspirations of poets
Are like the blue and crimson flow'rets,
Blossoming amid them.
Blue and crimson blossoms !
The ill-natured reaper rejects ye as useless,
Blockheaded simpletons scorn ye while threshing,
Even the penniless wanderer,
Who, by your sight is made glad and inspired,
Shaketh his head,
And calls ye weeds, though lovely.
Only the fair peasant maiden,
The one who twineth garlands,
Doth honor you and plucks you,
And decks with you her lovely tresses,
And when thus adorned, to the dance hastens,
Where the pipe and the viol are merrily pealing ;
Or to the tranquil beech-tree,
Where the voice of the loved one more pleasantly sounds,
Than the pipe or the viol.

THE NORTH SEA



PART THIRD

WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND NORDERNEY

THE natives are generally poor as crows, and live by their fishery, which begins in the stormy month of October. Many of these islanders also serve as sailors in foreign merchant vessels, and remain for years absent from home, without being heard from by their friends. Not unfrequently they perish at sea. I have met upon the island poor women, all the male members of whose families had thus been lost — a thing which is likely enough to occur, as the father generally accompanies his sons on a voyage.

Maritime life has for these men an indescribable attraction, and yet I believe that they are happiest when at home. Though they may have arrived in their ships at those southern lands, where the sun shines brighter, and the moon glows with more romance, still all the flowers there do not calm their hearts, and in the perfumed home of Spring they still long for their sand island, for their little huts, and for the blazing hearth, where their loved ones, well protected in woolen jackets, crouch, drinking a tea which differs from sea water only in name, and gabble a jargon of which the real marvel is that they can understand it themselves.

That which connects these men so firmly and contentedly, is not so much the inner mystical sentiment of love, as that of custom — that mutual “through-and-above-living” according to nature, or that of social directness. They enjoy an equal elevation of soul, or, to speak more correctly, an equal depression, from which result the same needs and the same desires, the same experiences and the same reflections. Consequently, they more readily understand each other, and sit

socially together by the fire in their little huts, crowd up together when it is cold, see the thoughts in each other's eyes before a word is spoken, all the conventional signs of daily life are readily intelligible, and by a single sound, or a single gesture, they excite in each other that laughter, those tears, or that pious feeling which we could not awaken in our like without long preliminary explanations, expectorations, and declamations. For at bottom we live spiritually alone, and owing to peculiar methods of education and peculiar reading we have each formed a different individual character. Each of us, spiritually masked, thinks, feels, and acts differently from his fellow, and misunderstandings are so frequent that even in roomy houses life in common costs an effort, and we are everywhere limited, everywhere strange, and everywhere, so to speak, in a strange land

Entire races have not unfrequently lived for ages, as equal in every particular, in thought and feeling, as these islanders. The Roman Church in the Middle Ages seemed to have desired to bring about a similar condition in the corporate members of all Europe, and consequently took under its protection every attribute of life, every power and development—in short, the entire physical and moral man. It cannot be denied that much tranquil happiness was thereby effected, that life bloomed more warmly and inly, and that Art, calmly developing itself, unfolded that splendor at which we are even yet amazed, and which, with all our dashing science, we cannot imitate. But the soul hath its eternal rights, it will not be darkened by statutes, nor lulled by the music of bells,—it broke from its prison, shattering the iron leading-strings by which Mother Church trained it along,—it rushed in a delirium of joyous liberty over the whole earth, climbed the highest mountain peaks, sang and shouted for wantonness, recalled ancient doubts, pored over the wonders of day, and counted the stars by night. We know not as yet the number of the stars, we have not yet solved the enigmas of the marvels of the day, the ancient doubts have grown mighty in our souls—are we happier than we were before? We know that this question, as far as the multitude are concerned, cannot be lightly assented to; but we know, also, that the happiness which we owe to a lie is no true happiness, and

that we, in the few and far-between moments of a godlike condition, experience a higher dignity of soul and more happiness than in the long, onward, vegetating life of the gloomy faith of a coal burner.

In every respect that church government was a tyranny of the worst sort. Who can be bail for those good intentions, as I have described them? Who can prove, indeed, that evil intentions were not mingled with them? Rome would always rule, and when her legions fell, she sent dogmas into the provinces. Like a giant spider she sat in the center of the Latin world, and spun over it her endless web. Generations of people lived beneath it a peaceful life, for they believed that to be a heaven near them, which was only a Roman web. Only the higher striving spirits, who saw through its meshes, felt themselves bound down and wretched, and when they strove to break away, the crafty spider easily caught them, and sucked the bold blood from their hearts, — and was not the dreamy happiness of the purblind multitude purchased too dearly by such blood? The days of spiritual serfdom are over; weak with age, the old cross spider sits between the broken pillars of her Colosseum, ever spinning the same old web — but it is weak and brittle, and catches only butterflies and bats, and no longer the wild eagles of the North.

It is right laughable to think that just as I was in the mood to expand with such good-will over the intentions of the Roman Church, the accustomed Protestant feeling which ever ascribes to her the worst suddenly seized upon me, and it is this very difference of opinion in myself which again supplies me with an illustration of the incongruities of the manner of thinking prevalent in these days. What we yesterday admired, we hate to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps, we ridicule it with perfect indifference.

Considered from a certain point, all is equally great or small, and I thus recurred to the great European revolutions of ages, while I looked at the little life of our poor islanders. Even they stand on the margin of such a new age, and their old unity of soul and simplicity will be disturbed by the success of the fashionable watering-place recently established here, inasmuch as they every day pick up from the guests some new bits of knowledge which they must find difficult to

reconcile with their ancient mode of life. If they stand of an evening before the lighted windows of the conversation hall, and behold within the conduct of the gentlemen and ladies, the meaning glances, the longing grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the full contented feasting, the avaricious gambling, etc., it is morally certain that evil results must ensue which can never be counterbalanced by the money which they derive from this bathing establishment. This money will never suffice for the consuming new wants which they conceive, and from this must result disturbances in life, evil enticements, and greater sorrows.

The islanders thus far have lived in simplicity almost primeval; and their contact with the ladies and gentlemen of fashion will result in a thorough education in vice. When I beheld fashionably undressed ladies walk by me, I reflected that the poor islanders who have hitherto lived in such a state of blessed innocence have here unusual opportunities for becoming corrupted, and that it would be well if the proprietors of the aforesaid ladies would take pains to cover them up a little more carefully. The consequences of their present exposure are likely to be greater than they imagine, and if the poor female islanders conceive all sorts of sweet-baked fancies, and even go so far as to bring forth children that strongly resemble the aristocratic guests, the matter is easily enough understood. I do not wish to be here understood as hinting at any immodest or immoral connections. The virtue of the islanderesses is amply protected by their ugliness, and still more so by an abominably fishy odor which, to me at least, is insupportable. Should, in fact, children with fashionable-boarder faces be here born into the world, I should much prefer to recognize in it a psychological phenomenon, and explain it by those material-mystical laws which Goethe has so beautifully developed in his "Elective Affinities."

The number of enigmatical appearances in nature, which can be explained by those laws, is truly astonishing. When I, last year, owing to a storm at sea, was cast away on another East Frisian island, I there saw hanging, in a boatman's hut, an indifferent engraving, bearing the title, "La tentation du

Vieillard," and representing an old man disturbed in his study by the appearance of a woman, who, naked to the hips, rose from a cloud; and singular to relate, the boatman's daughter had exactly the same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the picture!—To cite another example: in the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to the business and carefully examined coins from morning till night, I found that the children had in their countenances a startling likeness to all the greatest monarchs of Europe, and when they were all assembled, fighting and quarreling, I could almost fancy that I beheld a congress of sovereigns!

On this account, the impression on coins is for politicians a matter of no small importance. For as people so often love money from their very hearts, and doubtlessly gaze lovingly on it, their children often receive the likeness of their prince impressed thereon, and thus the poor prince is suspected of being, in sober sadness, the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good reasons for melting down the Napoleons d'or—not wishing to behold any longer so many Napoleon heads among their subjects. Prussia has carried it further than any other in her specie politics, for they there understand by a judicious intermixture of copper to so make their new small change and changes that a blush very soon appears on the cheeks of the monarch. In consequence, the children in Prussia have a far healthier appearance than of old, and it is a real pleasure to gaze upon their blooming little silver groschen faces.

I have, while pointing out the destruction of morals with which the islanders are threatened, made no mention of their spiritual defense, the Church. How this really appears is beyond my powers of description, not having been in it. The Lord knows I am a good Christian, and even often get so far as to intend to make a call at his house, but by some mishap I am invariably hindered in my good intentions. Generally this is done by some long-winded gentleman who holds me by the button in the street, and even if I get to the gate of the temple, some jesting, irreverent thought comes over me, and then I regard it as sinful to enter. Last Sunday something of the sort happened, when just before the door of the church there came into my head an extract from Goethe's "Faust,"

where the hero, passing with Mephistopheles by a cross, asks the latter : —

“ Mephisto, art in haste?
Why cast'st thou at the cross adown thy glances? ”

To which Mephistopheles replies : —

“ I know right well it shows a wretched taste,
But crosses never ranked among my fancies. ”

These verses, as I remember, are not printed in any edition of “ Faust,” and only the late Hofrath Moritz, who had read them in Goethe's manuscript, gave them to the world in his “ Philip Reiser,” a long out-of-print romance, which contains the history of the author, or rather the history of several hundred dollars which his pocket did not contain, and owing to which his entire life became an array of self-denials and economies, while his desires were anything but presuming — namely, to go to Weimar and become a servant in the house of the author of Werther. His only desire in life was to live in the vicinity of the man who, of all mankind, had made the deepest impression on his soul.

Wonderful! even then Goethe had awoke such inspiration, and yet it seems that “ our third after-growing race ” is first in condition to appreciate his true greatness.

But this race has also brought forth men into whose hearts only foul water trickles, and who would fain dam up in others the springs of fresh healthy life-blood : men whose powers of enjoyment are extinguished, who slander life, and who would render all the beauty and glory of this world disgusting to others, representing it as a bait which the Evil One has placed here simply to tempt us, just as a cunning housewife leaves during her absence the sugar bowl exposed, with every lump duly counted, that she may test the honesty of the maid. These men have assembled a virtuous mob around them, preaching to their adherents a crusade against the Great Heathen, and against his naked images of the gods, which they would gladly replace with their disguised dumb devils.

Masks and disguises are their highest aim, the naked and divine is fatal to them, and a Satyr has always good reasons for donning pantaloons and persuading Apollo to do the same. People then call him a moral man, and know not

that in the Clauren smiles of a disguised Satyr there is more which is really repulsive than in the entire nudity of a Wolfgang Apollo, and that in those very times when men wore puff breeches, which required in make sixty yards of cloth, morals were no better than at present.

But will not the ladies be offended at my saying breeches instead of pantaloons?—Oh, the refined feelings of ladies! In the end only eunuchs will dare to write for them, and their spiritual servants in the West must be as harmless as their body-servants in the East.

Here a fragment from Berthold's diary comes into my head.

"If we only reflect on it, we are all naked under our clothes," said Doctor M——, to a lady who was offended by a rather cynical remark to which he had given utterance.

The Hanoverian nobility is altogether discontented with Goethe, asserting that he disseminates irreligion, and that this may easily bring forth false political views,—in fine, that the people must by means of the old faith be led back to their ancient modesty and moderation. I have also recently heard much discussion of the question whether Goethe were greater than Schiller. But lately I stood behind the chair of a lady, from whose very back at least sixty-four descents were evident, and heard on the Goethe and Schiller theme a warm discourse between her and two Hanoverian nobles, whose origin was depicted on the Zodiac of Dendera. One of them, a long lean youth, full of quicksilver, who looked like a barometer, praised the virtue and purity of Schiller, while the other, also a long upsprouted young man, lisped verses from the "Dignity of Woman," smiling meanwhile as sweetly as a donkey who has stuck his head into a pitcher of molasses and delightedly licks his lips. Both of the youths confirmed their assertions with the refrain, "But he is still greater. He is really greater in fact. He is the greater, I assure you upon my honor he is greater." The lady was so amiable as to bring me too into this esthetic conversation, and inquire: "Doctor, what do you think of Goethe?" I, however, crossed my arms on my breast, bowed my head as a believer and said: "La illah ill allah wamohammed rasul allah!"

The lady had, without knowing it, put the shrewdest of

questions. It is not possible to directly inquire of a man — ‘What thinkest thou of Heaven and Earth? what are thy views of Man and Human Life? art thou a reasonable being or a poor dumb devil?’ Yet all these delicate queries lie in the by no means insidious question: “What do you think of Goethe?” For while Goethe’s works lie before our eyes, we can easily compare the judgment which another pronounces with our own, and thus obtain an accurate standard whereby to measure all his thoughts and feelings. Thus has he unconsciously passed his own sentence. But, as Goethe himself, like a common world, thus lies open to the observation of all, and gives us opportunities to learn mankind; so can we in turn best learn to know him by his own judgment of objects which are exposed to all, and on which the greatest minds have expressed opinions. In this respect I would prefer to point to Goethe’s “Italian Journey,” as we are all familiar with the country in question, either from personal experience or from what we have learned from others. Thus we can remark how every writer views it with subjective eyes, the one with displeased looks which behold only the worst, another with the inspired eyes of Corinna, seeing everywhere the glorious, while Goethe with his clear Greek glances sees all things, the dark and the light, colors nothing with his individual feelings, and pictures the land and its people in the true outlines and true colors in which God clothed it.

This is a merit of Goethe’s which will not be appreciated until later times, for we, as we are nearly all invalids, remain too firm in our sickly ragged romantic feelings which we have brought together from all lands and ages, to be able to see plainly how sound, how uniform, and how plastic Goethe displays himself in his works. He himself as little remarks it, — in his naive unconsciousness of his own ability, he wonders when “a reflection on present things” or “objective thought” is ascribed to him; and while in his autobiography he seeks to supply us with a critical aid to comprehend his works, he still gives us no measure of judgment, but only new facts whereby to judge him. Which is all natural enough, for no bird can fly over itself.

Later times will also in addition to this ability of plastic

perception, feeling, and thinking discover much in Goethe of which we have as yet no shadow of an idea. The works of the soul are immutably firm, but criticism is somewhat volatile; she is born of the views of the age, is significant only for it, and if she herself is not of a sect which involves artistic value, as for example that of Schlegel, she passes with her time to the grave. Every age, when it gets new ideas, gets with them new eyes, and sees much that is new in the old efforts of mind which have preceded it. A Schubarth now sees in the "Iliad" something else and something more than all the Alexandrians; and critics will yet come, who will see more than a Schubarth in Goethe.

And so I finally prattled with myself to Goethe! But such digressions are natural enough when, as on this island, the roar of the ocean thrills our ears and tunes the soul according to its will

There is a strong northeast wind blowing, and the witches have once again mischief in their heads. There are many strange legends current here of witches, who know how to conjure storms, — for on this, as on all northern islands, there is much superstition. The sea-folks declare that certain islands are secretly governed by peculiar witches, and that when mishaps occur to vessels passing them, it is to be attributed entirely to the evil will of these mysterious guardians. While I, last year, was some time at sea, the steersman of our ship told me, one day, that witches were remarkably powerful on the Isle of Wight, and sought to delay every ship which sailed past during the day, that it might then by night be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or driven ashore. At such times the witches are heard whizzing so sharply through the air, and howling so loudly around the ship, that the Klabotermann can with difficulty withstand them. When I asked who the Klabotermann was, the sailor answered very earnestly, that he was the good invisible guardian angel of the ship, who takes care lest ill luck befall honest and orderly skippers, who look after everything themselves, and provide a place for everything. The brave steersman assured me, in a more confidential tone, that I could easily hear this spirit in the hold of the vessel, where he willingly busied himself with stowing away the cargo more securely, and that this

was the cause of the creaking of the barrels and the boxes when the sea rolled high, as well as of the groaning of the planks and beams. It was also true that the Klabotermann often hammered without on the ship, and this was a warning to the carpenter to repair some unsound spot which had been neglected. But his favorite fancy is to sit on the topsail, as a sign that a good wind blows or will blow ere long. In answer to my question, if he were ever seen, he replied, "No, — that he was never seen, and that no man wished to see him, for he only showed himself when there was no hope of being saved." The steersman could not vouch from his own experience, but he had heard others say that the Klabotermann was often heard giving orders from the topsail to his subordinate spirits; and that when the storm became too powerful for him, and utter destruction was unavoidable, he invariably took a place at the helm — showing himself for the first time — and then breaking it, vanished. Those who beheld him at this terrible moment were always engulfed the moment after.

The captain, who had listened with me to this narration, smiled more graciously than I could have anticipated from his rough countenance, hardened by wind and weather, and afterwards told me that fifty or a hundred years ago the faith in the Klabotermann was so strongly impressed on the sailors' minds, that at meals they always reserved for him the best morsels, and that on some vessels this custom was still observed.

I often walk alone on the beach, thinking over these marvelous sea legends. The most attractive of them all is that of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in a storm with all sail set, and who occasionally sends out a boat to ships, giving them letters to carry home, but which no one can deliver, as they are all addressed to persons long since dead. And I often recall the sweet old story of the fisher boy, who one night listened securely on the beach to the music of the water-nixies, and afterwards wandered through the world, casting all into enchanted raptures who listened to the melody of the sea-nymph waltz. This legend was once told me by a dear friend, as we were at a concert in Berlin. I once heard just such an air played by the wondrous boy, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

There is an altogether peculiar charm in excursions around the island. But the weather must be fair, the clouds must assume strange forms, we must lie on our backs gazing into heaven — and at the same time have a piece of heaven in our hearts. Then the waves will murmur all manner of strange things, all manner of words in which sweet memories flutter, all manner of names which, like sweet associations, reecho in the soul — “Evelina!” Then ships come sailing by, and we greet them as if we could see them again every day. But at night there is something uncanny and mysterious in thus meeting strange ships at sea; and we imagine that our best friends, whom we have not seen for years, sail silently by, and that we are losing them forever.

I love the sea, as my own soul.

I often feel as if the sea were really my own soul itself, and as there are in it hidden plants, which only rise at the instant in which they bloom above the water, and sink again at the instant in which they fade; so from time to time there rise wondrous flower forms from the depths of my soul, and breathe forth perfume, and gleam and vanish — “Evelina!”

They say that on a spot not far from this island, where there is now nothing but water, there once stood the fairest villages and towns, which were all suddenly overwhelmed by the sea, and that in clear weather sailors yet see in the ocean, far below, the gleaming pinnacles of church spires, and that many have often heard, early on quiet Sabbath mornings, the chime of their bells. The story is true, for the sea is my own soul.

“There a wondrous world to ocean given,
Ever hides from daylight’s searching gleam;
But it shines at night like rays from heaven,
In the magic mirror of my dream.”

Awakening then I hear the echoing tones of bells and the song of holy voices — “Evelina!”

If we go walking on the strand, the ships sailing by present a beautiful sight. When in full sail they look like great swans. But this is particularly beautiful when the sun sets behind some passing ship, and this seems to be rayed round as with a giant glory.

Hunting on this beach is also said to present many very

great attractions. As far as I am concerned, I am not particularly qualified to appreciate its charms. A love for the sublime, the beautiful, and the good is often inspired in men by education, but a love for hunting lies in the blood. When ancestors in ages beyond recollection killed stags, the descendant still finds pleasure in this legitimate occupation. But my ancestors did not belong to the hunters so much as to the hunted, and the idea of attacking the descendants of those who were our comrades in misery goes against my grain. Yes, I know right well from experience, and from moral conviction, that it would be much easier for me to let fly at a hunter who wishes that those times were again here when human beings were a higher class of game. God be praised! those days are over! If such hunters now wish to chase a man, they must pay him for it, as was the case with a runner whom I saw two years ago in Gottingen. The poor being had already run himself weary in the heat of a sultry Sunday, when some Hanoverian youths, who there studied humaniora, offered him a few dollars if he would run the whole course over again. The man did it. He was deathly pale, and wore a red jacket, and close behind him, in the whirling dust, galloped the well-fed noble youths, on high horses, whose hoofs occasionally struck the goaded, gasping being, — and he was a man!

For the sake of the experiment, for I must accustom my blood to a better state, I went hunting yesterday. I shot at a few sea-gulls which flew too confidently around and could not of course know that I was a bad shot. I did not wish to shoot them, but only to warn them from going another time so near persons with loaded guns; but my gun shot "wrong," and I had the bad luck to kill a young gull. It was well that it was not an old one, for what would then have become of the poor little gulls which as yet unfledged lie in their sand nests on the great downs, and which, without their mother, must starve to death? Before I went out I had a presentiment that something unfortunate would happen, for a hare ran across my path.

But I am in an altogether strange mood when I wander alone by twilight on the strand, — behind me the flat downs, before me the waving, immeasurable ocean, and above me

heaven, like a giant crystal dome,—for I then appear to myself so ant-like small, and yet my soul expands so world-wide. The lofty simplicity of nature, as she here surrounds me, at the same time subdues and elevates my heart, and, indeed, in a higher degree than in any other scene, however exalting. Never did any dome as yet appear great enough to me, my soul, with its Titan prayer, ever strove higher than the Gothic pillars, and would ever fain pierce the vaulted roof. On the peaks of the Rosstrappe, at first sight, the colossal rocks, in their bold groupings, had a tolerably imposing effect on me; but this impression did not long endure, my soul was only startled, not subdued, and those monstrous masses of stone became, little by little, smaller in my eyes, and finally they merely appeared like the little ruins of a giant palace, in which, perhaps, my soul would have found itself comfortably at home.

Ridiculous as it may sound, I cannot conceal it, but the disproportion between soul and body torments me not a little, and here on the sea, in the sublimest natural scenery, it becomes very significant, and the metempsychosis is often the subject of my reflection. Who knows the divine irony which is accustomed to bring forth all manner of contradictions between soul and body? Who knows in what tailor's body the soul of Plato now dwells, and in what schoolmaster the soul of Cæsar may be found? Who knows if the soul of Gregory VII. may not sit in the body of the Great Turk, and feel itself, amid the caressing hands of a thousand women, more comfortable than of old in its purple celibate's cowl? On the other hand how many true Moslem souls, of the days of Ali, may, perhaps, be now found among our anti-Hellenic statesmen! The souls of the two thieves who were crucified by the Savior's side now hide, perhaps, in fat Consistorial bodies, and glow with zeal for orthodox doctrine. The soul of Ghengis-khan lives, it may be, in some literary reviewer, who daily, without knowing it, sabers down the souls of his truest Bashkirs and Kalmucks in a critical journal! Who knows! who knows! The soul of Pythagoras hath traveled, mayhap, into some poor candidate for a university degree, and who is plucked at examination because he cannot explain the Pythagorean doctrines; while in his

examiners dwell the souls of those oxen which Pythagoras once offered to the immortal gods for joy at discovering the doctrines in question. The Hindus are not so stupid as our missionaries think. They honor animals for the human souls which they suppose dwell in them, and if they found hospitals for invalid monkeys, after the manner of our academies, nothing is more likely than that in those monkeys dwell the souls of great scholars, since it is evident enough that among us in many great scholars are only apish souls!

But who can look with the omniscience of the past, from above, on the deeds of mortals. When I, by night, wander by the sea, listening to the song of the waves, and every manner of presentiment and of memory awakes in me, then it seems as though I had once heard the like from above, and had fallen, through tottering terror, to earth; it seems too as though my eyes had been so telescopically keen that I could see the stars wandering as large as life in Heaven, and had been dazzled by all their whirling splendor;—then, as if from the depth of a millennium, there come all sorts of strange thoughts into my soul, thoughts of wisdom old as the world, but so obscure that I cannot surmise what they mean; only this much I know, that all our cunning, knowledge, effort, and production must to some higher spirit seem as little and valueless as those spiders seemed to me which I have so often seen in the library of Gottingen. There they sat, so busily weaving, on the folios of the World's History, looking so philosophically confident on the scene around them, and they had so exactly the pedantic obscurity of Gottingen, and seemed so proud of their mathematical knowledge—of their contributions to Art—of their solitary reflections—and yet they knew nothing of all the wonders which were in the book on which they were born, on which they had passed their lives, and on which they must die, if not disturbed by the prying Doctor L——. And who is the prying Doctor L——? His soul once dwelt in just such a spider, and now he guards the folios on which he once sat, — and if he reads them he never learns their true contents.

What may have happened on the ground where I now walk? A Conrector who was bathing here asserted that it was in this place that the religious rites of Hertha, or, more

correctly speaking, of Forsete, were once celebrated — those rites of which Tacitus speaks so mysteriously. Let us only trust that the reporter from whom Tacitus picked up the intelligence did not err and mistake a bathing-wagon for the sacred vehicle of the goddess.

In the year 1819 I attended in Bonn, in one and the same season, four courses of lectures on German antiquities from the remotest times. The first of these was the history of the German tongue by Schlegel, who for three months developed the most old-fashioned hypotheses on the origin of the Teutonic race; 2d the "Germania" of Tacitus by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests for those virtues which he misses in the saloons of the present day; 3d German National Law by Hullmann, whose historical views are the least vague of those current, and 4th. Primitive German History by Radloff, who at the end of the half year had got no further than the time of Sesostris. In those days the legend of the ancient Hertha may have interested me more than at present. I did not at all admit that she dwelt in Rugen, and preferred to believe that it was on an East Frisian island. A young savant always likes to have his own private hypothesis. But at any rate I never supposed that I should some day wander on the shore of the North Sea, without thinking of the old Goddess with patriotic enthusiasm. Such is, in fact, not altogether the case, for I am here thinking of goddesses, only younger and more beautiful ones. Particularly when I wander on the strand near those terrible spots where the most beautiful ladies have recently been swimming like nymphs. For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover, but walk about in the open sea. On this account the bathing places of the two sexes are far apart, and are separated by a little peninsula or point of land which as effectually shuts off even a spy-glass view of one from the other as though they were on different sides of the same island. Moreover, the authorities are very prudish, and tell a story which — but I wander from my subject.

The bathing carriages, those hackney-coaches of the North Sea, are here simply shoved to the edge of the water. They are generally angular wooden structures, covered with coarse stiff linen. Now, during winter, they are ranged along the

conversation hall, and without doubt maintain among themselves as wooden and stiff linen-like conversations as the aristocratic world which not long since filled their place.

But when I say the aristocratic world, I do not mean the good citizens of East Friesland, a race flat and tame as their own sand-hills, who can neither pipe nor sing, and yet possess a talent worth any trilling and nonsense—a talent which ennobles man, and lifts him above those windy souls of service, who believe themselves alone to be noble. I mean the talent for freedom. If the heart beats for liberty, that beating is better than any strokes conferring knighthood, as the “free Frisians” well know, and they well deserve this, their national epithet. With the exception of the ancient days of chieftainship, an aristocracy never predominated in East Friesland; very few noble families have ever dwelt there, and the influence of the Hanoverian nobility by force and military power as it now spreads over the land troubles many a free Frisian heart. Everywhere a love for their earlier Prussian government is manifested.

Yet I cannot unconditionally agree with the universal German complaint of the pride of birth of the Hanoverian nobility. The Hanoverian corps of officers give least occasion for complaints of this nature. It is true that, as in Madagascar, only the nobility have the right to become butchers, so in days of old only the nobility in Hanover were permitted to become soldiers. But since, in recent times, so many citizens have distinguished themselves in German regiments, and risen to be officers, this evil customary privilege has fallen into disuse. Yes, the entire body of the German legions has contributed much to soften all prejudices, for these men have traveled afar, and out in the world men see many things, especially in England; and they have learned much, and it is a real pleasure to hear them talk of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Isles, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought, and “seen full many towns, and learned full many manners,” so that we can imagine that we are listening to an “Odyssey,” which alas will never find its Homer! Among these officers many independent English customs have also found their way, which contrast more strikingly with the old Hanoverian manners, than we in the rest of Germany would imagine; as

we are in the habit of supposing that England has exercised great influence over Hanover. Through all the land of Hanover nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are bound, so that for mere trees the land itself is obscured, and with all its horses it never advances. No — through this Hanoverian forest of nobility, there never penetrated a sun-ray of British freedom, and no tone of British freedom was ever perceptible amid the neighing noise of Hanoverian steeds.

The general complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth is best founded as regards the hopeful youth of certain families, who either rule or believe that they really rule the realm. But these noble youths will soon lay aside this haughtiness, or, more correctly speaking, this naughtiness, when they too have seen a little more of the world, or have had the advantage of a better education. It is true that they are sent to Gottingen, but they hang together, talking about their horses, dogs, and ancestry: learning but little of modern history, and if they happen once in a while by chance to hear of "it, their minds are, notwithstanding, stupefied by the sight of the count's table," which, a true indication of Gottingen, is intended only for students of noble birth. Of a truth, if the young Hanoverian nobility were better taught, many complaints would be obviated. But the young become like the old. The same delusion, as though they were the flowers of the earth, and we others but its grass; the same folly, seeking to cover their own worthlessness with their ancestors' merits; the same ignorance of what there may be problematic in these merits, as there are few indeed among them who reflect that princes seldom reward their most faithful and virtuous subjects, but very often their panders, flatterers and similar favorite rascals with ennobling grace. Few indeed among these nobles could say with any certainty what their ancestors have done, and they can only show their name in Ruxner's "Book of Tournaments," — yes, and if they could prove that an ancestor was at the taking of Jerusalem, then ought they, before availing themselves of the honor, to prove that their ancestor fought as a knight should, that his mail suit was not lined with fear, and that beneath his red cross beat an honest heart. Were there no "Iliad," but simply a list of names of

those heroes who fought before Troy, and if those family names were yet among us, how would the descendants of Thersites be puffed up with pride! As for the purity of the blood, I will say nothing; philosophers and family footmen have doubtless some peculiar thoughts on this subject.

My faultfinding, as already hinted, is based upon the lame education of the Hanoverian nobility, and their early impressed delusion as to the importance of certain idle forms. Oh! how often have I laughed when I remarked the importance attached to these forms; as if it were even a difficult matter to learn this representing, this presenting, this smiling without saying anything, this saying something without thinking, and all these noble arts which the good plain citizen stares at, as on wonders from beyond sea, and which after all, every French dancing-master has better and more naturally than the German nobleman, to whom they have with weary pains been made familiar in the cub-licking Lutetia, and who, after their importation, teaches them with German thoroughness, and German labor, to his descendants. This reminds me of the fable of the dancing bear, who, having escaped from his master, rejoined his fellow bears in the wood, and boasted to them of the difficulty of learning to dance, and how he himself excelled in the art, and in fact the poor brutes who beheld his performances, could not withhold their admiration. That nation, as Werther calls them, formed the aristocratic world, which here at this watering-place shone on water and land, and they were altogether excellent, excellent folks, and played their parts well.

Persons of royal blood were also here, and I must admit that they were more modest in their address than the lesser nobility. Whether this modesty was in the hearts of these elevated persons, or whether they were impelled to it by their position, I will here leave undecided. I assert this, however, only of the German mediatized princes. These persons have of late suffered great injustice, inasmuch as they have been robbed of a sovereignty to which they had as good right as the greater princes, unless, indeed, any one will assume that that which cannot maintain itself by its own power, has no right to exist. But for the greatly divided Germany, it was a benefit, that this array of sixteen-mo despots were obliged

to resign their power. It is terrible when we reflect on the number which we poor Germans are obliged to feed, for although these mediatized princes no longer wield the scepter, they still wield knives, forks, and spoons, and do not eat hay, and if they did, hay would still be expensive enough. I imagine that we shall eventually be freed by America from this burden of princes. For sooner or later the presidents of those free states will be metamorphosed into sovereigns, and if they need legitimate princesses for wives, they will be glad if we give them our blood-royal dames, and if they take six, we will throw in the seventh gratis; and by and by our princes may be busied with their daughters in turn; for which reason the mediatized princes have acted very shrewdly in retaining at least their right of birth, and value their family trees as much as the Arabs value the pedigrees of their horses, and indeed, with the same object, as they well know that Germany has been in all ages the great princely stud from which all the reigning neighboring families have been supplied with mares and stallions.

In every watering-place it is an old established customary privilege, that the departed guests should be sharply criticized by those who remain, and as I am here the last in the house, I may presume to exercise that right to its fullest extent.

And it is now so lonely in the island, that I seem to myself like Napoleon on St. Helena. Only that I have here found something entertaining, which he wanted. For it is with the great Emperor himself with whom I am now busied. A young Englishman recently presented me with Maitland's book, published not long since, in which the mariner sets forth the way and manner in which Napoleon gave himself up to him, and deceived himself on the *Bellerophon*, till he, by command of the British ministry was brought on board the *Northumberland*. From this book it appears clear as day, that the Emperor, in a spirit of romantic confidence in British magnanimity, and finally to give peace to the world, went to the English more as a guest than as a prisoner. It was an error which no other man would have fallen into, and least of all a Wellington. But history will declare that this error was so beautiful, so elevated, so sublime, that it required more true

greatness of soul than we, the rest of the world, can elevate ourselves to in our greatest deeds.

The cause which has induced Captain Maitland to publish this book appears to be no other than the moral need of purification, which every honorable man experiences who has been entangled by bad fortune in a piece of business of a doubtful complexion. The book itself is an invaluable contribution to the history of the imprisonment of Napoleon, as it forms the last portion of his life, singularly solves all the enigmas of the earlier parts, and amazes, reconciles, and purifies the mind, as the last act of a genuine tragedy should. The characteristic differences of the four principal writers who have informed us as to his captivity, and particularly as to his manner and method of regarding things, is not distinctly seen, save by their comparison.

Maitland, the stern, cold, English sailor, describes events without prejudice, and as accurately as though they were maritime occurrences to be entered in a log-book. Las Casas, like an enthusiastic chamberlain, lies, as he writes, in every line, at the feet of his Emperor; not like a Russian slave, but like a free Frenchman, who involuntarily bows the knee to unheard-of heroic greatness and to the dignity of renown. O'Meara, the physician, though born in Ireland, is still altogether a Briton, and as such was once an enemy of the Emperor. But now, recognizing the majestic rights of adversity, he writes boldly, without ornament, and conscientiously: almost in a lapidary style, while we recognize not so much a style as a stiletto in the pointed, striking manner of writing of the Italian Autommarchi, who is altogether mentally intoxicated with the vindictiveness and poetry of his land.

Both races, French and English, gave from either side a man of ordinary powers of mind, uninfluenced by the powers that be, and this jury has judged the Emperor, and sentenced him to live eternally—an object of wonder and of commiseration.

There are many great men who have already walked in this world. Here and there we see the gleaming marks of their footsteps, and in holy hours they sweep like cloudy forms before our souls, but an equally great man sees his

predecessors far more significantly. From a single spark of the traces of their earthly glory, he recognizes their most secret act, from a single word left behind, he penetrates every fold of their hearts, and thus in a mystical brotherhood live the great men of all times. Across long centuries they bow to each other, and gaze on each other with significant glances, and their eyes meet over the graves of buried races whom they have thrust aside between, and they understand and love each other. But we little ones, who may not have such intimate intercourse with the great ones of the past, of whom we but seldom see the traces and cloudy forms, it is of the highest importance to learn so much of these great men, that it will be easy for us to take them distinct, as in life, into our own souls, and thereby enlarge our minds. Such a man is Napoleon Bonaparte. We know more of his life and deeds than of the other great ones of this world, and day by day we learn still more and more. We see the buried form divine, slowly dug forth, and with every spadeful of earth which is removed, increases our joyous wonder at the symmetry and splendor of the noble figure which is revealed; and the spiritual lightnings with which foes would shatter the great statue, serve but to light it up more gloriously. Such is the case with the assertions of Madame de Stael, who with all her bitterness says nothing more than that the Emperor was not a man like other men, and that his soul could be measured with no measure known to us.

It is to such a spirit that Kant alludes, when he says, that we can think to ourselves an understanding, which, because it is not discursive like our own, but intuitive, goes from the synthetic universal, of the observation of the whole, as such, to the particular—that is to say, from the whole to a part. Yes, Napoleon's spirit saw through that which we learn by weary analytical reflection, and long deduction of consequences, and comprehended it in one and the same moment. Thence came his talent to understand his age, to cajole its spirit into never abusing him, and being ever profitable to him.

But as this spirit of the age is not only revolutionary, but is formed by the antagonism of both sides, the revolutionary and the counter revolutionary, so did Napoleon act not ac-

cording to either alone, but according to the spirit of both principles, both efforts, which found in him their union, and he accordingly always acted naturally, simply and greatly; never convulsively and harshly — ever composed and calm. Therefore he never intrigued in details, and his striking effects were ever brought about by his ability to comprehend and to bend the masses to his will. Little analytical souls incline to entangled, wearisome intrigues, while, on the contrary, synthetic intuitive spirits understand in a wondrously genial manner so to avail themselves of the means which are afforded them by the present, as quickly to turn them to their own advantage. The former often founder, because no mortal wisdom can foresee all the events of life, and life's relations are never long permanent, the latter, on the contrary, the intuitive men, succeed most easily in their designs, as they only require an accurate computation of that which is at hand, and act so quickly, that their calculations are not miscarried by any ordinary agitation, or by any sudden unforeseen changes.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Napoleon lived just in an age which had a remarkable inclination for history, for research, and for publication. Owing to this cause, thanks to the memoirs of contemporaries, but few particulars of Napoleon's life have been withheld from us, and the number of histories which represent him as more or less allied to the rest of the world, increase every day. On this account the announcement of such a work by Scott awakens the most anxious anticipation.

All those who honor the genius of Scott must tremble for him, for such a book may easily prove to be the Moscow of a reputation which he has won with weary labor by an array of historical romances which, more by their subject than by their poetic power, have moved every heart in Europe. This theme is, however, not merely an elegiac lament over Scotland's legendary glory, which has been little by little banished by foreign manners, rule, and modes of thought, but the greatest suffering for the loss of those national peculiarities which perish in the universality of modern civilization — a grief which now causes the hearts of every nation to throb. For national memories lie deeper in man's heart than we generally imagine. Let any one attempt to bury the an-

cient forms, and overnight the old love blooms anew with its flowers. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a fact, for when Bullock, a few years ago, dug up in Mexico an old heathen stone image, he found, next morning, that during the night it had been crowned with flowers, although Spain had destroyed the old Mexican faith with fire and sword, and though the souls of the natives had been for three centuries dug about and plowed, and sowed with Christianity. And such flowers as these bloom in Walter Scott's poems. These poems themselves awaken the old feeling, and as once in Granada men and women ran with the wail of desperation from their houses, when the song of the departure of the Moorish king rang in the streets, so that it was prohibited, on pain of death, to sing it, so hath the tone which rings through Scott's romance thrilled with pain a whole world. This tone reechoes in the hearts of our nobles, who see their castles and armorial bearings in ruins; it rings again in the hearts of our burghers, who have been crowded from the comfortable narrow way of their ancestors by wide-spreading, uncongenial modern fashion; in Catholic cathedrals, whence faith has fled; in Rabbinic synagogues, from which even the faithful flee. It sounds over the whole world, even into the Banian groves of Hindustan, where the sighing Brahmin sees before him the destruction of his gods, the demolition of their primeval cosmogony, and the entire victory of the Briton.

But his tone—the mightiest which the Scottish bard can strike upon his giant harp—accords not with the imperial song of Napoleon, the new man—the man of modern times—the man in whom this new age mirrors itself so gloriously, that we thereby are well-nigh dazzled, and never think meanwhile of the vanished Past, nor of its faded splendor. It may well be presupposed that Scott, according to his predilections, will seize upon the stable element already hinted at, the counter revolutionary side of the character of Napoleon, while, on the contrary, other writers will recognize in him the revolutionary principle. It is from this last side that Byron would have described him—Byron, who forms in every respect an antithesis to Scott, and who, instead of lamenting like him the destruction of old forms, even feels himself vexed and bounded by those which remain,

and would fain annihilate them with revolutionary laughter and with gnashing of teeth. In this rage he destroys the holiest flowers of life with his melodious poison, and like a mad harlequin strikes a dagger into his own heart, mockingly to sprinkle with the jetting black blood the ladies and gentlemen around.

I truly realize at this instant that I am no worshiper, or at least no bigoted admirer of Byron. My blood is not so splenetically black, my bitterness comes only from the gall-apples of my ink, and if there be poison in me it is only an antipoison for those snakes which lurk so threateningly amid the shelter of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great writers Byron is just the one whose writings excite in me the least passion, while Scott, on the contrary, in his every book, gladdens, tranquilizes, and strengthens my heart. Even his imitators please me, as in such instances as Willibald Alexis, Bronikowski, and Cooper, the first of whom, in the ironic "Walladmoor," approaches nearest his pattern, and has shown in a later work such a wealth of form and of spirit, that he is fully capable of setting before our souls with a poetic originality well worthy of Scott, a series of historical novels.

But no true genius follows paths indicated to him: these lie beyond all critical computation, so that it may be allowed to pass as a harmless play of thought, if I may express my anticipatory judgment over Walter Scott's "History of Napoleon." Anticipatory judgment is here the most comprehensive expression. Only one thing can be said with certainty, which is that the book will be read from its uprising even unto the downsetting thereof, and we Germans will translate it.

We have also translated Segur. Is it not a pretty epic poem? We Germans also write epic poems, but their heroes only exist in our own heads. The heroes of the French epics, on the contrary, are real heroes, who have performed more doughty deeds and suffered far greater woes than we in our garret rooms ever dreamed of. And yet we have much imagination, and the French but little. Perhaps on this account the Lord helped them out in another manner, for they only need truly relate what has happened to them during

the last thirty years to have such a literature of experience as no nation and no age ever yet brought forth. Those memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and noble ladies which appear daily in France, form a cycle of legends in which posterity will find material enough for thought and song—a cycle in whose center the life of the great Emperor rises like a giant tree. Segur's "History of the Russian Campaign" is a song, a French song of the people, which belongs to this legend cycle and which in its tone and matter is, and will remain, like the epic poetry of all ages. A heroic poem which from the magic words "freedom and equality" has shot up from the soil of France, and as in a triumphal procession, intoxicated with glory and led by the Goddess Fame herself, has swept over, terrified and glorified the world. And now at last it dances clattering sword-dances on the ice-fields of the North, until they break in, and the children of fire and of freedom perish by cold and by the Slavs.

Such a description of the destruction of a heroic world is the keynote and material of the epic poems of all races. On the rocks of Ellora and other Indian grotto-temples, there remain such epic catastrophes, engraved in giant hieroglyphics, the key to which must be sought in the "Mahabharata." The North too in words not less rock-like, has narrated this twilight of the gods in its "Edda," the "Nibelungen" sings the same tragic destruction, and has in its conclusion a striking similarity with Segur's description of the burning of Moscow. The "Roland's Song" of the battle of Roncesvalles, which though its words have perished still exists as a legend, and which has recently been raised again to life by Immermann, one of the greatest poets of the Fatherland, is also the same old song of woe. Even the song of Troy gives most gloriously the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more agonizing than that French song of the people in which Segur has sung the downfall of his hero world. Yes, this is a true epos, the heroic youth of France is the beautiful hero who early perishes as we have already seen in the deaths of Balder, Siegfried, Roland, and Achilles, who also perished by ill fortune and treachery; and those heroes whom we once admired in the "Iliad" we find again in the song of Segur. We see them counseling, quarreling, and fighting, as once

of old before the Scaean Gate. If the court of the King of Naples is somewhat too variedly modern, still his courage in battle and his pride are greater than those of Pelides; a Hector in mildness and bravery is before us in "Prince Eugene, the knight so noble." Ney battles like an Ajax, Berthier is a Nestor without wisdom; Davoust, Daru, Caulincourt, and others possess the souls of Menelaus, of Odysseus, of Diomed — only the Emperor alone has not his like — in his head is the Olympus of the poem, and if I compare him in his heroic apparition to Agamemnon, I do it because a tragic end awaited him with his lordly comrades in arms, and because his Orestes yet lives.

There is a tone in Segur's epos like that in Scott's poems which moves our hearts. But this tone does not revive our love for the long-vanished legions of olden time. It is a tone which brings to us the present, and a tone which inspires us with its spirit.

But we Germans are genuine Peter Schlemihls! In later times we have seen much and suffered much — for example, having soldiers quartered on us, and pride from our nobility; and we have given away our best blood, for example, to England, which has still a considerable annual sum to pay for shot-off arms and legs to their former owners; and we have done so many great things on a small scale, that if they were reckoned up together, they would result in the grandest deeds imaginable, for instance, in the Tyrol; and we have lost much, for instance, our "greater shadow," the title of the holy darling Roman Empire — and still, with all our losses, sacrifices, self-denials, misfortunes and great deeds, our literature has not gained one such monument of renown, as rise daily among our neighbors, like immortal trophies. Our Leipzig Fairs have profited but little by the battle of Leipzig. A native of Gotha intends, as I hear, to sing them successively in epic form, but as he has not as yet determined whether he belongs to the one hundred thousand souls of Hildburghausen, or to the one hundred and fifty thousand of Meiningen, or to the one hundred and sixty thousand of Altenburg, he cannot as yet begin his epos, and must accordingly begin with, "Sing, immortal souls, Hildburghausian souls, Meiningian or even Altenburgian souls, sing, all the same, sing the

deliverance of the sinful Germans ! ” This soul-murderer, and his fearful ruggedness, allows no proud thought, and still less a proud word to manifest itself, our brightest deeds become ridiculous by a stupid result ; and while we gloomily wrap ourselves in the purple mantle of German heroic blood, there comes a political waggish knave and puts his cap and bells on our head.

IDEAS

BOOK LE GRAND

The mighty race of Oerindur,
The pillar of our throne,
Though Nature perish, will endure,
Forever and alone — MÜLLNER.

CHAPTER I

She was worthy of love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him. — *Old Play.*

MADAME, are you familiar with that old play? It is an altogether extraordinary performance — only a little too melancholy. I once played the leading part in it myself, so that all the ladies wept save one, who did not shed so much as a single tear, and in that, consisted the whole point of the play — the real catastrophe.

Oh, that single tear! it still torments me in my reveries. When the Devil desires to ruin my soul, he hums in my ear a ballad of that tear, which ne'er was wept, a deadly song with a more deadly tune — ah! such a tune is only heard in hell!

* * * * *

You can readily form an idea, Madame, of what life is like in Heaven — the more readily, as you are married. There people amuse themselves altogether superbly, every sort of entertainment is provided, and one lives in nothing but desire and its gratification, or as the saying is "like the Lord in France." There they live from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as Jagor's, roast geese fly around with gravy boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one condescends to eat them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild

like sunflowers, everywhere there are rivulets of bouillon and champagne, everywhere trees on which clean napkins flutter wild in the wind, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to the health. There, too, you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear, delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Halleluiah Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit so comfortably, and nothing disturbs your feeling of perfect happiness — no pain, no vexation. Nay — when one accidentally treads on another's corns, and exclaims, "Excusez!" the one trodden on smiles as if glorified, and insists "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite au contraire — it only causes a deeper thrill of Heavenly rapture to shoot through my heart!"

But of Hell, Madame, you have not the faintest idea. Of all the devils in existence, you have probably made the acquaintance only of Amor, the nice little Croupier of Hell, who is the smallest Beelzebub of them all. And you know him only from Don Juan, and doubtless think that for such a betrayer of female innocence Hell can never be made hot enough, though our praiseworthy theater directors shower down upon him as much flame, fiery rain, squibs, and colophonium as any Christian could desire to have emptied into Hell itself.

However, things in Hell look much worse than our theater directors imagine, — if they did know what is going on there, they would never permit such stuff to be played as they do. For in Hell it is infernally hot, and when I was there, in the dog-days, it was past endurance. Madame — you can have no idea of Hell! We have very few official returns from that place. Still it is rank calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read all day long all the dull sermons which were ever printed on earth. Bad as Hell is, it has not quite come to that, — Satan will never invent such refinements of torture. On the other hand, Dante's description is too mild — I may say, on the whole, too poetic. Hell appeared to me like a great town kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which were placed three rows of iron pots, and in these sat the damned, and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils

poked the fire up under them with especial good-will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed odd enough—as for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realize what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn forever. I heard one of the latter, as a square-built, burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out from his pot—“Spare me! I was once Socrates, the wisest of mortals—I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue.” But the clumsy, stupid devil went on with his work, and grumbled—“Oh, shut up, there! All heathens must burn, and we can’t make an exception for the sake of a single man.” I assure you, Madame, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, croaking, crying, quacking, cracking, growling, grunting, yelling, squealing, wailing, trilling—and through all this terrible turmoil there rang distinctly the fatal melody of the Song of the Unwept Tear.

CHAPTER II

“She was worthy of love, and he loved her. He, however, was not lovable, and she did not love him.”

MADAME! that old play is a tragedy, though the hero in it is neither killed nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful—very beautiful:—Madame, do you scent the perfume of violets?—very beautiful, and yet so piercing that they struck like poignards of glass through my heart and probably came out through my back—and yet I was not killed by those treacherous, murderous eyes. The voice of the heroine was also sweet—Madame, was it a nightingale you heard sing just as I spoke?—a soft, silken voice, a sweet web of the sunniest tones, and my soul was entangled in it and choked and tormented itself. I myself—it is the Count of Ganges who now speaks, and as the story goes on, in Venice—I myself soon had enough of those tortures, and

had thoughts of putting an end to the play in the first act, and of shooting myself through the head, foolscap and all. Therefore I went to a fancy store in the Via Burstah, where I saw a pair of beautiful pistols in a case — I remember them perfectly well — near them stood many ornamental articles of mother-of-pearl and gold, steel hearts on gilt chains, porcelain cups with delicate devices, and snuff-boxes with pretty pictures, such as the divine history of Susannah, the Swan Song of Leda, the Rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous creature, with naked bosom, in which she was lazily sticking a dagger; the late Bethmann, la belle Ferronnière — all enrapturing faces — but I bought the pistols without much ado, and then I bought balls, then powder, and then I went to the restaurant of Signor Somebody, and ordered oysters and a glass of Hock.

I could eat nothing, and still less could I drink. The warm tears fell in the glass, and in that glass I saw my dear home, the blue, holy Ganges, the ever gleaming Himalaya, the giant banyan woods, amid whose broad arcades calmly wandered wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims, strange dream-like flowers gazed on me with meaning glance, wondrous golden birds sang softly, flashing sun-rays and the droll, silly chatter of monkeys pleasantly mocked me, from far pagodas sounded the pious prayers of priests, and amid them rang the melting, wailing voice of the Sultanness of Delhi — she ran wildly around in her carpeted chamber, she tore her silver veil, she struck with her peacock fan the black slave to the ground, she wept, she raged, she cried. — I could not hear what she said, the restaurant of Signor Somebody is three thousand miles distant from the Harem of Delhi, besides the fair Sultanness had been dead three thousand years — and I quickly drank up the wine, the clear, joy-giving wine, and yet my soul grew darker and sadder — I was condemned to death.

* * * * *

As I left the restaurant, I heard the “bell of poor sinners” ring, a crowd of people swept by me; but I placed myself at the corner of the Strada San Giovanni, and recited the following monologue: —

In ancient tales they tell of golden castles,
Where harps are sounding, lovely ladies dance,

And trim attendants serve, and jessamine,
Myrtle and roses spread their soft perfume —
And yet a single word of sad enchantment,
Sweeps all the glory of the scene to naught,
And there remains but ruins old and gray,
And screaming birds of night and foul morass, —
E'en so have I with a short single word,
Enchanted Nature's blooming loveliness.
There lies she now, lifeless and cold and pale,
E'en like a monarch's corse laid out in state,
The royal deathly cheeks fresh stamed with rouge,
And in his hand the kingly scepter laid,
Yet still his lips are yellow and most changed,
For they forget to dye them, as they should,
And mice are jumping o'er the monarch's nose,
And mock the goldenscepter in his grasp.

It is an universal regulation, Madame, that every one should deliver a soliloquy before shooting himself. Most men, on such occasions, use Hamlet's "To be, or not to be." It is an excellent passage, and I would gladly have quoted it — but charity begins at home, and when a man has written tragedies himself, in which such farewell-to-life speeches occur, as for instance, in my immortal "Almansor," it is very natural that one should prefer his own words even to Shakespeare's. At any rate the delivery of such speeches is an excellent custom; for thereby one gains at least a little time. And as it came to pass that I remained a long time standing on the corner of the Strada San Giovanni — and as I stood there like a condemned criminal awaiting death, I raised my eyes, and suddenly beheld her.

She wore her blue silk dress and rose-red bonnet, and her eyes beamed on me so mild, so death-conqueringly, so life-givingly. — Madame, you well know, that when the vestals in ancient Rome met on their way a malefactor condemned to death, they had the right to pardon him, and the poor rogue lived. — With a single glance she saved my life, and I stood before her revived, and dazzled by the sunny gleaming of her beauty, and she passed on — and left me alive.

CHAPTER III

AND she saved my life, and I live, and that is the main point.

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady love adorn their graves with garlands and water them with the tears of true love,— Oh, women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me!— but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered; it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity who has taken French leave of the tippling multitude of immortals, and has lain down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams—and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The “Iliad,” Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, the Medicean Venus, the Cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, Hegel and steamboats, etc., etc., are other good thoughts in this divine dream—but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles—and our world has run to nothing—yes, has never been.

No matter! I live. If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of Death. Life is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils. Berlin lieutenants of the guard may sneer and call it cowardice, because the Prince of Homburg shudders when he beholds his open grave. Henry Kleist had, however, as much courage as his high-breasted, tightly laced colleagues, and has, alas! proved it. But all great, powerful souls love life. Goethe’s Egmont does not cheerfully take leave “of the cheerful wontedness of being and action.” Immermann’s Edwin clings to life “like a child upon the mother’s breast” And though he finds it hard to live by stranger mercy, he still begs for mercy: “For life and breath is still the best of boons.”

When Odysseus in the lower world regards Achilles as the leader of dead heroes, and extols his renown among the living, and his glory even among the dead, the latter replies:—

"No more discourse of death, consolingly, noble Odysseus!
Rather would I in the field as daily laborer be toiling.
Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,
Than 'mid the infinite host of long-vanished mortals be ruler."

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Lyon to fight with pistols and said to him: "If you do not meet me, Mr. Lyon, you are a dog"; the latter replied, "I would rather be a live dog than a dead lion!" — and was right. I have fought often enough, Madame, to dare to say this — God be praised! I live! Red life boils in my veins, earth yields beneath my feet, in the glow of love I embrace trees and statues, and they live in my embrace. Every woman is to me the gift of a world. I revel in the melody of her countenance, and with a single glance of my eye I can enjoy more than others with their every limb through all their lives. Every instant is to me an eternity, I do not measure time with the ell of Brabant or of Hamburg, and I need no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live enough in this life, when I live backwards in the life of those who have gone before me, and win myself an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast, and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken Earth from her morning slumber, and Earth trembles with ecstasy, her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun — the sun moves far too slowly, I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. — But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh! then true pleasure first thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.

CHAPTER IV

BUT a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their lonely grave, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up with new desires and new ideas, full of wonder I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honored by but few, scorned by many and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say, laughing, "Thou indolent gray-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth."

Then I will grasp the harp and my old joys and sorrows will awake, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I will see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls — and I will sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It will be my last song, the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound from afar, my eyes intoxicated with sleep will softly close, my soul will reecho with the notes of my harp — perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing, the greenfinches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when at a later day the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh, and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription: "He loved the flowers of the Brenta."

CHAPTER V

MADAME! I have been telling you lies I am not the Count of the Ganges. Never in my life did I see the holy stream, nor the lotus flowers, which are mirrored in its sacred waves. Never did I lie dreaming under Indian palms, nor in prayer before the Diamond Deity Juggernaut, who with his diamonds might have easily aided me out of my difficulties. I have no more been in Calcutta than the turkey, of which I ate yesterday at dinner, had ever been in the realms of the Grand Turk. Yet my ancestors came from Hindustan, and therefore I feel so much at my ease in the great forest of song of Valmiki. The heroic sorrows of the divine Ramo move my heart like familiar griefs, from the flower lays of Kalidasa the sweetest memories bloom, and when a few years ago a gentle lady in Berlin showed me the beautiful pictures, which her father, who had been governor-general in India, had brought from there, the delicately painted, holy, calm faces seemed as familiar to me as though I were gazing at my own family gallery.

Franz Bopp — Madame you have of course read his "Nalus" and his "System of Conjugations" — gave me much information relative to my ancestry, and I now know with certainty that I am descended from Brahma's head, and not from his corns. I have also good reason to believe that the entire "Mahabharata" with its two hundred thousand verses is merely an allegorical love-letter, which my first forefather wrote to my first foremother. Oh! they loved dearly, their souls kissed, they kissed with their eyes, they were both but one single kiss.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough in the silent sea, and sings a song of the love of my ancestors, earnestly gaze the pearls from their shelly cells, the wondrous water flowers tremble with sad longing, the cunning quaint sea-snails bearing on their backs many-colored porcelain towers come creeping onwards, the ocean roses blush with shame, the yellow, sharp-pointed starfish, and the thousand-hued glassy jellyfish quiver and stretch, and all swarm and crowd and listen.

Unfortunately, Madame, this nightingale song is far too long to admit of translation here; it is as long as the world itself — even its mere dedication to Anangas, the God of Love, is

as long as all Sir Walter Scott's novels together, and there is a passage referring to it in Aristophanes, which reads thus:—

“Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
Totototo, totototo, tototinx ”

No, I was not born in India. I first beheld the light of the world on the shores of that beautiful stream in whose green hills folly grows and is plucked in Autumn, laid away in cellars, poured into barrels, and exported to foreign lands.

— In fact, only yesterday I heard some one speaking a piece of folly which, in the year 1818, was imprisoned in a bunch of grapes, which I myself then saw growing on the Johannisberg. — But much folly is also consumed at home, and men are the same there as everywhere: they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are in great trouble and care about the continuation of their race, try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot, never shave until they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion, and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

Mon dieu! if I had faith, so that I could remove mountains — the Johannisberg would be just the mountain which I would transport about everywhere. But not having the requisite amount of faith, fantasy must aid me — and she at once bears me to the beautiful Rhine.

Oh, there is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. In its blue streams are mirrored the mountain shores, with their ruined towers, and woods, and ancient towns. There, before the house door, sit the good people, of a summer evening, and drink out of great cans, and gossip confidently, — how the wine — the Lord be praised! — thrives, and how justice should be free from all secrecy, and Marie Antoinette's being guillotined is none of our business, and how dear the tobacco tax makes the tobacco, and how all mankind are equal, and what a glorious fellow Gorres is

I have never troubled myself much with such conversation, and greatly preferred sitting by the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughing, and let them strike me in the face with flowers, and feigned ill-nature until they told me their secrets, or some other story of equal importance.

Fair Gertrude was half wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away in perfumes in my arms. Fair Katharine melted in musical sweetness when she talked with me, and her eyes were of that pure, perfect internal blue, which I have never seen in animated beings and very seldom in flowers — one gazed so gladly into them and could then ever imagine the sweetest things. But the beautiful Hedwiga loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till the black locks fell down over the blushing countenance, and the gleaming eyes shone forth like stars from a dark heaven. Her diffident lips spoke not a word, and even I could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so eagerly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I had exercised or drunk wine until I was heated. Once I overheard her pious prayer to the image of the Virgin Mary, which she had adorned with leaf gold and illuminated with a glowing lamp, and which stood in a corner of the sitting-room. She prayed to the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, drinking and bathing! I should certainly have been desperately in love with her had she manifested the least indifference, and I was indifferent because I knew that she loved me. Madame, if any one would win my love, they must treat me *en canaille*.

Johanna was the cousin of the three sisters, and I was right glad to be with her. She knew the most beautiful old legends, and when she pointed with the whitest hand in the world through the window out to the mountains where all had happened which she narrated, I became fairly enchanted. The old knights rose visibly from the ruined castles and hewed away at each other's iron clothes, the Lorelei sat again on the mountain summit, singing adown her sweet seductive song, and the Rhine rippled so intelligibly, so calmly — and yet at the same time so mockingly and strangely — and the fair Johanna gazed at me so bewilderingly, so mysteriously, so enigmatically confiding, as though she herself were one with the legend which she narrated. She was a slender, pale beauty, sickly and musing, her eyes were clear as truth itself, her lips piously arched, in her features lay a great untold story — perhaps a love legend? I know not what it

was, nor had I ever courage to ask. When I gazed long upon her I became calm and cheerful—it seemed to me as though there were a tranquil Sunday in my heart, and that the angels were holding church service there.

In such happy hours I told her tales of my childhood, and she listened earnestly to me, and singular! when I could not think of this or that name, she remembered it. When I then asked her with wonder where she had learned the name, she would answer with a smile that she had learned it of a little bird which had built its nest on the sill of her window—and she tried to make me believe that it was the same bird which I once bought with my pocket-money from a hard-hearted peasant boy, and then let fly away. But I believed that she knew everything because she was so pale, and really soon died. She also knew when she must die, and wished that I would leave Andernach the day before. When I bade her farewell she gave me both her hands—they were white, sweet hands, and pure as the Host—and she said: Thou art very good, and when thou art bad, then think of the little dead Veronica.

Did the chattering birds also tell her this name? Often in hours when desirous of recalling the past, I had wearied my brain in trying to think of that dear name, and could not.

And now that I have it again, my earliest infancy shall bloom again in recollections—and I am again a child, and play with other children in the Castle Court at Dusseldorf, on the Rhine.



CHAPTER VI

YES, Madame, there was I born, and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities—those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dulken, Gottingen, and Schoppenstadt—should contend for the honor of having witnessed my birth. Dusseldorf is a town on the Rhine, where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried. And among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Gelden, and the young Herr von Gelden,

who were both such celebrated doctors, and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me, when a child, in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave — she loved rose perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old Canonicus also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there — and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Dussel flows between stone walls, and I said, “William — do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!” and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Dusseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say home I mean the Volkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it, that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant-girl when she shows them the room where I was born and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk — oh, Lord! Madame — should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world, and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Dusseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market Place and there gaze on the colossal

black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armor and a long, hanging wig. When a boy, I was told that the artist who made this statue observed with terror while it was being cast that he had not metal enough to fill the mold, and then all the citizens of the town came running with all their silver spoons, and threw them in to make up the deficiency — and I often stood for hours before the statue wondering how many spoons were concealed in it, and how many apple tarts the silver would buy. Apple tarts were then my passion — now it is love, truth, liberty and crab soup — and not far from the statue of the Prince Elector, at the Theater corner, generally stood a curiously constructed saber-legged rascal with a white apron, and a basket girt around him full of smoking apple tarts, which he well knew how to praise with an irresistible voice. “Here you are! hot apple tarts! just from the oven — see how they smoke — quite delicious!” Truly, whenever in my later years the Evil One sought to win me, he always cried in just such an enticing soprano voice, and I should certainly have never remained twelve hours by the Signora Guilletta, if she had not thrilled me with her sweet perfumed apple-tart tones. And in fact the apple tarts would never have so sorely tempted me, if the crooked Hermann had not covered them up so mysteriously with his white aprons — and it is secrecy, you know, which — but I wander from the subject. I was speaking of the equestrian statue which has so many silver spoons in it, and no soup, and which represents the Prince Elector, Jan Wilhelm.

He was a brave gentleman, 'tis reported, and was himself a man of genius. He founded the picture gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very curiously executed piece of wooden work, consisting of one box within another, which he, himself, had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four and twenty.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over it and slept in peace, and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said “Good morning, father!” — and he replied “Good morning, dear children!”

But there came a sudden change over all this, for one morning when we awoke, and would say "Good morning, father!" the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woolen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read, murmuringly, the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him and asked why we wept? and he replied, "The Prince Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely Electoral coat of arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town councilors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait, even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing "*Ca ira! ca ira!*"

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince Elector had abducted!" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor, that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for

I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered sparsely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in Autumn, one by one all men vanished, and I a poor child wandered in anguish around, until before the willow fence of a deserted farmhouse, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head—but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave—and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing and spelling "The Prince Elector has abducted."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window, there was a sound of drums in the street, and as I entered the sitting-room and wished my father—who was sitting in his white dressing-gown—a good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Archduke Joachim I heard, too, that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man—that he wore his beautiful black hair in flowing locks, that he would shortly enter the town, and in fine that he must please all the ladies. Meanwhile, the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house door and looked at the French troops marching in that joyful race of fame, who, singing and playing, swept over the world, the merry, serious faces of the grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tricolored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the voltigeurs full of vivacity and point d'honneur, and the omnipotent giant-like silver-laced Tambour Major, who cast his baton with a gilded head as high as the second story, and his eyes to the third, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house—in which my mother differed from me—and I hastened to the market-place. There everything looked changed—somewhat as though the world had been new whitewashed. A new coat of arms was placed on the Town Hall, its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery. French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old gentlemen town councilors had put on new faces, and donned their Sunday coats, and

looked at each other Frenchily, and said "Bonjour!" Ladies looked from every window, curious citizens and armed soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the great bronze horse of the Prince Elector, and thence gazed down on the motley crowd.

Our neighbor's Peter, and tall Jack Short nearly broke their necks in accomplishing this feat, and it would have been better if they had been killed outright, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence, while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets, was on this account elected member of a public treadmill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Tall Jack told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time ere this was over. Finally the balcony of the Council House was filled with gaily dressed gentlemen, with flags and trumpets, and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber or like a night-cap into which one has thrown a stone — only that it was not the stone of wisdom — and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases, for instance that "we are now to be made happy" — and at the last words the trumpets sounded out and the people cried hurrah! — and as I myself cried hurrah, I held fast to the old Prince Elector. And it was really necessary that I should, for I began to grow giddy. It seemed to me as if the people were standing on their heads because the world whizzed around, while the old Prince Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me!" — and not till the cannon reechoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climbed slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw the crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg, while he chattered the names of French generals, and I also beheld crooked Gumpertz rolling in the gutter and growling "*Ca ira, ca ira,*" and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and that on that account we had that day no school.

CHAPTER VII

THE next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman Emperors, chronology—the *nomina in im*, the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman Emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever, in later years, have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head. Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the Battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra.—Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now, our tears are dry, and we may say of her, with Hamlet, “Take her for all in all, she was an old woman—we oft shall look upon her like again!” But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with my learning to count!—and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all subtraction, and for this I had a very practical rule—“Four can’t be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one”—but I advise all, in such a case, to

borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

But oh! the Latin!—Madame, you can really have no idea of what a mess it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin. Lucky dogs! they already knew in their cradles the nouns ending in *im*. I on the contrary had to learn it by heart, in the sweat of my brow, but still it is well that I knew it. For if I, for example, when I publicly disputed in Latin, in the College Hall of Gottingen on the 20th of July, 1825—Madame, it was well worth while to hear it—if I, I say, had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the blunder would have been evident to the Freshmen, and an endless shame for me. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*.—These words which have attracted so much attention in the world, effected this, inasmuch as they belonged to a determined class, and yet were withal an exception. And the fact that I have them ready at my finger's ends when I perhaps need them in a hurry, often affords me in life's darkened hours much internal tranquillity and spiritual consolation. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—they are distinguished from the *verbis regularibus* by the fact that the boys in learning them get more whippings—are terribly difficult. In the arched way of the Franciscan cloister near our schoolroom, there hung a large Christ-crucified of gray wood, a dismal image, that even yet at times rises in my dreams and gazes sorrowfully on me with fixed bleeding eyes—before this image I often stood and prayed. “O thou poor and also tormented God, I pray thee, if it be possible, that I may get by heart the irregular verbs!”

I will say nothing of Greek—otherwise I should vex myself too much. The monks of the Middle Ages were not so very much in the wrong when they asserted that Greek was an invention of the Devil. Lord knows what I suffered through it. It went better with Hebrew, for I always had a great predilection for the Jews, although they to this very hour have crucified my good name. In fact I never could get so far in Hebrew as my watch did, which had a much more intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers than I, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits—for instance, it

would not go on Saturday—and it learned the holy language, and was subsequently occupied with its grammar, for often when sleepless in the night I have to my amazement heard it industriously repeating: “katal, katalta, katalki—kittle, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—pikat—pik—pik.”

Meanwhile I learned more of German than of any other tongue, though German itself is not such child's play, after all. For we poor Germans, who have already been sufficiently vexed with having soldiers quartered on us, military duties, poll-taxes, and a thousand other exactions, must needs over and above all this bag Mr Adelung, and torment each other with accusatives and datives. I learned much German from the old Rector Schallmeyer, a brave clerical gentleman, whose protégé I was from childhood. Something of the matter I also learned from Professor Schramm, a man who had written a book on eternal peace, and in whose class my schoolfellows quarreled and fought with unusual vigor.

And while thus dashing on in a breath, and thinking of everything, I have unexpectedly found myself back among old school stories, and I avail myself of this opportunity to mention, Madame, that it was not my fault, if I learned so little of geography that later in life I could not make my way in the world. For in those days the French made an intricate mixture of all limits and boundaries, every-day lands were recolored on the world's map; those which were once blue suddenly became green, many indeed were even dyed blood-red, the old established rules were so confused and confounded that the Devil himself would never have remembered them. The products of the country were also changed, chicory and beets now grew where only hares and hunters running after them were once to be seen; even the character of different races changed, the Germans became pliant, the French paid compliments no longer, the English ceased making ducks and drakes of their money, and the Venetians were not subtle enough; there was promotion among princes, old kings obtained new uniforms, new kingdoms were cooked up and sold like hot cakes; many potentates were chased on the other hand from house and home, and had to find some new way of earning their bread, while others went at once at a trade, and manufactured, for instance, sealing-wax, or—Madame, this para-

graph must be brought to an end, or I shall be out of breath—in fine, in such times it is impossible to advance far in geography.

I succeeded better in natural history, for there we find fewer changes and we always have standard engravings of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, etc., etc. And having many such pictures in my memory, it often happens that at first sight many mortals appear to me like old acquaintances.

I also did well in mythology, and took a real delight in the mob of gods and goddesses who ran so jolly naked about the world. I do not believe that there was a schoolboy in ancient Rome who knew the principal points of his catechism—that is, the loves of Venus—better than I. To tell the plain truth, it seems to me that if we must learn all the heathen gods by heart, we might as well have kept them from the first, and we have not perhaps made so much out of our New Roman Trinity or our Jewish unity. Perhaps the old mythology was not in reality so immoral as we imagine, and it was, for example, a very decent idea of Homer to give to the much-loved Venus a husband.

But I succeeded best in the French class of the Abbé d'Aulnoi, a French emigré who had written a number of grammars, and wore a red wig, and jumped about very nervously when he recited his *Art poétique*, and his German history. He was the only one in the whole gymnasium who taught German history. Still French has its difficulties, and to learn it there must be much quartering of troops, much drumming in, much *apprendre par cœur*, and above all, no one should be a *Bête allemande*. From all this resulted many a cross word, and I can remember as though it happened but yesterday, that I got into many a scrape through *la religion*. I was once asked at least six times in succession: "Henri, what is the French for 'the faith'?" And six times, ever more weepingly, I replied, "It is called *le crédit*." And after the seventh question, with his cheeks of a deep red-cherry-rage color, my furious examiner cried, "It is called *la religion*"—and there was a rain of blows and a thunder of laughter from all my schoolmates. Madame!—since that day I never hear the word "religion," without having my back turn pale with terror, and my cheeks turn red with shame. And to tell the honest

truth, le crédit has during my life stood me in better stead than la religion. It occurs to me just at this instant that I still owe the landlord of the "Lion," in Bologna, five dollars, and I pledge you my sacred word of honor that I would willingly owe him five dollars more, if I could only be certain that I should never again hear that unlucky word, la religion, as long as I live.

Parbleu, Madame! I have succeeded tolerably well in French. For I understand not only patois, but even aristocratic governess French. Not long ago, when in noble society, I understood full one half of the conversation of two German countesses, one of whom could count at least sixty-four years, and as many descents. Yes—in the Café Royal, I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens talking French, and could understand every word he spoke, though there was no understanding in anything he said. We must know the spirit of a language, and this is best learned by drumming. Parbleu! how much do I not owe to the French drummer who was so long quartered in our house, who looked like the Devil, and yet had the good heart of an angel, and who above all this drummed so divinely.

He was a little, nervous figure, with a terrible black mustache, beneath which red lips came bounding suddenly outwards, while his wild eyes shot fiery glances all around.

I, a young shaver, stuck to him like a bur, and helped him to clean his military buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipe-clay his vest—for Monsieur Le Grand liked to look well—and I followed him to the watch, to the roll-call, to the parade—in those times there was nothing but the gleam of weapons and merriment—les jours de fête sont passées! Monsieur Le Grand knew but a little broken German, only the three principal words in every tongue—"Bread," "Kiss," "Honor"—but he could make himself very intelligible with his drum. For instance, if I knew not what the word "liberté" meant, he drummed the Marseillaise—and I understood him. If I did not understand the word "égalité," he drummed the march

"Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,
Les aristocrates à la Lanterne!"

and I understood him. If I did not know what bêtise meant,

he drummed the Dessauer March, which we Germans, as Goethe also declares, have drummed in Champagne—and I understood him. He once wanted to explain to me the word “l’Allemagne” and he drummed the all too simple melody, which on market-days is played to dancing dogs—namely, dum—dum—dumb! I was vexed—but I understood him, for all that!

In like manner he taught me modern history. I did not understand, it is true, the words which he spoke, but as he constantly drummed while speaking, I understood him. This is, fundamentally, the best method. The history of the storming of the Bastille, of the Tuileries, and the like cannot be correctly understood until we know how the drumming was done on such occasions. In our school compendiums of history we merely read: “Their excellencies, the Baron and Count, with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid, were beheaded.” “Their highnesses the Dukes and Princes with the most noble spouses of the aforesaid were beheaded.” “His Majesty the King with his most sublime spouse, the Queen, was beheaded.” But when you hear the red march of the guillotine drummed, you understand it correctly, for the first time, and with it the how and the why. Madame—that is really a wonderful march! It thrilled through marrow and bone when I first heard it, and I was glad that I forgot it. People are apt to forget one thing and another as they grow older, and a young man has nowadays so much and such a variety of knowledge to keep in his head—whist, Boston, genealogical registers, parliamentary conclusions, dramaturgy, the liturgy, carving—and yet, I assure you, that despite all my jogging up of my brain, I could not for a long time recall that tremendous tune! And only to think, Madame!—not long ago, I sat one day at table with a whole menagerie of Counts, Princes, Princesses, Chamberlains, Court-Marshal-esses, Seneschals, Upper Court Mistresses, Court-keepers-of-the-royal-plate, Court-hunters’ wives, and whatever else these aristocratic domestics are termed, and their under domestics ran about behind their chairs, and shoved full plates before their mouths—but I, who was passed by and neglected, sat at leisure without the least occupation for my jaws, and kneaded little bread-balls, and drummed with my fingers—

and to my astonishment I found myself suddenly drumming the red, long-forgotten guillotine march!

“And what happened?” — Madame, the good people were not in the least disturbed, nor did they know that other people, when they can get nothing to eat, suddenly begin to drum, and that, too, very queer marches, which people have long forgotten

Is drumming now an inborn talent, or was it early developed in me? — enough, it lies in my limbs, in my hands, in my feet, and often involuntarily manifests itself. I once sat at Berlin in the lecture-room of the Privy Councilor Schmaltz, a man who had saved the state by his book on the “Red and Black Coat Danger.” — You remember, perhaps, Madame, that in Pausanias we are told that by the braying of an ass an equally dangerous plot was once discovered, and you also know from Livy, or from Becker’s “History of the World,” that geese once saved the Capitol, and you must certainly know from Sallust that by the chattering of a loquacious putain, the Lady Livia, that the terrible conspiracy of Catiline came to light. But to return to the mutton aforesaid. I listened to popular law and right, in the lecture-room of the Herr Privy Councilor Schmaltz, and it was a lazy sleepy summer afternoon, and I sat on the bench and little by little I listened less and less — my head had gone to sleep — when all at once I was wakened by the roll of my own feet, which had not gone to sleep, and had probably observed that anything but popular rights and constitutional tendencies was being preached, and my feet which, with the little eyes of their corns, had seen more of how things go in the world than the Privy Councilor with his Juno-eyes — these poor dumb feet, incapable of expressing their immeasurable meaning by words, strove to make themselves intelligible by drumming, and they drummed so loudly, that I thereby came near getting into a terrible scrape.

Cursed, unreflecting feet! They once acted as though they were corned indeed, when I on a time in Gottingen sponged without subscribing on the lectures of Professor Saalfeld, and as this learned gentleman, with his angular activity, jumped about here and there in his pulpit, and heated himself in order to curse the Emperor Napoleon in regular set style, right and

left—no, my poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming then—indeed, I would not have blamed you if in your dumb naïveté you had expressed yourselves by still more energetic movements. How could I, the scholar of Le Grand, hear the Emperor cursed? The Emperor! the Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, all in my memory again becomes summer green and golden. A long avenue of lindens rises blooming around, on the leafy twigs sit singing nightingales, the waterfall rustles, flowers are growing from full round beds, dreamily nodding their fair heads—I stood amidst them once in wondrous intimacy, the rouged tulips, proud as beggars, condescendingly greeted me, the nervous sick lilies nodded with woful tenderness, the tipsy red roses nodded at me at first sight from a distance, the night-violets sighed—with the myrtle and laurel I was not then acquainted, for they did not entice with a shining bloom, but the reseda, with whom I am now on such bad terms, was my very particular friend.—I am speaking of the court garden of Dusseldorf, where I often lay upon the bank, and piously listened there when Monsieur Le Grand told of the warlike feats of the great Emperor, beating meanwhile the marches which were drummed during the deeds, so that I saw and heard all to the life. I saw the passage over the Simplon—the Emperor in advance and his brave grenadiers climbing on behind him, while the scream of frightened birds of prey sounded around, and avalanches thundered in the distance—I saw the Emperor with flag in hand on the bridge of Lodi—I saw the Emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo—I saw the Emperor mounted in the battle of the Pyramids—naught around save powder, smoke and Mamelukes—I saw the Emperor in the battle of Austerlitz—ha! how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road!—I saw, I heard the battle of Jena—dum, dum, dum—I saw, I heard the battles of Eylau, of Wagram—no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed so that I nearly burst my own sheepskin.

CHAPTER VIII

BUT what were my feelings when I first saw with highly blest and with my own eyes him, hosanna ! the Emperor !

It was exactly in the avenue of the Court Garden at Dusseldorf. As I pressed through the gaping crowd, thinking of the doughty deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had drummed to me, my heart beat the "general march" — yet at the same time I thought of the police regulation, that no one should dare under penalty of five dollars' fine ride through the avenue. And the Emperor with his cortège rode directly down the avenue. The trembling trees bowed towards him as he advanced, the sun-rays quivered, frightened, yet curiously through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white palfrey which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly — had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, almost lazily, holding with one hand his rein, and with the other good-naturedly patting the neck of the horse. — It was a sunny marble hand, a mighty hand — one of the pair which bound fast the many-headed monster of anarchy, and reduced to order the war of races — and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble Greek and Roman busts, the traits were as nobly proportioned as in the antiques, and on that countenance was plainly written, "Thou shalt have no Gods before me !" A smile, which warmed and tranquilized every heart, flitted over the lips — and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle — *et la Prusse n'existaît plus* — those lips needed but to whistle — and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing — those lips needed but to whistle — and the entire holy Roman realm would have danced. It was an eye, clear as Heaven, it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a glance all things at once, and as they were in this world, while we ordinary mortals see them only one by one, and by their shaded hues. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there, and there was a quiver

which swept over the brow, and those were the creative thoughts, the great seven-mile-boots thoughts, wherewith the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world — and I believe that every one of those thoughts would have given to a German author full material wherewith to write all the days of his life.

CHAPTER IX

THE Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Indian Sea lies his lonely grave, and he for whom the world was too narrow, lies silently under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a gentle little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with unerring pen, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like spirit tones, through thousands of years.

Britannia! the sea is thine. But the sea hath not water enough to wash away the shame with which the death of that Mighty One hath covered thee. Not thy windy Sir Hudson — no, thou thyself wert the Sicilian bravo with whom perjured kings bargained, that they might revenge on the man of the people that which the people had once inflicted on one of themselves. — And he was thy guest, and had seated himself by thy hearth.

Until the latest times the boys of France will sing and tell of the terrible hospitality of the *Bellerophon*, and when those songs of mockery and tears resound across the strait, there will be a blush on the cheeks of every honorable Briton. But a day will come when this song will ring thither, and there will be no Britannia in existence — when the people of Pride will be humbled to the earth, when Westminster's monuments will be broken, and when the royal dust which they enclosed will be forgotten. — And St. Helena is the Holy Grave, whither the races of the East and of the West will make their pilgrimage in ships, with pennons of many a hue, and their hearts will grow strong with great memories of the deeds of the worldly Savior, who suffered and died under Sir Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the evangelists, Las Casas, O'Meara and Autommarchi.

Strange! A terrible destiny has already overtaken the three greatest enemies of the emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted away on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still, as before, professor in Gottingen.

CHAPTER X

It was a clear, frosty morning in autumn as a young man, whose appearance denoted the student, slowly loitered through the avenue of the Düsseldorf Court Garden, often, as in childlike mood, pushing aside with wayward feet the leaves which covered the ground, and often sorrowfully gazing towards the bare trees, on which a few golden-hued leaves still fluttered in the breeze. As he thus gazed up, he thought on the words of Glaucus:—

Like the leaves in the forests, e'en so are the races of mortals;
Leaves are blown down to the earth by the wind, while others are driven
Away by the green budding wood, when fresh upliveth the springtide;
So the races of man — this grows and the other departeth.

In earlier days the youth had gazed with far different eyes on the same trees. When he was a boy he had there sought bird's nests or summer chafers, which delighted his very soul, as they merrily hummed around, and were glad in the beautiful world, and were contented with a sap-green leaf and a drop of water, with a warm sun-ray and with the perfume of the herbage. In those times the boy's heart was as gay as the fluttering insects. But now his heart had grown older, its little sun-rays were quenched, its flowers had faded, even its beautiful dream of love had grown dim; in that poor heart was naught save wanton will and care, and to say the worst — it was my heart.

I had returned that day to my old father town, but I would not remain there overnight, and I longed for Godesberg, that I might sit at the feet of my lady friend and tell of the little Veronica. I had visited the dear graves. Of all my living friends, I had found but an uncle and an aunt. Even when I met once known forms in the street, they knew me no more, and the town itself gazed on me with strange glances. Many



NAPOLLON ON THE BELLEROPHON

From a painting by Orchardson

houses were colored anew, strange faces gazed on me through the window-panes, worn-out old sparrows hopped on the old chimneys, everything looked dead and yet fresh, like a salad growing in a graveyard; where French was once spoken I now heard the Prussian dialect; even a little Prussian court had taken up its retired dwelling there, and the people bore court titles. The hair-dresser of my mother had now become the Court-Hair-Dresser, and there were Court-Tailors, Court-Shoemakers, Court-Bed-Bug-Destroyers, Court-Groggeries — the whole town seemed to be a Court Hospital for courtly spiritual invalids. Only the old Prince Elector knew me, he still stood in the same old place; but he seemed to have grown thinner. For just because he stood in the Market Place, he had had a full view of all the miseries of the time, and people seldom grow fat on such sights. I was as if in a dream, and thought of the legend of the enchanted city, and hastened out of the gate, lest I should awake too soon. I missed many a tree in the Court Garden, and many had grown crooked with age, and the four great poplars which once seemed to me like green giants, had become smaller. Pretty girls were walking here and there, dressed as gaily as wandering tulips. And I had known these tulips when they were but little bulbs; for ah! they were the neighbor's children with whom I had once played "Princess in the Tower." But the fair maidens whom I had once known as blooming roses were now faded roses, and in many a high brow whose pride had once thrilled my heart, Saturn had cut deep wrinkles with his scythe. And now for the first time, and alas! too late, I understood what those glances meant, which they had once cast on the adolescent boy; for I had meanwhile in other lands fathomed the meaning of similar glances in other lovely eyes. I was deeply moved by the humble bow of a man, whom I had once known as wealthy and respectable, and who had since become a beggar. Everywhere in the world, we see that men when they once begin to fall, do so according to Newton's theory, ever faster and faster in ratio as they descend to misery. One, however, who did not seem to be in the least changed was the little baron, who tripped merrily as of old through the Court Garden, holding with one hand his left coat-skirt on high, and with the other swinging hither and thither his

light cane ; — he still had the same genial face as of old, its rosy bloom now somewhat concentrated towards the nose, but he had the same ninepin hat as of old, and the same old queue behind, only that the hairs which peeped from it were now white instead of black. But merry as the old baron seemed, it was still evident that he had suffered much sorrow, — his face would fain conceal it, but the white hairs of his queue betrayed him behind his back. Yet the queue itself seemed striving to lie, so merrily did it shake.

I was not weary, but a fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench, on which I had once carved the name of my love. I could hardly discover it among the many new names, which had since been cut around. Ah! once I slept upon this bench, and dreamed of happiness and love. "Dreams are foams and gleams." And the old plays of childhood came again to my soul, and with them old and beautiful stories! but a new treacherous game, and a new terrible tale ever resounded through all, and it was the story of two poor souls who were false to each other, and went so far in their untruth, that they were at last unfaithful to the good God himself. It is a bad, sad story, and when one has nothing better on hand to do, he can well weep over it. Oh, Lord! once the world was so beautiful, and the birds sang thy eternal praise, and little Veronica looked at me with silent eyes, and we sat by the marble statue before the castle court ; — on one side lies an old ruined castle, wherein ghosts wander, and at night a headless dame in long, trailing black-silken garments sweeps around : — on the other side is a high, white dwelling in whose upper rooms gay pictures gleamed beautifully in their golden frames, while below stood thousands of great books which Veronica and I beheld with longing, when the good Ursula lifted us up to the window. — In later years when I had become a great boy, I climbed every day to the very top of the library ladder, and brought down the topmost books, and read in them so long, that finally I feared nothing — least of all ladies without heads — and became so wise that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures and little Veronica — whose very name I also forgot.

But while I, sitting upon the bench in the Court Garden,

dreamed my way back into the past, there was a sound behind me of the confused voices of men lamenting the ill fortune of the poor French soldiers, who having been taken prisoners in the Russian war and sent to Siberia, had there been kept prisoners for many a long year, though peace had been reestablished, and who now were returning home. As I looked up, I beheld in reality several of these orphan children of Fame. Through their tattered uniforms peeped naked misery, deep sorrowing eyes were couched in their desolate faces, and though mangled, weary, and mostly lame, something of the military manner was still visible in their mien. Singularly enough, they were preceded by a drummer who tottered along with a drum, and I shuddered as I recalled the old legend of soldiers, who had fallen in battle, and who by night rising again from their graves on the battle-field, and with the drummer at their head, marched back to their native city. And of them the old ballad sings thus:—

“He beat on the drum with might and main,
To their old night-quarters they go again;
Through the lighted street they come;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
They march before Sweetheart’s home.

“Thus the dead return ere break of day,
Like tombstones white in their cold array,
And the drummer he goes before;
Trallerie—trallerei—trallera,
And we see them come no more.”

Truly the poor French drummer seemed to have risen but half repaired from the grave. He was but a little shadow in a dirty patched gray capote, a dead yellow countenance, with a great mustache which hung down sorrowfully over his faded lips, his eyes were like burnt-out tinder, in which but a few sparks still gleamed, and yet by one of those sparks I recognized Monsieur Le Grand.

He too recognized me and drew me to the turf, and we sat down together as of old, when he taught me on the drum French and Modern History. He had still the well-known old drum, and I could not sufficiently wonder how he had preserved it from Russian plunderers. And he drummed again

as of old, but without speaking a word. But though his lips were firmly pressed together, his eyes spoke all the more, flashing fiercely and victoriously, as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled, as he again thundered forth the red march of the guillotine. And he drummed, as before, the old battles, the deeds of the Emperor, and it seemed as though the drum itself were a living creature which rejoiced to speak out its inner soul. I heard once more the cannon thunder, the whistling of balls, the riot of battle, the death rage of the Guards—I saw once more the waving flags, again, the Emperor on his steed—but little by little there fell a sad tone in amid the most stirring confusion, sounds rang from the drum, in which the wildest hurrahs and the most fearful grief were mysteriously mingled; it seemed a march of victory and a march of death. Le Grand's eyes opened spirit-like and wide, and I saw in them nothing but a broad white field of ice covered with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow.

I had never imagined that the hard old drum could give forth such wailing sounds as Monsieur Le Grand had drawn from it. They were tears which he drummed, and they sounded ever softer and softer; and like a troubled echo, deep sighs broke from Le Grand's breast. And they became ever more languid and ghostlike, his dry hands trembled, as if from frost, he sat as in a dream, and stirred with his drumstick nothing but the air, and seemed listening to voices far away, and at last he gazed on me with a deep—oh, so deep and entreating a glance—I understood him—and then his head sank down on the drum.

In this life Monsieur Le Grand never drummed more. And his drum never gave forth another sound, for it was not destined to serve the enemies of liberty for their servile roll-calls. I had well understood the last entreating glance of Le Grand, and I at once drew the rapier from my cane, and with it pierced the drum.

CHAPTER XI

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!

But life is in reality so terribly serious, that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. Aristophanes only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laughing mirror of wit, Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggerel of a puppet show, and Shakespeare puts the most agonizing lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool, who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain.

They have all learned from the great First Poet, who, in his World Tragedy in thousands of acts, knows how to carry humor to the highest point, as we see every day. After the departure of the heroes, the clowns and graciosos enter with their baubles and lashes, and after the bloody scenes of the Revolution, there came waddling on the stage the fat Bourbons, with their stale jokes and tender "legitimate" bon mots, and the old noblesse with their starved laughter hopped merrily before them, while behind all swept the pious Capuchins with candles, cross and banners of the Church. Yes — even in the highest pathos of the World Tragedy, bits of fun slip in. It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether some one had not split a herring with it — and on this great stage of the world all passes exactly the same as on our beggarly boards. On it, too, there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their parts, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters' voices sounding above everything, danseuses who create astonishing effects with their legs, and above all costumes which are and ever will be the main thing. And high in Heaven, in the first row of the boxes sit the lovely angels, and keep their lorgnettes on us poor sinners comedianizing here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his splendid seat, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theater cannot be kept up much longer because this one gets too high a

tally erudite quotations often adorn the entire man. Never believe, Madame, that I am wanting in knowledge of titles of books. Moreover, I have caught the knack of those great souls who know how to pick corianders out of biscuit, and citations from college lecture books; and I can also tell whence Bartle brought the new wine. Nay—in case of need, I can negotiate a loan of quotations from my learned friends. My friend G——, in Berlin, is, so to speak, a little Rothschild in quotations, and will gladly lend me a few millions, and if he does not happen to have them about him, I can easily find some cosmopolite spiritual bankers who have. But what need of loans have I, who am a man who stands well with the world, and have my annual income of 10,000 quotations to spend at will? I have even discovered the art of passing off forged quotations for genuine. If any wealthy literary man would like to buy this secret, I will cheerfully sell it for nineteen thousand current dollars—or will trade with him. Another of my discoveries I will impart gratis for the benefit of literature.

I hold it to be an advisable thing when quoting from an obscure author invariably to give the number of his house.

These “good men and bad musicians,” as the orchestra is termed in Ponce de Leon—these unknown authors almost invariably still possess a copy of their long out-of-print works, and to hunt up this latter it is necessary to know the number of their houses. If I wanted, for example, to find Spitta’s “Song Book for Traveling Journeymen Mechanics,”—my dear Madame, where would you look for the book? But if quoted:—

“Vide—‘Song Book for Traveling Journeymen Apprentices,’ by P. Spitta; Lüneburg, Luner Street, No. 2, right hand, around the corner.”

And so you could, if it were worth your while, Madame, hunt up the book. But it is not worth the while.

Moreover, Madame, you can have no idea of the facility with which I quote. Everywhere do I discover opportunities to parade my profound pedantry. If I chance to mention eating, I at once remark in a note that the Greeks, Romans and Hebrews also ate—I quote all the costly dishes which

were prepared by Lucullus's cook—woe me, that I was born fifteen hundred years too late!—I also remark, that these meals were called this, that, or the other by the Romans, and that the Spartans ate black broth. After all, it is well that I did not live in those days, for I can imagine nothing more terrible than if I, poor devil, had been a Spartan. Soup is my favorite dish. Madame, I have thought of going next year to London, but if it is really true, that no soup is to be had there, a deep longing will soon drive me back to the soup flesh-pots of the Fatherland. I could also dilate by the hour on the cookery of the ancient Hebrews, and also descend into the kitchen of the Jews of the present day. I may cite apropos of this the entire Steinweg. I might also allege the refined manner in which many Berlin savants have expressed themselves relative to Jewish eating, which would lead me to the other excellences and preeminences of the chosen people, to which we are indebted, as for instance, their invention of bills of exchange and Christianity—but hold! it will hardly do for me to praise the latter too highly—not having as yet made much use of it—and I believe that the Jews themselves have not profited so much by it as by their bills of exchange. While on the Jews I could appropriately quote Tacitus—he says that they honored asses in their temples—and what a field of rich erudition and quotation opens on us here! How many a noteworthy thing can be adduced on ancient asses as opposed to the modern. How intelligent were the former, and, ah! how stupid are the latter. How reasonably—for instance—spoke the ass of B. Balaam.

Vide Pentat. Lib. — — — —

Madame, I have not the work just at hand, and will here leave a hiatus to be filled at a convenient opportunity. On the other hand, to confirm my assertion of the dulness, tameness, and stupidity of modern asses, I may allege

Vide. — — — — —
 — — — — —
 — — — — —

— — no, I will leave these quotations also unquoted, otherwise I myself will be cited, namely, injuriarum or for

scan. mag. The modern asses are great asses. The antique asses, who had reached such a pitch of refinement—

Vide Gesneri de antiqua honestate asinorum.

(In comment. Gotting. T. II. p. 32.)

— would turn in their graves could they hear how people talk about their descendants. Once "Ass" was an honorable title, signifying as much as "Court Counselor" "Baron," "Doctor of Philosophy." — Jacob compared his son Issachar to one, Homer his hero Ajax, and now we compare Mr. von — to the same!

Madame, while speaking of such asses I could sink deep into literary history, and mention all the great men who ever were in love, for example Abelardus, Picus Mirandola, Borbonius, Curtesius, Angelus Politianus, Raymondus Lullius and Henricus Heineus. While on Love I could mention all the great men who never smoked tobacco, as for instance Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, I myself, — — by chance it happens that we are all five a sort of half and half lawyers — Mabillion could not for an instant endure the piping of another, for in his "*Itinere Germanico*," he complains as regarded the German taverns, "*quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci grave olentis foetor*." On the other hand very great men have manifested an extraordinary partiality for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn in its praise — — Madame, you may not perhaps be aware that Isaac Elzevir published it in 1628, at Leyden, in quarto — and Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an oration in verses on the same subject. Grævius has even composed a sonnet on the soothing herb, and the great Boxhornius also loved tobacco. Bayle in his "*Dict. Hist. et Critiq*" remarks of him that in smoking he wore a hat with a broad brim, in the fore part of which he had a hole, through which the pipe was stuck that it might not hinder his studies. Apropos of Boxhornius, I might cite all the great literati who were threatened with bucks' horns, and who ran away in terror. But I will only mention Joh Georg Martius: *de fuga literatorum, et cetera, etc., etc.* If we go through history, Madame, we find that all great men have been obliged to run away once in their lives: Lot, Tarquin, Moses, Jupiter, Madame de Stael, Nebuchadnezzar, Benjowsky, Mahomet, the whole Prussian army, Gregory VII., Rabbi Jizchak Abar-

banel, Rousseau — — to which I could add very many other names, as for instance those whose names stand on the Black Board of the Exchange.¹

So, Madame, you see that I am not wanting in well-grounded erudition and profundity. Only in Systematology am I a little behindhand. As a genuine German, I ought to have begun this book with a full explanation of its title, as is usual in the holy Roman Empire, by custom and by prescription. Phidias, it is true, made no preface to his Jupiter, as little to the Medicean Venus — I have regarded her from every point of view, without finding the slightest introduction — but the old Greeks were Greeks, and when a man is a decent, honest, honorable German, he cannot lay aside his German nature, and I must accordingly “hold forth” in regular order, on the title of my book.

Madame, I shall consequently proceed to speak

I. Of Ideas.

A. Of Ideas in general.

a. Of reasonable Ideas.

B. Of unreasonable Ideas.

a. Of ordinary Ideas.

β. Of Ideas covered with green leather.

These are again divided into — — — as will appear in due time and place.

CHAPTER XIV

MADAME, have you on the whole an idea of an idea? What is an idea? “There are some good ideas in the build of this coat,” said my tailor to me as he with earnest attention gazed on the overcoat, which dates in its origin from my Berlin dandy days, and from which a respectable, quiet dressing-gown is now to be manufactured. My washerwoman complains that the Reverend Mr. S—— has been putting “ideas” into the head of her daughter, which have made her foolish and unreasonable. The coachman, Pattensen, grumbles out on every occasion, “That’s an idea! that’s an idea!” Yes—

¹ In some German cities the names of absconding bankrupts are permanently placarded on the Exchange.

terday evening he was regularly vexed when I inquired what sort of a thing he imagined an idea to be? And vexedly did he growl, "Nu, nu, — an idea is an idea! — an idea is any d——d nonsense that a man gets into his head." It is in this signification that the word is used as the title of a book, by the Court Counselor Heeren in Gottingen.

The coachman, Pattensen, is a man who can find his way through night and mist over the broad Luneburger Heath; — the Court Councilor Heeren is one who, with equally cunning instinct, can discover the ancient caravan road to the East, and plods on thither as safely and as patiently as any camel of antiquity. We can trust such people, and follow them without doubt, and therefore I have entitled this book "Ideas."

But the title of the book signifies, on that account, as little as the title of its author. It was chosen by him under any inspiration save that of pride, and should be interpreted to signify anything but vanity. Accept, Madame, my most sorrowful assurance that I am not vain. This remark — as you yourself were about to remark — is necessary. My friends, as well as divers more or less contemptible contemporaries, have fully taken care of that in advance of you. You know, Madame, that old women are accustomed to take children down a little when any one praises their beauty, lest praise might hurt the little darlings. You remember, too, Madame, that in Rome, when any one who had gained a military triumph and rode like a god, crowned with glory and arrayed in purple, on his golden chariot with white horses, from the Campus Martius, amid a festal train of lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, elephants, trophy-bearers, consuls, senators, soldiers: then behind him the vulgar mob sang all manner of mocking songs. — And you know, Madame, that in our beloved Germany there are many old women and a very great vulgar mob.

As I intimated, Madame, the ideas here alluded to are as remote from those of Plato as Athens from Gottingen, and you should no more form undue expectations as to the book than as to its author. In fact, how the latter could ever have excited anything of the sort is as incomprehensible to me as to my friends. The Countess Julia explains the matter by assuring us, that when he says anything really witty and orig-

inal, he only does it to humbug the world, and that he is in fact as stupid as any other mortal. That is false—I do not humbug at all—I sing just as my bill grows. I write in all innocence and simplicity whatever comes into my head, and it is not my fault if that happens to be something dashed with genius. At any rate, I have better luck in writing than in the Altona Lottery—I wish that it was the other way—and there come from my pen many heart stunners—many choirs of thought—all of which is done by the Lord, for He who has denied to the most devoted psalm makers and moral poets all beautiful thoughts and all literary reputation, lest they should be praised too much by their earthly fellow creatures, and thereby forget heaven, where the angels have already engaged board for them in advance;—He, I say, provides us other profane, sinful, heretical authors, for whom heaven is as good as nailed up, all the more with admirable ideas and earthly fame, and this indeed from divine grace and mercy, so that the poor souls, since they are really here, be not altogether wanting, and that they may at least enjoy upon earth some of that joy which is denied to them in heaven.

Vide Goethe and the tract writers.

You consequently see, Madame, that you can, without distrust, read my writings, as they set forth the grace and mercy of God. I write in blind reliance on his omnipotence. I am in this respect a true Christian author, and, to speak like Gubitz, even in this present paragraph do not know exactly how I am going to bring it to an end, and to effect it I trust entirely to the aid of the Lord. And how could I write without this pious reliance?—for lo! even now there stands before me the devil from Langhoff's printing-office, waiting for copy, and the new-born word wanders warm and wet to the press, and what I at this instant think and feel, may to-morrow be waste paper.

It is all very fine, Madame, to remind me of the Horatian "*nonum prematur in annum.*" This rule, like many others, may be very pretty in theory, but is worth little in practise. When Horace gave to the author that celebrated precept, to let his works lie nine years in the desk, he should also have given with it a receipt for living nine years without food. While Horace was inventing this advice, he sat, in all proba-

bility, at the table of Mæcenases eating roast turkey with truffles, pheasant puddings with venison sauce, ribs of larks with mangled turnips, peacocks' tongues, Indian bird's-nests, and the Lord knows what all, and everything gratis at that. But we, the unlucky ones, born too late, live in another sort of times. Our Mæcenases have an altogether different set of principles; they believe that authors, like medlars, are best after they have lain some time on straw, they believe that literary hounds are spoiled for hunting similes and thoughts if they are fed too high, and when they do take it into their heads to give to some one a feed it is generally the worst dog who gets the biggest piece, — some fawning spaniel who licks the hand, or diminutive "King Charles" who knows how to cuddle up into a lady's perfumed lap, or some patient puppy of a poodle, who has learned some bread-earning science, and who can fetch and carry, dance and drum. While I write this my little pug-dog behind me begins to bark. Be still there, Ami! I did not mean you, for you love me, and accompany your master about, in need and danger, and you would die on my grave, as true-heartedly as many other German dogs, who, turned away, lie before the gates of Germany, and hunger and whine — excuse me, Madame, for digressing, merely to vindicate the honor of my dog: — I now return to the Horatian rule and its inapplicability in the Nineteenth Century, when poets are compelled to make cream-pot love to the Muses — *ma foi*, Madame, I could never observe that rule for four and twenty hours, let alone nine years, my belly has no appreciation of the beauties of immortality. I have thought the matter over and concluded that it is better to be only half immortal and altogether fat, and if Voltaire was willing to give three hundred years of his eternal fame for one good digestion, so would I give twice as much for the dinner itself. And oh, what lovely beautiful eating there is in this world! The philosopher Pangloss is right, it is the best world! But one must have money in this best of worlds. Money in the pocket, not manuscripts in the desk. Mr. Marr, mine host of the "King of England," is himself an author and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe that if I wished to put it into practise he would feed me for nine years.

And why in fact should I practise it? I have so much which is good to write of, that I have no occasion to fritter away time over "tight papers." So long as my heart is full of love, and the heads of my fellow mortals full of folly, I shall never be hot pressed for writing material. And my heart will ever love so long as there are women: should it cool over one, it will immediately fire up over another; and as the King never dies in France, so the Queen never dies in my heart, where the word is, *la reine est morte, vive la reine!* And in like manner the folly of my fellow mortals will live forever. For there is but one wisdom, and it hath its fixed limits, but there are a thousand illimitable follies. The learned casuist and carer for souls, Schupp, even saith that in the world are more fools than human beings.

Vide Schupp's "Instructive Writings," p. 1121.

If we remember that the great Schuppius lived in Hamburg, we may find that his statistical return was not exaggerated. I am now in the same place, and may say that I really become cheerful when I reflect that all these fools whom I see here, can be used in my writings, they are cash down, ready money. I feel like a diamond in cotton. The Lord hath blessed me, the fool crop has turned out uncommonly well this year, and like a good landlord I consume only a few at a time, and lay up the best for the future. People see me out walking, and wonder that I am jolly and cheerful. Like a rich, plump merchant who rubbing his hands with genial joy wanders here and there amid chests, bales, boxes, and casks, even so do I wander around among my people. Ye are all mine own! Ye are all equally dear to me, and I love ye, as ye yourselves love your own gold, and that is more than a little. Oh! how I laughed from my heart when I lately heard that one of my people had asserted with concern that he knew not how I could live — or what means I had — and yet he himself is such a first-rate fool that I could live from him alone as on a capital. Many a fool is, however, to me not only ready money, but I have already determined in my own mind what is to be done with the cash which I intend to write out of him. Thus, for instance, from a certain, well-lined, plump millionaire, I shall write me a certain, well-lined, plump armchair, of that sort which the French call "*chaise*"

percée." From his fat millionairess I will buy me a horse. When I see the plump old gentleman — a camel will get into heaven before that man would ever go through the eye of a needle — when I see him waddling along on the Promenade, a wondrous feeling steals over me, I salute him involuntarily, though I have no acquaintance with him, and he greets me again so invitingly, that I would fain avail myself of his goodness on the spot, and am only prevented by the sight of the many gaily dressed people passing by. His lady wife is not so bad looking — she has, it is true, only one eye, but that is all the greener on that account, her nose is like the tower which looketh forth towards Damascus, her bosom is broad as the billowy sea, and all sorts of ribbons flutter above it like the flags of the ships which have long since sailed over this ocean bosom — it makes one seasick just to glance at it — her neck is quite fair and as plumply rounded as — the simile will be found a little further along — and on the violet-blue curtain which covers this comparison, thousands on thousands of silkworms have spun away their lives. You see, Madame, what a horse I must have in my mind! When I meet this lady, my heart rises within me, I feel at once as if I were ready to ride — I flourish my switch, I snap my fingers, I cluck my tongue — I make all sorts of equestrian movements with my legs — hap! — hey — gee up — g'lang! — and the dear lady smiles on me so intelligently, so full of soul, so appreciatingly as if she read my every thought, — she neighs with her nostrils, she coquettes with the crupper — she curvets, and then suddenly goes off in a dog-trot. And I stand there, with folded arms, looking pleasedly on her as she goes, and reflect whether I shall ride my steed with a curbed bit or a snaffle-bridle, and whether I shall give her an English or a Polish saddle — etc. People who see me standing thus cannot conceive what there can be in the lady which so attracts me. Meddling, scandal-bearing tongues have already tried to make her husband uneasy, and insinuated that I looked on his wife with the eye of a *roué*. But my honest, soft leather chaise percée has answered that he regards me as an innocent, even somewhat bashful youth, who looks carefully, like one desirous of nearer acquaintance, but who is restrained by blushing bashfulness. My noble steed thinks

on the contrary, that I have a free, independent, chivalric air, and that my salutatory politeness only expresses a wish to be invited for once to dinner with her.

You see, Madame, that I can thus use everybody, and that the city directory is really the inventory of my property. And I can consequently never become bankrupt, for my creditors themselves are my profits, or will be changed to such. Moreover, as I before said, I live economically,—d——d economically! For instance, while I write this, I sit in a dark, noisy room, on the “Dusty Street”; but I cheerfully endure it, for I could, if I only chose, sit in the most beautiful garden, as well as my friends and my loves; for I only need at once realize my schnapps-clients. These, Madame, consist of decayed hair-dressers, broken-down panders, bankrupt keepers of eating-houses, who themselves can get nothing to eat—finished blackguards, who know where to seek me, and who, for the wherewithal to buy a drink (money down), furnish me with all the chronique scandaleuse of their quarter of the town. Madame, you wonder that I do not, once for all, kick such a pack out of doors?—why, Madame, what can you be thinking of?—these people are my flowers. Some day I will write them all down in a beautiful book, with the proceeds from which I will buy me a garden, and their red, yellow, blue and variegated countenances now appear to me like the flowers of that fair garden. What do I care, if strange noses assert that these flowers smell of aniseed brandy, tobacco, cheese and blasphemy! My own nose, the chimney of my head, wherein the chimney-sweep of my imagination climbs up and down, asserts the contrary, and smells in the fellows nothing but the perfume of roses, violets, pinks and tuberoses—oh! how gloriously will I some morning sit in my garden, listening to the song of the birds, and warm my limbs in the blessed sunshine, and inhale the fresh breath of the leaves, and, as I glance at the flowers, think of my old blackguards!

At present I sit near the dark “Dusty Street,” in my darker room, and please myself by hanging up in it the greatest “obscurity” of the country—“*Mais est ce que vous verrez plus clair alors?*” Apparently, Madame, such is the case—but do not misunderstand me—I do not mean that

I hang up the man himself, but the crystal lamp which I intend to buy with the money I mean to write out of him. Meanwhile, I believe that it would be clearer through all creation, if we could hang up the "obscurities," not in imagination, but in reality. But if they cannot be hung they must be branded—I again speak figuratively, referring to branding en effigie. It is true that Herr Von White—he is white and innocent as a lily—tried to whitewash over my assertion, in Berlin, that he had really been branded. On account of this, the fool had himself inspected by the authorities, and obtained from them a certificate that his back bore no marks, and he was pleased to regard this negative certificate of arms as a diploma, which would open to him the doors of the best society, and was astonished when they kicked him out—and now he screams death and murder at me, poor devil! and swears to shoot me wherever he finds me. And what do you suppose, Madame, that I intend doing? Madame, from this fool—that is, from the money which I intend to write out of him—I will buy me a good barrel of Rudesheimer Rhine wine. I mention this that you may not think it is a malicious joy which lights up my face whenever I meet the Herr Von White in the street. In fact, I only see in him my blessed Rudesheimer,—the instant I set eyes on him I become cheerful and genial hearted, and begin to trill, in spite of myself, "Upon the Rhine, 'tis there our grapes are growing," "This picture is enchanting fair," "Oh, White Lady." Then my Rudesheimer looks horribly sour—enough to make one believe that he was compounded of nothing but poison and gall—but I assure you, Madame, it is a genuine vintage, and though the inspector's mark be not branded on it, the connoisseur still knows how to appreciate it. I will merrily tap this cask, and should it chance to ferment and threaten to fly out dangerously, I will have it bound down with a few iron hoops, by the proper authorities.

You see, therefore, Madame, that you need not trouble yourself on my account. I can look at ease on all in this world. The Lord has blessed me in earthly goods, and if he has not exactly stored the wine away for me, in my cellar, he at least allows me to work in his vineyard. I only need gather my grapes, press them, barrel them, and there I have

my clear heavenly gift, and if fools do not fly exactly roasted into my mouth, but run at me rather raw, and not even "half baked," still I know how to roast them, baste them, and "give them pepper," until they are tender and savory. Oh, Madame, but you will enjoy it when I some day give a grand fête! Madame, you shall then praise my kitchen. You shall confess that I can entertain my satraps as pompously as once did the great Ahasuerus, when he was king from India even unto the Blacks, over one hundred and seven and twenty provinces. I will slaughter whole hecatombs of fools. That great Philoschnaps, who came, as Jupiter, in the form of an ox, lusted for favor in the eyes of Europa, will supply the roast beef; a tragical tragedian, who, on the stage, when it represented a tragical Persian kingdom, exhibited to us a tragical Alexander, will supply my table with a splendid pig's head, grinning, as usual, sourly sweet, with a slice of lemon in his mouth, and shrewdly decked, by the artistic cook, with laurel leaves; while that singer of coral lips, swan necks, bounding, snowy little arms, little waists, little feet, little kisses, and little assessors, namely, H. Clauren, or, as the pious Berharder girls cry after him on the Frederick's Street, "Father Clauren! our Clauren!" will supply me with all the dishes which he knows how to describe so juicily in his annual little pocket cook-books, with all the imagination of a lusciously longing kitchen-maid. And he shall give us, over and above, an altogether extra little dish, with a little plate of celery, "for which the little heart bounds with love!" A shrewd dried-up maid of honor, whose head is the only part of her which is now of any use, will give us a similar dish, namely, asparagus, and there will be no want of Göttingen sausages, Hamburg smoked beef, Pomeranian geese-breasts, ox-tongues, calves' brains, cheek, gudgeons, cakes, small potatoes, and therewith all sorts of jellies, Berlin pancakes, Vienna tarts, comfits —

Madame, I have already, in imagination, overeaten myself! The Devil take such gormandizing! I cannot bear much — the pig's head acts on me as on the rest of the German public — I must eat a Willibald Alexis salad on it — that purges and purifies. Oh, the wretched pig's head! with the still wretchered sauce, which has neither a Grecian nor a Persian flavor, but

which tastes like tea and soft soap!—Bring me my plump millionaire!

CHAPTER XV

MADAME, I observe a faint cloud of discontent on your lovely brow, and you seem to ask if it is not wrong that I should thus dress fools, stick them on the spit, carbonado them, lard them, and even butcher many which must lie untouched save by the fowls of the air, while widows and orphans cry for want.

Madame, *c'est la guerre*! But now I will solve you the whole riddle. I myself am by no means one of the wise ones, but I have joined their party, and now for five thousand five hundred and eighty-eight years we have been carrying on war with the fools. The fools believe that they have been wronged by us, inasmuch as they believe that there was once in the world but a certain determined quantity of reason, which was thievishly appropriated—the Lord only knows how—by the wise men, and it is a sin which cries to heaven, to see how much sense one man often gets, while all his neighbors, and, indeed, the whole country for miles around, is fairly befogged with stupidity. This is the veritable secret cause of war, and it is most truly a war of defense. The intelligent show themselves, as usual, the calmest, most moderate and most intelligent—they sit firmly fortified behind their ancient Aristotelian works, have much ordnance, and also ammunition, in store—for they themselves were the inventors of powder—and now and then they shoot a well-aimed bomb among their foes. But, unfortunately, the latter are by far the most numerous, and their outcries are terrible, and day by day they do the most cruel deeds of torture—for, in fact, every folly is a torture to the wise. Their military stratagems are often very cunning indeed. Some of the chiefs of the great Fool Army take good care not to admit the secret origin of the war. They have heard that a well-known deceitful man, who advanced so far in the art of falsehood, that he ended by writing false memoirs—I mean Fouché—once asserted that “*les paroles sont faites pour nous cacher nos*

pensées"; and therefore they talk a great deal in order to conceal their want of thought, and make long speeches, and write big books — and if any one is listening, they praise that only spring of true happiness, namely, wisdom; and if any one is looking on at them, they work away at mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical improvements, and so forth — and as a monkey is more ridiculous the more he resembles man, so are these fools more laughable the more reasonably they behave. Other chiefs of the great army are more open-hearted, and confess that their own share of wisdom is not remarkably great, and that perhaps they never had any, but they cannot refrain from asserting that wisdom is a very sour, bitter affair, and, in reality, of but little value. This may perhaps be true, but, unfortunately, they have not wisdom enough to prove it. They therefore jump at every means of vindication, discover new powers in themselves, explain that these are quite as effectual as reason, and, in some cases, much more so — for instance, the feeling, faith, inspiration — and with this surrogate of wisdom, this Poll-parrot reason, they console themselves. I, poor devil, am especially hated by them, as they assert that I originally belonged to their party, that I am a runaway, a fugitive, a bolter — a deserter, who has broken the holiest ties; — yes, that I am a spy, who secretly reveals their plans, in order to subsequently give point to the laughter of the enemy, and that I myself am so stupid as not to see that the wise at the same time laugh at me, and never regard me as an equal. And there the fools speak sensibly enough.

It is true that my party do not regard me as one of themselves, and often laugh at me in their sleeves. I know that right well, though I pretend not to observe it. But my heart bleeds within me, and when I am alone, then my tears flow. I know right well that my position is a false one, that all I do is folly to the wise and a torment to the fools. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the saying, "Stone is heavy and sand is a burden, but the wrath of a fool is heavier than both." And they do not hate me without reason. It is perfectly true, I have torn asunder the holiest bands, when I might have lived and died among the fools, in the way of the law and of God. And oh! I should have lived so com-

fortably had I remained among them! Even now, if I would repent, they would still receive me with open arms. They would invite me every day to dinner, and in the evening ask me to their tea-parties and clubs, and I could play whist with them, smoke, talk politics, and if I yawned from time to time, they would whisper behind my back, "What beautiful feelings!" "A soul inspired with such faith!" — permit me, Madame, that I hereby offer up a tear of emotion — ah! and I could drink punch with them, too, until the proper inspiration came, and then they would bring me in a hackney-coach to my house, anxiously concerned lest I might catch cold, and one would quickly bring me my slippers, another my silk dressing-gown, a third my white nightcap, and finally they would make me a "professor extraordinary," a president of a society for converting the heathen, or head calculator or director of Roman excavations; and then I would be just the man for all this, inasmuch as I can very accurately distinguish the Latin declensions from the conjugations, and am not so apt as other people to mistake a postilion's boot for an Etruscan vase. My peculiar nature, my faith, my inspiration, could, besides this, effect much good during the prayer-meeting — viz., for myself — and then my remarkable poetic genius would stand me in good stead on the birthdays and at the weddings of the great, nor would it be a bad thought if I, in a great national epic, should sing of all those heroes, of whom we know, with certainty, that from their moldering bodies crept worms, who now give themselves out for their descendants.

Many men who are not born fools, and who were once gifted with reason, have on this account gone over to the fools and lead among them a real *pays du Cocagne* life, and those follies which at first so pained them have now become second nature — yes, they are in fact no longer to be regarded as hypocrites, but as true converts. One of these, in whose head utter and outer darkness does not as yet entirely prevail, really loves me, and lately, when I was alone with him, he closed the door, and said, with an earnest voice, "O Fool! you who play the wise man and have not after all as much sense as a recruit in his mother's belly! know you not that the great in the land only elevate those who abase them-

selves, and esteem their own blood less worthy than that of the great? And now you would ruin all among the pious! Is it then such a difficult thing to roll up your eyes in a holy rapture, to hide your arms crossed in faith in your coat sleeve, to let your head hang down like a lamb of God's, and to murmur Bible sayings got by heart! Believe me, no Gracious Highness will reward you for your godlessness, the men of Love will hate, abuse, and persecute you, and you will never make your way either in this world, or in the next!"

Ah, me! it is all true enough! But I have unfortunately contracted this unlucky passion for Reason! I love her though she loves me not again. I give her all, she gives me naught again. I cannot tear myself from her. And as once the Jewish king Solomon in his canticles sang the Christian Church and that too under the form of a black, love-insatiate maiden, so that his Jews might not suspect what he was driving at, so have I in countless lays sung just the contrary, that is to say, reason, and that under the form of a white cold beauty, who attracts and repels me, who now smiles at me, then scorns me, and finally turns her back on me. This secret of my unfortunate love gives you, Madame, some insight into my folly. You doubtless perceive that it is of an extraordinary description, and that it rises, magnificently rises over the ordinary follies of mankind. Read my Radcliffe, my Almanzor, my lyrical Intermezzo — reason! reason! nothing but reason! — and you will be terrified at the immensity of my folly. In the words of Agur, I can say, "I am the most foolish of all mankind, and the wisdom of man is not in me."

High in the air rises the forest of oaks, high over the oaks soar the eagle, high over the eagle sweep the clouds, high over the clouds gleam the stars, — Madame, is not that too high? eh bien — high over the stars sweep the angels, high over the angels rises — no, Madame, my folly can bring it no higher than this. It soars high enough! It grows giddy before its own sublimity. It makes of me a giant in seven-mile boots. At noon I feel as though I could devour all the elephants of Hindustan, and then pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg cathedral; in the evening I become so sentimental that I would fain drink up the Milky Way with-

out reflecting how indigestible I should find the little fixed stars, and by night there is the Devil himself broke loose in my head and no mistake. For then there assemble in my brain the Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthaginians, Berliners, Romans, Spartans, Flatheads, and Chuckleheads—Madame, it would be too wearisome should I continue to enumerate all these people. Do you only read Herodotus, Livy, the Magazine of Haude and Spener, Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, the “Companion.”—Meanwhile, I will eat my breakfast, this morning I do not get along very well with my writing, the blessed Lord leaves me in the lurch—Madame, I even fear—yes, yes, you remarked it before I did myself—yes—I see. This morning I have not had any of the real regular sort of divine aid. Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how after the death of Le Grand I came to Godesberg.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN I arrived at Godesberg I sat myself once more at the feet of my fair friend—and near me lay her brown hound—and we both looked up into her lovely eyes.

Ah, Lord! in those eyes lay all the splendor of earth, and an entire heaven besides. I could have died with rapture as I gazed into them, and had I died at that instant my soul would have flown directly into those eyes. Oh! they are indescribable. I must borrow some poet, who went mad for love, from a lunatic asylum, that he may from the uttermost abyss of his madness fish up some simile wherewith to compare those eyes.—(Between you and me, reader, it seems to me that I must be mad enough myself, to want any help in such a business.) “God damn it!” said an English gentleman, “when she looks at a man quietly from head to foot, she melts his coat buttons and heart, all into a lump!” “F—e!” said a Frenchman. “Her eyes are of the largest caliber, and when she shoots one of her forty-two pound glances—crack!—there you are in love!” There was a red-headed lawyer from Mayence, who said that her eyes

resembled two cups of coffee—without cream. He wished to say something sweet, and thought that he had done it—because he always sugared his coffee to death. Wretched, wretched comparisons! I and the brown hound lay quietly at the feet of the fair lady, and gazed and listened. She sat near an old iron-gray soldier, a knightly looking man with cross-barred scars on his terrible brow. They both spoke of the Seven Mountains painted by the evening red, and the blue Rhine which flooded its way along in sublime tranquillity. What did we care for the Seven Mountains and the blue Rhine, and the snowy sailboats which swam thereon, and the music which rang from one particular boat, or the jackass of a student who, seated in it, sang so meltingly and beautifully. I and the brown hound both gazed into the eyes of our fair friend, and looked at the face which came forth rosy pale from amid its black braids and locks, like the moon from dark clouds. The features were of the noblest Grecian type, the lips boldly arched, over which played melancholy, rapture, and childlike fantasy; and when she spoke, the words were breathed forth almost sighingly, and then again shot out impatiently and rapidly—and when she spoke, and her speech fell softly as snow, yet like a warm genial flower shower from her lovely mouth—oh, then the crimson of evening fell gently over my soul, and through it flitted with ringing melody the memories of childhood; but, above all, like a fairy bell there pealed within the voice of the little Veronica—and I grasped the fair hand of my lady friend, and pressed it to my eyes, till the ringing in my soul had passed away—and then I leaped up and laughed, and the hound bayed, and the brow of the old general wrinkled up sternly, and I sat down again and clasped and kissed the beautiful hand, and told and spoke of little Veronica.

CHAPTER XVII

MADAME—you wish me to describe the appearance of the little Veronica? But I will not. You, Madame, cannot be compelled to read more than you please, and I on the other

hand have the right to write exactly what I choose. But I will now tell what the lovely hand was like, which I kissed in the previous chapter.

First of all I must confess—that I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a lovely hand—so tender, so transparent, so perfumed, brilliant, sweet, soft, beautiful—by my faith, I must send to the apothecary for twelve shillings' worth of adjectives.

On the middle finger there sat a ring with a pearl—I never saw a pearl which played a more sorrowful part—on the marriage finger she wore a ring with a blue antique—I have studied archeology in it for hours—on the forefinger she wore a diamond—it was a talisman, as long as I looked at it I was happy, for wherever it was, there too was the finger with its four friends—and she often struck me on the mouth with all five of them. Since I was thus manipulated I believe fast and firm in animal magnetism. But she did not strike hard, and when she struck I always deserved it by some godless speech, and as soon as she had struck me, she at once repented it, and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave me one half and the brown hound the other half, and smiled, and said, "Neither of you have any religion, and you will never be happy, and so you must be fed with cakes in this world, for there will be no table spread for you in Heaven." And she was more than half right, for in those days I was very irreligious, and read Thomas Paine, the "*Système de la Nature*," the "*Westphalian Advertiser*," and *Schleiermacher*, letting my beard and my reason grow together, and had thoughts of enrolling myself among the Rationalists. But when that soft hand swept over my brow, my "reason" stood still, and sweet dreams came into my soul, and I again dreamed that I heard gentle songs of the Virgin Mother, and I thought on the little Veronica.

Madame, you can hardly imagine how beautiful little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning candles as they stood around cast a glow on the white smiling little face, and on the red silk roses and rustling gold spangles with which the head and the little shroud were decked—good old Ursula had led me at evening into the silent chamber, and as I looked at the little corpse laid amid lights and

flowers on the table, I at first believed that it was a pretty saint's image of wax. But I soon recognized the dear face, and asked, smilingly, why little Veronica lay so still? And Ursula said, "Because she is dead, dear!"

And as she said, "Because she is dead —" But I will go no further to-day with this story, it would be too long, besides I should first speak of the lame magpie which hopped about the castle courtyard, and was three hundred years old, and then I could become regularly melancholy. A fancy all at once seizes on me to tell another story, which is a merry one, and just suits this place, for it is really the history itself which I propose to narrate in this book.

CHAPTER XVIII

NIGHT and storm raged in the bosom of the knight. The poniard blows of slander had struck to his heart, and as he advanced sternly along over the bridge of San Marco, the feeling stole over him as though that heart must burst and flow away in blood. His limbs trembled with weariness—the noble quarry had been fiercely hunted during the live-long summer day—the drops fell from his brow, and as he entered the gondola, he sighed heavily. He sat unthinkingly in the black cabin of the gondola—unthinkingly the soft waves shook him and bore him along the well-known way to the Brenta—and as he stepped out before the well-known palace, he heard that the "Signora Laura was in the Garden."

She stood leaning on the statue of the Laocoon, near the red rose tree, at the end of the terrace, near the weeping willows, which hung down mournfully over the water. There she stood, smiling, a pale image of love, amid the perfume of roses. At the sight he suddenly awaked as from some terrible dream, and was at once changed to mildness and longing. "Signora Laura," said he, "I am wretched and tormented with hatred and oppression and falsehood"—and here he suddenly paused and stammered,—"but I love you"—and then a tear of joy darted into his eye, and with palpitating heart he cried,—"be my own love and love me!" . . .

There lies a veil of dark mystery over that hour, no mortal has ever known what Signora Laura replied, and when they ask her guardian angel in Heaven what took place, he hides his face, and sighs, and is silent.

Solitary and alone stood the knight by the statue of the Laocoon — his own face was not less convulsed and deathly pale, unconsciously he tore away the roses from the rose-tree — yes, he plucked even the young buds. Since that hour the rose-tree never bore another floweret — far in the dim distance sang an insane nightingale — the willows whispered in agony, mournfully murmured the cool waves of the Brenta, night rose on high with her moon and stars — and one star, the loveliest of all, fell adown from Heaven!



CHAPTER XIX

Vous pleurez, Madame?

Oh, may the eyes which shed such lovely tears long light up the world with their rays, and may a warm and loving hand close them in the hour of death? A soft pillow, Madame, is also a very convenient thing when dying, and I trust that you will not be without it; and when the fair, weary head sinks down, and the black locks fall in waves over the fast-fading face, oh, then, may God repay those tears which have fallen for me — for I myself am the knight for whom you wept — yes, I am the erring errant Knight of Love, the Knight of the Fallen Star!

Vous pleurez, Madame!

Oh, I understand those tears! Why need I longer play a feigned part? You, Madame, you yourself are that fair lady, who wept so softly in Godesberg, when I told the sad story of my life. Like drops of pearly dew over roses, the beautiful tears ran over the beautiful face — the hound was silent, the vesper chimes pealed far away in Königswinter, the Rhine murmured more gently, night covered the earth with her black mantle, and I sat at your feet, Madame, and looked on high into the starry heaven. At first I took your eyes also for two stars? But how could any one mistake such eyes for

stars? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep over the misery of a man who is so wretched that he cannot weep.

And I had a particular reason for not mistaking those lovely eyes—for in them dwells the soul of little Veronica.

I have reckoned it up, Madame, you were born on the very day on which Veronica died. Johanna, in Andernach, told me that I would find little Veronica again in Godesberg—and I found her and knew her at once. That was a sad chance, Madame, that you should die, just as the beautiful game was about to begin. Since pious Ursula said to me, "It is death, dear," I have gone about solitary and serious in great picture-galleries, but the pictures could not please me as they once did—they seemed to have suddenly faded—there was but a single work which retained its color and brilliancy—you know, Madame, to which piece I refer:

It is the Sultan and Sultanness of Delhi.

Do you remember, Madame, how we stood long hours before it, and how significantly good Ursula smiled, when people remarked that the faces in that picture so much resembled our own? Madame, I find that your likeness is admirably taken in that picture, and it passes comprehension how the artist could have so accurately represented you, even to the very garments which you then wore. They say that he was mad and must have dreamed your form. Or was there perhaps a soul in the great holy monkey who waited on you, in those days, like a page?—in that case he must certainly remember the silver-gray veil, on which he once spilled red wine, and spoiled it. I was glad when you lost him, he did not dress you remarkably well, and at any rate, the European dress is much more dressy than the Indian—not but that beautiful women are lovely in any dress. Do you remember, Madame, that a gallant Brahmin—he looked for all the world like Ganesa, the god with an elephant's trunk, who rides on a mouse—once paid you the compliment that the divine Maneka, as she came down from Indra's golden hill to the royal penitent Wiswamitra, was not certainly fairer than you, Madame?

What—forgotten it already!—Why, it cannot be more than three thousand years since he said that, and beautiful women are not wont to forget delicate flattery so quickly.

However, for men, the Indian dress is far more becoming than the European. O my rosy-red lotus-flowered pantaloons of Delhi! had I worn ye when I stood before the Signora Laura and begged for love—the previous chapter would have rung to a different tune! Alas! alas! I wore straw-colored pantaloons, which some sober Chinese had woven in Nankeen—my ruin was woven with them—the threads of my destiny—and I was made miserable.

Often there sits in a quiet old German coffee-house a youth, silently sipping his cup of Mocha; and, meanwhile, there blooms and grows in far distant China, his ruin, and there it is spun and woven, and despite the high wall of China, it knows how to find its way to the youth who deems it but a pair of Nankeen trousers, and all unheeding, in the gay buoyancy of youth, he pulls them on, and is lost forever! And, Madame, in the little breast of a mortal, so much misery can hide itself, and keep itself so well hid there, that the poor man himself for days together does not feel it, and is as jolly as a piper, and merrily dances and whistles and trolls—lalarallala, lalarallala—la—la—la.



CHAPTER XX

She was amiable and he loved her, but he was not worthy of love, and she did not love him. — *Old Play.*

AND for this nonsensical affair you were about to shoot yourself?

Madame, when a gentleman desires to shoot himself, he generally has ample reason for it—you may be certain of that. But whether he himself knows what these reasons are is another question. We mask even our miseries, and while we die of bosom wounds, we complain of the toothache.

Madame, you have, I know, a remedy for the toothache?

Alas! I had the toothache in my heart. That is a wearying pain, and requires plugging—with lead, and with the tooth-powder invented by Berthold Schwartz.

Misery gnawed at my heart like a worm, and gnawed—

the poor devil of a Chinese was not to blame, I brought the misery with me into the world. It lay with me in the cradle, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me, and when she sang me to sleep, it slept with me, and it awoke when I opened my eyes. When I grew up, it grew with me, until it was altogether too great and burst my — —.

Now we will speak of other things — of virgins' wreaths, masked balls, of joy and bridal pleasure — lalarallala, lalarallala, lalaral — la — la — la.

A NEW SPRING

MOTTO: A pine-tree stands alone
In the north — — —
— — — —
He is dreaming of a palm
Which afar — — —
— — — —

PROLOGUE

O FT in galleries of Art
On a pictured knight we glance,
Who to battle will depart,
Arméd well with shield and lance.

But young Cupids mocking round him,
Bear his lance and sword away,
And with rosy wreaths they've bound him,
Though he strives as best he may.

Thus to pleasant fetters yielding,
Still I turn the idle rhyme,
While the brave their arms are wielding
In the mighty strife of Time.

When 'neath snow-white branches sitting,
Far thou hearest the wild-wind chiding,
Seest the silent clouds above thee,
In their wintry garments hiding ;

Seest that all seems cold and deathlike,
Wood and plain lie shorn before thee,
E'en thy heart is still and frozen,
Winter round and winter o'er thee.

All at once adown come falling
Pure white flakes, and then thou grievest,
That the weary, dreary winter
Should return, as thou believest.

But those are not snowflakes falling,
Soon thou mark'st with pleasant wonder
That they all are perfumed blossoms,
From the tree thou sittest under.

What a thrilling sweet amazement !
Winter turns to May and pleasure ;
Snow is changed to lovely spring flowers,
And thou find'st a new heart's treasure.

In the wood all softly greeneth,
As if maidenlike 'twould woo thee ;
And the sun from Heaven smileth :
" Fair young spring, a welcome to thee ! "

Nightingale ! I hear thy singing,
As thou flutest, sweetly moving,
Sighing long-drawn notes of rapture,
And thy song is all of loving

The lovely eyes of the young spring night,
So softly down are gazing—
Oh, the love which bore thee down with might,
Erelong will thy soul be raising.

All on yon linden sits and sings,
The nightingale soft trilling ;
And as her music in me rings,
My soul with love is thrilling.

I love a fair flower, but I know not its name ;
Oh, sorrow and smart !
I look in each flower cup — my luck is the same :
For I seek for a heart

The flowers breathe their perfumes — in evening's red shine,
The nightingale trills.
I seek for a heart which is gentle as mine,
Which as tenderly thrills.

The nightingale sings, and I know what she says
In her beautiful song :
We both are love weary and lorn in our lays,
And oh ! sorrow is long.

Sweet May lies fresh before us,
To life the young flowers leap,
And through the Heaven's blue o'er us
The rosy cloudlets sweep.

The nightingale is singing,
Adown from leafy screen,
And young white lambs are springing
In clover fresh and green.

I cannot be singing and springing,
I lie on the grassy plot,
I hear a far-distant ringing,
I dream and I know not what.

Softly ring and through me spring,
The sweetest tones to-day ;
Gently ring, small song of spring,
Ring out and far away.

Ring and roam unto the home,
Where violets you see,
And when unto a rose you come,
Oh, greet that rose for me.

The butterfly long loved the beautiful rose,
And flirted around all day ;
While round him in turn with her golden caress,
Soft fluttered the sun's warm ray.

But who was the lover the rose smiled on,
Dwelt he near the sweet lady or far?
And was it the clear-singing nightingale,
Or the bright distant Evening Star?

I know not with whom the rose was in love,
But I know that I loved them all.
The butterfly, rose, and the sun's bright ray,
The star and the bird's sweet call.

Yes — all the trees are musical
Soft notes the nests inspire ;
Who in the greenwood orchestra
Leads off the tuneful choir ?

Is it yon gray old lapwing,
Who nods so seriously ;
Or the pedant who cries "cuckoo"
In time, unweariedly?

Is it the stork who sternly
As though he led the band,
Claps with his legs, while music
Pipes sweet on either hand?

No — in my heart is seated
The one who rules those tones,
As my heart throbs he times them,
And love's the name he owns.

"In the beginning sweetly sang
The nightingale in love's first hours,
And as she sang, grew everywhere
Blue violets, grass, and apple flowers.

"She bit into her breast — out ran
The crimson blood, and from its shower
The first red rose its life began,
To which she sings of love's deep power.

“ And all the birds which round us trill,
Are saved by that sweet blood they say ;
And if the rose song rang no more,
Then all were lost and passed away.”

Thus to his little nestlings spoke
The sparrow in the old oak-tree ;
Dame sparrow oft his lecture broke,
Throned in her brooding dignity.

She leads a kind, domestic life,
And nurses well with temper good ;
To pass his time, the father gives
Religious lessons to his brood.

The warm, bewildering spring night air
Wakes flow'rets on the plain ,
And oh, my heart, beware, beware,
Or thou wilt love again.

But say — what flower on hill, or dale,
Will snare this willing heart ?
I'm cautioned by the nightingale
Against the lily's art.

Trouble and torment — I hear the bells ring ?
And oh ! to my sorrow, I've lost my poor head !
Two beautiful eyes, and the fresh growing spring,
Have plotted to capture me, living or dead.

The beautiful spring, and two lovely young eyes,
Once more this poor heart in their meshes have got.
The rose and the nightingale — yonder she flies,
Are deeply involved in this terrible plot.

Ah me, for tears I'm burning,
Soft, sorrowing tears of love,
Yet I fear this wild, sad yearning
But too well my heart will move.

Ah ! love's delicious sorrow,
And love's too bitter joy
With its heavenly pains, ere morrow
Will my half-won peace destroy.

The spring's blue eyes are open,
Up from the grass they look ;
I mean the lovely violets,
Which for a wreath I took.

I plucked the flowers while thinking,
And my thoughts in one sad tale,
To the breezes were repeated,
By the listening nightingale.

Yes — every thought she warbled,
As from my soul it rose,
And now my tender secret,
The whole green forest knows.

When thou didst pass beside me,
Thy soft touch thrilled me through,
Then my heart leaped up and wildly
On thy lovely traces flew.

Then thou didst gaze upon me,
With thy great eyes looking back,
And my heart was so much frightened,
It scarce could keep the track.

The graceful water-lily
Looks dreamily up from the lake,
And the moon looketh lovingly on her,
For light love keeps fond hearts awake.

Then she bows her small head to the water,
Ashamed those bright glances to meet,
And sees the poor, pale lily lovers
All lying in love at her feet.

If thou perchance good eyesight hast,
When with my works thou'rt playing,
Thou'lt see a beauty up and down
Among the ballads straying.

And if perchance good ears are thine,
Oh, then thou may'st rejoice,
And thy heart may be bewildered,
With her laughing, sighing voice.

And well I ween with glance and word
Full sore she'll puzzle thee,
And thou'lt go dreaming round in love
As once it chanced to me.

What drives thee around in the warm spring night,
Thou hast driven the flowers half crazy with fright ;
The violets no longer are sleeping,
The rose in her night-dress is blushing so red,
The lilies — poor things — sit so pale in their bed
They are crying and trembling and weeping.

Ah, dearest moon ! how gentle and good
Are all these fair flowers — in truth I've been rude ;
I've been making sad work with my walking :
But how could I know they were lurking around,
When bewildered with love I strayed over the ground,
And to the bright planets was talking ?

When thy blue eyes turn on me,
And gaze so soft and meek,
Such dreamy moods steal o'er me,
That I no word can speak.

I dream of those blue glances,
When we are far apart,
And a sea of soft blue memories
Comes pouring o'er my heart.

Once again my heart is living,
And old sorrows pass away ;
Once again the tenderest feelings
Seem reviving with the May.

Evening late and morning early
Through the well-known paths I rove,
Peeping under every bonnet,
Looking for the face I love.

Once again I'm by the river,
On the bridge as in a trance ;
What if she came sailing by me,
What if I should meet her glance !

Now once more 'mid falling water,
Gentle wailings seem to play,
And my heart in beauty catches
All the snow-white waters say.

And once more I dreaming wander
Through the greenwood dark and cool,
While the birds among the bushes
Mock me — poor enamored fool.

The rose breathes perfumes — but if she has feeling
Of what she breathes, or if the nightingale
Feels in herself what through our souls is stealing
When her soft notes are quivering through the vale —

I do not know — yet oft we're discontented
With Truth itself ! and nightingale and rose,
Although their feelings be but lies invented,
Still have their use, as many a story shows.

Because I love thee 'tis my duty
To shun thy face — nay, anger not ;
Would it agree — that dream of beauty
With my pale face so soon forgot ?

But ere I leave thee, let me tell thee,
'Twas all through love this hue I got,
And soon its pallor must repel thee,
And so I'll leave — nay, anger not !

Amid the flowers I wander,
And blossoms as they blow ;
I wander as if dreaming,
Uncertain where I go.

Oh, hold me fast, thou dearest —
I'm drunk with love, d'ye see ?
Or at your feet I'll fall, love,
And yonder is company.

As the moon's reflection trembles
In the wild and wavering deeps,
While the moon herself in silence,
O'er the arch of heaven sweeps ;

Even so I see thee — loved one,
Calm and silent, and there moves
But thine image in my bosom,
For my heart is thrilled and loves.

When both our hearts together,
The holy alliance made ;
They understood each other,
And mine on thine was laid.

But oh — the poor young rosebud,
Which lay just underneath,
The minor, weaker ally,
Was almost crushed to death.

Tell me who first invented the clocks
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks ?
That was some shivering, sorrowful man —
Deep into midnight his reveries ran,

While he counted the nibbling of mice 'round the hall,
And the notes of the deathwatch which ticked in the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss?
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth, full of bliss,
It kissed without thinking and still kissed away.
'Twas all in the beautiful fresh month of May,
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprung,
The sunbeams were shining, the merry birds sung.

How the sweet pinks breathe their perfumes,
How the stars, a wondrous throng,
Like gold bees o'er the blue heaven,
Brightly shining, pass along.

From the darkness of the chestnuts
Gleams the farmhouse white and fair ;
I can hear its glass doors rustle,
And sweet voices whispering there.

Gentle trembling — sweet emotion,
Frightened white arms round me cling,
And the sweet young roses listen,
While the nightingales soft sing.

Have I not dreamed this selfsame dream
Ere now in happier hours?
Those trees the very same do seem,
Love glances, kisses, flowers.

Was it not here that calm and cold,
The moon looked down in state?
Did not these marble gods then hold
Their watch beside the gate?

Alas ! I know how sadly change
These all-too-lovely dreams ;
And as with snowy mantle strange
All chill enveloped seems.

So we ourselves grow calm and cold,
Break off and live apart ;
Yes, we — who loved so well of old
And kissed with heart to heart.

Kisses which we steal in darkness
And in darkness give again ;
Oh, such kisses — how they rapture
A poor soul in living pain.

Half foreboding, half remembering
Thoughts through all the spirit roam ;
Many a dream of days long vanished,
Many a dream of days to come.

But to thus be ever thinking,
Is unthinking, when we kiss ;
Rather weep, thou gentle darling,
For our tears we never miss.

There was an old, old monarch,
His head was gray, and sad his life ;
Alas, the poor old monarch,
He married a fair young wife.

There was a handsome stripling,
Blonde were his locks, and light his mien ;
He bore the train — the silken train,
All of the fair young queen.

Know'st thou the old, old ballad,
It ringeth like a passing bell ;
The queen and page must die — alas !
They loved — and all too well.

Again in my memory are blooming,
Fair pictures long faded away ;
Oh, where in thy voice is the mystery,
Which moves me so deeply to-day ?

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me,
The fairest that Nature can frame ;
The springtime — and with it the spring love,
Must end in warm passion and shame.

Oh, say not, I pray, that thou lov'st me,
And kiss and be silent, I pray,
And smile when I show thee to-morrow
The roses all faded away.

Linden blossoms drunk with moonlight,
Melt away in soft perfume ;
And the nightingales with carols
Thrill the air amid the bloom.

Oh, but is't not sweet, my loved one,
Thus 'neath linden boughs to sit,
While the golden flashing moon-rays,
Through the perfumed foliage flit ?

Every linden leaf above us,
Like a heart is shaped we see,
Therefore, dearest, lovers ever
Sit beneath the linden-tree.

But thou smilest as if wandering
In some distant, longing dream ;
Tell me, dearest, — with what visions
Doth thy busy fancy teem ?

Gladly will I tell thee, dear one,
What I fancied — I would fain
Feel the North wind blowing o'er us
And the white snow fall again —

And that we in furs warm folded
In a sleigh sat side by side,
Bells wild ringing — whips loud cracking
As o'er flood and fields we glide,

In the moonshine — through the forest,
Once I saw the fairies bounding,
Heard their elfin bells soft ringing,
Heard their little trumpets sounding.

Every snow-white steed was bearing
Golden stag-horns, and they darted
Headlong on, like frightened wild fowl,
From their far companions parted.

But the Elf Queen smiled upon me,
Sweetly as she passed before me ;
Was't the omen of a new love,
Or a sign that death hangs o'er me ?

I'll send thee violets to-morrow,
Fresh dripping from the dewy showers ;
At eve again I'll bring thee roses,
Which I have plucked in twilight hours.

And know'st thou what the lovely blossom
To thee — *sub rosa* — fain would say ?
They mean that thou through night shouldst love me,
Yet still be true to me by day.

Thy letter, fickle rover,
Will cause no tearful song ;
Thou sayest that all is over,
And the letter is overlong.

Twelve pages filled completely,
A perfect book, my friend ;
Oh, girls don't write so neatly
When they the mitten send.

Do not fear lest I, unconscious,
Tell my love to those around —
Though my songs with many a figure
Of thy beauty still abound.

In a wondrous flowering forest
Lies well hidden, cowering low,
All the deeply burning mystery,
All its secret, silent glow.

If suspicious flames should quiver
'Mid the roses — let them be ;
No one now believes in flames, love,
But they call them — poetry.

As by daylight, so at midnight,
Spring thoughts in my soul are teeming,
Like a verdant echo, ever
In me ringing, in me beaming.

Then in dreams as in a legend,
Songs of birds are round me trilling,
Yet far sweeter, wild in passion,
Violet breath the air is filling.

Every rose seems ruddier blushing
'Neath a glory, childlike golden,
As in glowing Gothic pictures,
Worn by angels fair and olden.

And I seem as if transformed
To a nightingale, soft singing,
While unto a rose — my loved one —
Dream-like, strange, my notes are ringing.

Till the sun's bright glances wake me,
Or the merry jargoning
Of those other pleasant warblers
Who before my window sing.

With their small gold feet the planets
Step on tiptoe soft and light,
Lest they wake the earth below them
Sleeping on the breast of night.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a soft green ear,
While the mountain as if dreaming,
Holds its arms to cloudlets near.

But what calls me? In my bosom
Rings a soft and flute-like wail,
Was't the accents of the loved one,
Was it but the nightingale?

Ah, spring is sad, and there is sadness
In all its dreams, the flower-decked vale
Seems sorrowful. I hear no gladness
E'en from the singing nightingale.

Smile not so brightly then, my dearest,
Ah, do not smile so sweet to-day,
Or rather weep — but if thou fearest
I'm cold — I'll kiss those tears away.

And from the heart I loved so dearly,
By cruel fate I'm torn away
From that dear heart I loved so dearly,
Ah, knowest thou how fain I'd stay.

The coach rolls on — the bridges thunder,
Beneath I see the dark flood swell,
I'm parted from that loveliest wonder
That heart of hearts I love so well.

Our sweetest hopes rise blooming,
And then again are gone,
They bloom and fade alternate,
And so it goes rolling on.

I know it, and it troubles
My life, my love, my rest,
My heart is wise and witty,
And it bleeds within my breast.

Like an old man stern in feature,
Heaven above me seems to glare,
His burning eyes surrounded
With grisly cloudy hair.

And when on earth he's gazing,
Flower and leaf must wilt away,
Love and song must wither with them
In man's heart — ah, well-a-day !

With bitter soul my poor sad heart still galling,
I go aweary through this world so cold,
Lo, autumn endeth and the mists enfold
The long dead landscape as with heavy walling.

Loud pipe the winds, as if in frenzy calling
To the red leaves which here and there are rolled,
The lorn wood sighs, fogs clothe the barren wold,
And worst of all, I think the rain is falling.

Late autumnal cloud-cold fancies,
Spread like gauze o'er dale and hill,
And no more the green leaf dances
On the branches — ghostlike still.

And amid the grove there's only
One sad tree, as yet in leaf,
Damp with sorrow's tears and lonely,
How his green head throbs with grief.

Ah, my heart is all in keeping
With yon scene — the one tree there —
Summer-green, yet sadly weeping,
Is thine image lady fair.

Gray and week-day looking Heaven !
E'en the city looks dejected ;
Grum as if no plans had thriven,
In the Elbe it stands reflected.

Snubbéd noses — snubbing, sneezing,
Are ye cut as once — and cutting?
Are the saints still mild appearing,
Or puffed up and proudly strutting?

Lovely South, how bright and towering,
Seem thy heavens and gods together,
Now I see this vile offscouring
Of base mortals and their weather.

ITALY

"Hafiz and Ulrich Hutten, too,
Must don their arms, and get to blows,
Against the cowls, both brown and blue,
— My fate like other Christians' goes." — GOETHE

JOURNEY FROM MUNICH TO GENOA

"A noble soul never comes into your reckoning ; and it is that which to-day has foundered your wisdom. (He opens his desk, and takes out two pistols, of which he loads one and lays the other on the table.)" — ROBERT'S *Power of Circumstances*.

CHAPTER I

I AM the politest man in the world. I enjoy myself in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps, who take you by the button, and drawl out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their misereres, without betraying, by a glance, the intensity of ennui, and of boredom, into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I, for a whole day, taken my stand, and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "Commercial Councilor," or barren-brained cheese-monger, makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely

replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid, in the inn at Cassel, and at the table d'hôte—even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many;—if he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail—and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver, and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil; perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine, who has prepared this evil, now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce—alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them!—and the Philistine twinkles his eyes, and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather to-day!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt, at last, come to lie in some churchyard next to that same Philistine, and when, on the Day of Judgment, thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up—my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!"—then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather to-day!"

CHAPTER II

"FOINE wey-ther to-day—"

Oh, reader, if you could only have heard the tone—the incomparable trouble-bass—in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself—the arch-prosaic, widow's-saving-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose—you would have at once said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg,

where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself.

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the Son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me, when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them. For they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green—he even praises us!" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin, both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. On the other hand, as little notice is taken when some doggerel poet lets fly in parabasa¹ directly at Berlin. But let any one dare to write anything against Polknitz, Innsbruck, Schilda, Posen, Krahwinkel, or other capital cities! How the patriotism of the said places would bristle up! The reason of which is: Berlin is no real town, but simply a place where many men, and among them men of intelligence, assemble, who are utterly indifferent as to the place; and these persons form the intelligent world of Berlin. The stranger who passes through sees but the far-stretching, uniform looking houses, the long, broad streets, built by the line and level, and, very generally, by the will of some particular person, but which afford no clue to the manner of thinking of the multi-

¹ *Parabasen*—παράβασις. In the ancient comedy, a passage addressed directly to the audience.

tude. Only Sunday children¹ can ever guess at the private state of mind of the dwellers therein, when they behold the long rows of houses, which, like the men themselves, seem striving to get as far apart as possible, as if they were staring at each other with mutual vindictiveness. Only once — one moonlight night — as I returned home late from Luther and Wegener, I observed that the harsh, hard mood had melted into mild sorrow, and that, in reconciliation, they would fain leap into each other's arms; so that I, poor mortal, who was walking through the middle of the street, feared to be squeezed to death. Many would have found this fear laughable, and I myself laughed at it when I, the next morning, wandered soberly through the same scene, and found the houses yawning as prosaically at each other as before. It is true that it requires several bottles of poetry, if a man wishes to see anything more in Berlin than dead houses and Berliners. Here it is hard to see ghosts. The town contains so few antiquities, and is so new; and yet all this "new" is already so old, so withered and dead. For, as I said, it has grown, in a great degree, not from the intellect of the people, but from that of individuals. Frederick the Great is of course the most eminent among these. What he discovered was the firm foundation, and had nothing been built in Berlin since his death, we should have had a historic monument of the soul of that prosaic, wondrous hero, who, with downright German bravery, set forth in himself the refined insipidity and flourishing freedom of intelligence, the shallowness and the excellence of his age. Potsdam, for instance, seems to be such a monument; amid its deserted streets we wander among the writings of the philosopher of "Sans Souci" — it belongs to his *œuvres posthumes*, and though it is now but petrified waste paper, and looks ridiculous enough, we still regard it with earnest interest, and suppress an occasional smile, when it rises, as if we feared a sudden blow across our backs from the Malacca cane of "old Fritz." But such feelings never assail us in Berlin; we there feel that old Fritz and his Malacca cane have lost their power, or else there

¹ *Sunday children*.—Those who are born on Sunday are supposed, in Germany, to be better able to see ghosts, and to have a greater insight into spiritual mysteries than other people.

would not peep so many a sickly, stupid countenance from the old enlightened windows of the healthy town of reason, nor would so many stupid, superstitious houses have settled down among the old skeptical, philosophical dwellings. I would not be misunderstood, and expressly remark that I am not here in any wise snapping at the new Werder Church—that Gothic temple in revived proportions—which has been put, out of pure irony, between modern buildings, in order to indicate allegorically how childish and stupid it would appear if any one were desirous of reviving the long obsolete institutions of the Middle Ages among the new formations of a modern day.

The above remarks are applicable only to the exterior of Berlin, and if any one wishes to compare Munich, in this relation, to Berlin, he may safely assert that it forms its very opposite. For Munich is a town built by the people in person, and by one generation after another, whose peculiar spirit is still visible in their architectural works; so that we behold there, as in the witch scene in "Macbeth," a chronological array of ghosts, from the dark red specter of the Middle Ages, who, in full armor, steps forth from some ecclesiastical Gothic doorway, down to the accomplished and light-footed sprite of our own age, who holds out to us a mirror, in which every one complacently beholds himself reflected. In all these scenes there is something which reconciles our feelings; that which is barbaric does not disturb us, and the old-fashioned does not seem repugnant, when we are brought to regard it as a beginning to that which comes after, and as a necessary transition state. We are cast into an earnest, but not unpleasant, state of mind, when we gaze upon that barbaric cathedral, which rises, like a colossal bootjack, over the entire city, and hides in its bosom the shadows and ghosts of the Middle Ages. With as little impatience—yes, with quizzical ease—we regard the brick-in-their-hat-looking castles of a later period—those plump German imitations of polished French unnaturalness, the stately dwellings of tastelessness, madly ornamental and flourishing from without, and still more filagreeishly decorated within with screamingly variegated allegories, gilt arabesques, stuccoes, and those paintings wherein the late nobility, of happy memory, are

represented — the cavaliers with red, tipsy-sober faces, over which the long wigs fall down like powdered lion's manes — the ladies with stiff toupees, steel corsets, which pressed their hearts together, and immense traveling jackets, which gave them an all the more prosaic continuation. As remarked, this view does not untune us; it contributes all the more to make us rightly appreciate the present, and, when we behold the new works near the old, we feel as if a heavy wig had been lifted from our heads, and steel links unbound from about our hearts. I here speak only of the genial temples of art, and noble palaces, which in bold splendor have bloomed forth from the spirit of the great master, Klenze.

CHAPTER III

BUT after all, between you and me, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd, and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried, tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer — but no irony."

"No — we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us — "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin, and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise: "Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people — the wisest folks in the world — who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be

helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously—only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation—only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private—but all of these regulations were of no avail—suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light—those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means, whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether simple and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed, of which he has been guilty, was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world—stupidity becomes irony, toadyism, which has missed its aim, becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "a beer—a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer drinkers who toasted their hop nectar, and disputed as to its excellence, he said, smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

The remarks which he availed himself of this opportunity to shove in, fairly vexed me, as I must confess that at heart I cherish not a little love for our modern Athens, and I accordingly improved the occasion to intimate to my headstrong faultfinder that the idea had only recently occurred to us, that we were as yet raw hands at modern Athens making, and that our great minds, as well as the better educated public, are not yet so far advanced that it will bear looking at too closely.

ll as yet is in the beginning and far from completion. Only the lower lines of business have as yet been taken up, "and can scarcely have escaped your observation that we have plenty of owls, sycophants and Phrynes. Only the higher characters are wanting, and therefore many a man must assume different parts; for instance, our poet who sings the delicate Greek boy love, has also taken on him Aristophanic coarseness; but he is capable of anything, and possesses everything which a great poet should, except a few trifles, such as wit or imagination, and if he had much money he could be a rich man. But what we lack in quantity is assuredly made up to us in quality. We have but one great sculptor, — but he is a 'Lion.' We have but one great orator, but I believe from my soul that Demosthenes could not thunder so loudly over a malt tax in Attica. And if we have never poisoned a Socrates, it was not because we lack poison. And we have as yet no actual Demos, no entire populace of demagogues, at least we could supply a show sample of the article in a demagogue by profession, who in himself out-weighs a whole pile of twaddlers, muzzlers, poltroons and milar blackguards — and here he is in person!"

I cannot resist the temptation to describe the figure which presented itself. I leave the question open to discussion, whether this figure could with justice assert that its head had anything human in it, and whether it could on that account gallily ask to be considered as human. I should myself have taken this head for that of an ape, only out of courtesy, will let it pass for a man's. Its cover was a cloth cap, shaped like Mambrino's helmet, below which hung down long, stiff, black hair, which was parted in front à l'enfant. On that side of this head which gave itself out for a face, the oddness of Vulgarity had set her seal, and that with so much force that the nose had been mashed flat; the depressed eyes seemed to be seeking this nose in vain, and to feel grieved because they could not find it; an unpleasantly smelling smile layed around the mouth, which was altogether enchanting, and by its extraordinary likeness might have inspired our Greek doggerel poet to the most delicate "Gazelles." The clothes were firstly an old German coat somewhat modified, is true, by the most pressing requisitions of modern Euro-

pean civilization, but still in its cut recalling that worn by Arminius, in the Teutobergian forests, the primitive form of which has been as mysteriously and traditionally preserved by a patriotic tailors' union, as was once Gothic architecture by a mystical Freemasons' guild. A whitewashed collar which deeply and significantly contrasted with the bare old German neck, covered the collar of this famous coat — from the long sleeves hung long dirty hands, and between these appeared a long, slow body, beneath which waddled two short, lively legs — the entire form was a drunken-sick-dizzy parody of the Apollo Belvidere.

"And that is the Demagogue of the Modern Athens!" cried the Berliner, with a mocking laugh. "Good Lard! can that be a countryman of mine! I can hardly believe mee own eyes! — that is the one who — no, that is the fact!"

"Yea, ye deluded Berliners," I exclaimed — not without excitement — "ye recognize not your own geniuses, and stone your prophets. But we can make use of all!"

"And what will you do with this unlucky insect?"

"He can be used for anything where jumping, creeping, sentiment, gormandizing, piety, much old German, a little Latin, and no Greek at all is needed. He can really jump very well over a cane; makes tables of all sorts of all possible leaps, and lists of all possible ways of reading old German poetry. Withal he represents a Fatherland's love without being in the least dangerous. For every one knows that he left the old German demagogues, among whom he accidentally once found himself very suddenly, when he found that there was danger afoot, which by no means agreed with the Christian-like feelings of his soft heart. But since the danger has passed away, the martyrs suffered for their opinions, and even our most desperate barbers have doffed their old German coats; the blooming season of our prudent rescuer of the Fatherland has really begun. He alone has still retained the demagogue costume and the phrases belonging to it, he still exalts Arminius the Cheruscan, and Thusnelda, as though they were blood relations, he still preserves his German patriotic hatred for the Latin Babeldom against the invention of soap, against Thiersch's heathen "Greek Grammar," against Quintilius Varus, against gloves, and against all men who

have decent noses ; — and so he stands there, the wandering monument of a passed-away time, and like the last of the Mohicans, so too does he remain the last of the Demagogues — of all that mighty horde. You therefore see how we in our modern Athens, where demagogues are entirely wanting, can use this man. We have in him a very good demagogue, who is so tame as to lick any boot, and eat from the hand hazelnuts, chestnuts, cheese, sausages — in short, will eat anything given to him, and as he is the only one of his sort, we have the further advantage that when he has kicked the bucket, we can stuff him and keep him — hide and hair — for posterity, as a specimen of the Last Demagogue. But, I pray you, say nothing of all this to Professor Lichtenstein, in Berlin, or he will reclaim him for the Zoological Museum, which might occasion a war between Prussia and Bavaria, as nothing would ever induce us to give him up. Already the English are on the *qui vive*, and bid two thousand seven hundred and seventy guineas for him ; already the Austrians have offered a giraffe for him ; but our ministry has expressly declared that the Last of the Demagogues shall not be sold at any price — he will one day be the pride of our cabinet of natural history, and the ornament of our town."

The Berliner appeared to listen somewhat distractedly — more attractive objects had drawn his attention, and he finally interrupted me with the words, "Excuse me, if you please, if I interrupt you, but will you be so kind as to tell me what sort of a dog that is which runs there ?"

"That is another puppy."

"Ah, you don't understand me. I refer to the great white shaggy dog without a tail."

"My dear sir, that is the dog of the modern Alcibiades."

"But," exclaimed the Berliner, "where is then the modern Alcibiades himself ?"

"To tell the plain truth," I replied, "the office is not as yet occupied, and we have so far only his dog."

CHAPTER IV

THE place where this conversation occurred is called Bogenhausen, or Neuburghausen, or Villa Hompesch, or the Montgelas Garden, or the Little Castle—but there is no need of mentioning its name, for if any one undertakes to ride out of Munich, the coachman understands us by a certain thirsty twinkle of the eyes—by well-known noddings of the head, anticipatory of enjoyment, and by grimaces of the same family. The Arab has a thousand expressions for a sword, the Frenchman for love, the Englishman for hanging, the German for drinking, and the modern Athenian for the place where he drinks. The beer is in the place aforesaid really very good, even in the Prytaneum, vulgo “Bokskeller,” it is no better, and it tastes admirably, especially on that stair terrace, where we have the Tyrolese Alps before our eyes. I often sat there during the past winter, gazing on the snow-covered mountains, which gleaming in the sun-rays seemed like molten silver.

In those days it was also winter in my soul. Thoughts and feelings seemed, as it were, snowed in, and my soul was dried up and dead. To this was added political vexations, grief for a dearly loved lost child, and an old source of grief with a bad cold. Moreover, I drank much beer, having been assured that it made light blood. But the best Attic Breihahn profited not by me, who had previously in England accustomed myself to porter.

At last came the day when all changed. The sun burst forth from the heaven and suckled the earth, that ancient child, with her gleaming milk, the hills trembled with joy, and their snow tears ran down mighty in their power. The ice on the lakes cracked and broke, the earth opened her blue eyes, the dear flowers and the ringing woods ran forth from her bosom, the green palaces of the nightingales and all nature laughed, and this laughter was spring. In my soul there began also a new spring, new flowers sprouted from my heart, feelings of freedom like roses shot up, and therewith secret longings, like young violets amid which were many useless nettles. Hope again drew her cheerful green covering over the graves of

my desires, even the melodies of poetry came again to me like birds of passage who have gone with winter to the warm south, and who now again seek their abandoned nests in the north, and the neglected northern heart rang and bloomed as of old — only I knew not how all this happened. Was it a brown or a blonde sun which awoke spring once more in my heart, and kissed awake all the sleeping flowers in my bosom, and laughed up the nightingales? Was it elective nature herself which sought its echo in my breast, and gladly mirrored herself therein with her fresh spring gleam? I know not, but I believe that the terrace at Bogenhausen, in view of the Tyrolese Alps, gave my heart a new enchantment. When I sat there deeply buried in thought, it often seemed to me as though I saw the countenance of a wondrous lovely youth, peeping over the mountains, and I longed for wings that I might hasten to his homeland, Italy. Often did I feel myself surrounded by the perfumes of orange and lemon groves, which blew from the hills, enticing and calling me to Italy. Once even in the golden twilight I saw the young Spring God large as life standing on the summit of an Alp. Flowers and laurels surrounded his joyful head, and with smiling eyes and merry mouth he cried: "I love thee — seek me in Italy!"

CHAPTER V

My glance may have quivered somewhat longingly, as I, in doubt over the unattainable dialogue of the Philistines, gazed at the lovely Tyrolese Alps, and sighed deeply. My Berlin Philister, however, saw in this glance and sigh fresh subject for conversation, and sighed with me. "Ah, yes — I too would now be so glad to be in Constantinople! Have you visited St. Petersburg?" I admitted that I had not, and begged him to narrate something of it. But it was not he himself, but his brother-in-law, the Court Chamber Counselor, who had been there, and it was an altogether particular sort of a town. "Have you seen Copenhagen though?" Having replied in the negative, I also requested some sketch of the latter place, when he laughed very significantly, nodding his

head here and there right pleasantly, assuring me upon his honor that I could form no sort of idea of the town if I had not been there. "That," I replied, "cannot just at present be the case. I am now thinking over another journey, which first came into my head this spring — I intend traveling in Italy."

As the man heard these words, he suddenly leaped from his chair, pirouetted three times on one foot, and trilled: "Tirili! tirili! tirili!"

That was the last spur. "To-morrow I start!" was my determination on the spot. I will delay no longer. I will at once see that land, the mere mention of which so inspires the dryest and most commonplace of mortals, that he at once, in ecstasy, trills like a quail. While I at home packed my trunk, that "tirili" rang constantly in my ears, and my brother, Maximilian Heine, who the next day accompanied me as far as the Tyrol, could not comprehend why it was that, on the whole way, I did not speak a single ~~considerable~~ word, and constantly tirili-ed.

CHAPTER VI

TIRILI! tirili! I live! I feel the sweet pain of existence! I feel all the joys and sorrows of life! I suffer for the salvation of the whole human race! I atone for their sins — but I also enjoy them.

And I also feel, not only with humanity, but with the world of plants. Their thousand green tongues narrate the sweetest, gentlest tales to me — they know that I have not selfish human pride, and that I converse as willingly with the lowliest meadow floweret as with the loftiest pines. Ah! I know how it is with those pines! They shoot heaven-high from the depth of the valley, and well-nigh range over the boldest mountain rocks. But how long does their glory last? At the utmost a few miserable centuries, when, weary with age, they break down and rot on the ground. Then, by night, the treacherous cat comes stealing quickly, and mocks them: "Ha, ye strong pines — ye who hoped to vie with the rocks — now ye lie broken, adown there, and the rocks stand unshaken as before."

The eagle who sits on his favorite lonely rocks, and listens to this scorn, must feel pity in his soul—for he then thinks on his own destiny. For even he knows not how deeply he may some day be bedded. But the stars twinkle so soothingly, the forest streams ripple so consolingly, and his own soul leaps so proudly over all petty thoughts, that he soon forgets them. When the sun comes forth, he feels as before as he flies upwards to it, and when near it, sings his joy and his pain. His fellow creatures, especially men, believe that the eagle cannot sing, and know not that he only lifts his voice in music when far from the realm which they inhabit, and that in his pride he will only be heard by the sun. And he is right, for it might occur to some of the feathered mob down below there to criticize his song. I myself have heard such critics;—the hen stands on one leg and clucks that the singer has no “soul”; the turkey gobbles that he needs “earnest feeling”; the dove coos that he cannot feel true love; the goose quacks that he is “ignorant of science”; the capon chuckles out that he is “immoral”; the martin twitters that he is irreligious; the sparrow pipes that “he is not sufficiently prolific”; hoopoes, popinjays, and screech-owls, all cackling, and gabbling, and yelling;—only the nightingale joins not in the noise of these critics. Caring naught for her contemporaries, the red rose is her only thought, and her only song; deep lost in desire, she flutters around that red rose, and wild with inspiration she leaps among the loved thorns, and sings and bleeds.

CHAPTER VII

THERE is an eagle in the German Fatherland, whose sun song rings so powerfully that it may also be heard here below, and even the nightingales cease to sing, in spite of all their melodious pains. Thou art that eagle, Karl Immermann, and I often think of thee in that land of which thou hast sung so sweetly. How could I travel through the Tyrol without thinking of the “Tragedy”?

Now, of course, I have seen things in another light; but I

soul, should have approached so near the reality, which he had never seen. I was most pleased with the reflection that "The Tragedy in the Tyrol" was prohibited. I thought of the words which my friend Moser wrote me, when he said that the second volume of the "Pictures of Travel" was forbidden: "It was needless for government to put the book under the ban — people would have read it without that"

In Innsbruck, in the "Golden Eagle," where Andreas Hofer had lodged, and where every corner is still filled with his portraits and mementoes, I asked the landlord, Herr Niederkirchner, if he knew anything of the "Sandwirth." Then the old gentleman boiled over with eloquence, and confidentially informed me, with divers winks, that the whole story had at last come out in a book, which was, however, altogether prohibited; and having led me to a dark chamber, where he carefully preserved his relics of the Tyrolese war, unrolled from a dirty blue paper a well-thumbed, green-looking book, which I found, to my astonishment, was Immermann's "Tragedy in the Tyrol." I told the landlord, not without pride, that the man who had written it was my friend. Herr Niederkirchner would fain know as much as possible of him. I said that he was one who had seen service, a man of good stature, very honorable, and very gifted in writing, so that he seldom found his like. But Herr Niederkirchner would not believe that he was a Prussian, and exclaimed, with a compassionate smile, "Oh, get out!" He insisted on believing that Immermann was a Tyroler, and that he had fought in the war — "How else could he have known all about it?"

Strange fancies these of the multitude! They seek their histories from the poet and not from the historian. They ask not for bare facts, but those facts again dissolved in the original poetry from which they sprang. This the poets well know, and it is not without a certain mischievous pleasure that they mold at will popular memories, perhaps in mockery of pride-baked historians and parchment-minded keepers of state documents. Greatly was I delighted when, amid the stalls of the last fair, I saw the history of Belisarius hanging up in the form of coarsely colored engravings, and those not according to Procopius, but exactly as described in Schenk's

INNSBRUCK



tragedy. "So history is falsified!" exclaimed a pedantic friend who accompanied me, "it knows nothing of a slandered wife, an imprisoned son, a loving daughter, and the like modern fictions of the heart!" But is this really an error? Must suit be at once brought against the forger? No, I deny the accusation! For they give the sense in all its truthfulness, though it be clothed in inverted form and circumstance. There are races whose whole history has only been handed down in this poetic wise, such as the Hindus. For such lays as the "Mahabharata" give the sense and spirit of Indian history far more accurately than any writer of compendiums could with all his chronology. From the same point of view, I would assert that Walter Scott's romances give, occasionally, the spirit of English history far more truthfully than Hume has done; at least, Sartorius was very much in the right when he, in his supplement to Spittler, places those romances among English historical works.

It is with poets as with dreamers, who in sleep disguise those internal feelings which their souls experience from real external causes, since they at once assign on the spot, by dreaming, to the latter altogether different causes from the real, which, however, in one respect, amount to the same thing, in that they bring forth the same feelings. So, in Immermann's "Tragedy," many dramatic attributes are rather arbitrarily added, but the hero himself, the central point of feeling, is accurately dreamed, and if this dream-form seems visionary, it is still truthful. Baron Hormayr, who is the most competent judge of this matter, turned my attention to this circumstance, when I on a recent occasion had the pleasure of conversing with him. Immermann has very accurately set forth the mystical individual life, the superstitious piety, and the epic character of the man. He symbolized to the life that true-hearted dove, who with a glittering sword in the bill swept so heroically like martial love true over the hills of Tyrol, until the bullets of Mantua penetrated her heart.

But what is most honorable to the poet, is the equally accurate description of the opponent, whom he has not described as a raging Gessler, merely to exalt his adversary. If the one be a dove with the sword, the latter is not less an eagle with the olive branch.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the public room of the inn of Herr Niederkirchner, at Innsbruck, hang side by side in peaceful unison the portraits of Andreas Hofer, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Louis of Bavaria

Innsbruck itself is an uninhabitable, stupid town. It may, perhaps, appear more intelligent and agreeable in winter when the high mountains with which it is surrounded are covered with snow, and the avalanches thunder and ice cracks and glitters all around.

I found the summits of those mountains covered with clouds as with gray turbans. There we see the Martinswand, the theater of the pleasantest imperial legends, since it is especially in the Tyrol that the memories of the knightly Max flourish and ring

In the Hofkirche—royal church—stand the celebrated full-length statues of the princes and the princesses of the House of Austria, with their ancestors; among whom are many, who doubtless wonder even at the present day how they came by the honor. They stand in mighty life-size, cast in iron, around the tomb of Maximilian. But as the church is small and roof low, they put one in mind of figures of black wax in a booth in a fair. On the pedestal of most we can also read the names of those whom they represent. As I looked at these statues, an English party entered, the leader being a lean man with a gaping countenance, his thumbs hooked into the armholes of his white vest, and holding between his teeth a leathern "*Guide des Voyageurs*." Behind him came his tall companion for life, a lady no longer young, who had apparently both lived and loved herself out, but still quite good-looking. Behind them came a red porter face in powder-white trimmings, treading stiffly along in a ditto coat—his wooden hands fully freighted with my lady's gloves, Alpine flowers, and a poodle.

The trinity walked straight as a plumb line to the upper end of the church, where the son of Albion explained the statue to his wife, and that from his guide-book, in which he read at full length the descriptions. The first statue is that

of King Clodevig of France, the next that of King Arthur of England, the third Rudolph of Hapsburg, and so forth. But as the poor Englishman began by mistake the row from above instead of from below, as his guide-book directed, he fell into the most exquisite blunders, which were still more comic when he came to some lady's statue, which he mistook for that of a man, and vice versa, so that he could not comprehend why Rudolph of Hapsburg wore petticoats, or why Queen Maria had donned steel breeches, and had a much too long beard. I, who was willing to help him out with my learning, casually remarked that that was probably the fashion in those days, and it might have also been a peculiar freak of those dignitaries, so that people dared not for their lives cast them otherwise. So if it came into the head of the then emperor to have himself "run" in petticoats or swaddling bands, who dared object to his fancy?

The poodle barked critically, the lackey stared, the gentleman rubbed his face with his handkerchief, and my lady said: "A fine exhibition, very fine, indeed!"

CHAPTER IX

BRIXEN was the second great town of the Tyrol which I entered. It lies in a valley, and as I arrived there it was covered over with mist and the shadows of evening. Twilight, silence, melancholy ding-donging of bells, sheep trotting to their sheds, human beings to churches, everywhere an oppressive smell of ugly saints' images and dry hay

"The Jesuits are in Brixen." So I had read not long before in *Hesperus*. I looked everywhere around the streets to find them, but saw nobody who looked like a Jesuit, unless it were a fat man in a clerical three-cornered hat and a priestly-cut black coat, rather old and worn out, which contrasted strangely with his shining new black breeches.

"That can be no Jesuit," said I finally to myself—for I have always pictured Jesuits to myself as rather lean. But are there really any Jesuits? It often seems to me that their existence is only a chimera, as though it were only a fear of

them which still goes ghosting about in our heads, long after the peril is over; and all the zeal still manifested against Jesuits puts me in mind of people who, long after it has ceased to rain, go walking about with opened and lifted umbrellas. Yes—I often think that the Devil, Nobility, and Jesuits exist only as long as we believe in them. We know it in truth of the Devil, for only the believers have ever seen him. Also as regards the nobility, we shall soon experience that the *bonne société* has ceased to exist so soon as the good citizen takes it into his head not to regard them any longer as the *bonne société*. But the Jesuits! At least they no longer wear the old breeches. The old Jesuits lie in their graves with their old breeches, their longings, their world plans, their ranks, distinctions, reservations, and poisons, and what we now see slipping through the world in new shining breeches, is not as much their spirit as their specter, an awkward, silly, weak-minded specter, which daily seems striving by word and deed to convince us how little there is terrible in it; and indeed it reminds us of a similar ghost in the Thuringian forest, which freed those who were terrified at it from all terror, by taking its skull from its shoulders and showing all the world that it was hollow and empty.

I cannot refrain from mentioning, by the way, that I accidentally learned more of the man in the shining new breeches, and ascertained that he was no Jesuit, but only one of the common sort of the Lord's cattle. For I met him in the public room of my inn, where he was taking supper in company with a long, lean man, entitled "Excellency," who resembled the old bachelor country squire, described by Shakespeare, as closely as if Nature had plagiarized him from the great author. Both enjoyed their meals, while they persecuted the girl who waited on them with caresses, which seemed to disgust to the last degree the charming, beautiful creature, until she finally broke from them by main force, when the one clapped her smartly behind, while the other sought to embrace her in front. Then they began with the lewdest jests, which the maiden, as they well knew, could not help hearing, as she was obliged to remain in the room and wait on the company, and spread my table. But when, finally, their language became literally intolerable, she at once left everything stand-

ing and disappeared through the door. When she returned, which was not for some minutes, it was with a little child on her arm, which she continued to hold during the time that she remained in the room, though it greatly impeded her movements. But the two companions—the clerical as well as the noble gentleman—did not venture any more to insult the girl, who now without manifesting any ill feeling, but still with singular seriousness, waited on them until the end. Their language took another direction—both conversed on the usual subjects of conspiracies against the throne and the altar, they agreed on the necessity of strong measures, and often clasped in turn the hand of holy alliance.

CHAPTER X

THE works of Joseph von Hormayr are indispensable to him who would study the history of the Tyrol, while for its more recent records, he himself is the best, and in many respects the only source. He is for the Tyrol what John von Muller is for Switzerland; a comparison which frequently suggests itself. They are like next neighbors—both are inspired in early youth for the Alps of their birth—both are industrious, searching minds, of historical feeling and training. John von Muller, of an epic turn, cradling his soul in histories of the past. Joseph von Hormayr, quick and earnest in his feelings, is, on the other hand, impelled more energetically into the future, unselfishly venturing his life for that which was dear to him.

Bartholdy's "War of the Tyrolese Peasantry in the Year 1809" is an intelligent and well-written work, and if it has its defects it is because its writer, as is natural for a noble soul, was prejudiced in favor of the weaker party, and because he still had gunpowder smoke in his eyes when he wrote.

Many remarkable events of that time have never been written down, and exist as yet only in the memory of the people, who do not willingly speak of them, as they awaken hopes which were deceived. The poor Tyrolese were obliged to go through many harsh experiences, and if you ask them

now if they obtained, as a reward for their fidelity, all which was promised them, they good-naturedly shrug their shoulders, and answer, naively, that perhaps things were not meant quite so much in earnest as they thought — that the emperor has a great deal to think of — and that much passes unnoticed through his head.

Console yourselves, poor rogues! Ye are not the only ones to whom something was promised. It often happens, on board great slave-ships, in terrible storms, and amid dangers, that they break the chains of the blacks, and promise them their freedom if they save the vessel. The silly negroes rejoice at the light of day, they hurry to the pumps, they stamp in their strength, aid where they can, leap, haul, coil the cables, and work until the peril is past. Then, of course, as any one might suppose, they are put again into the hold, chained nicely down, and left in their darkness to make demagogical reflections on the promises of slave dealers, whose only care is, the danger being over, to swindle some more souls into their power.

“O navis referent in mare te novi
Fluctus?”

When my old teacher used to explain this ode of Horace, in which the senate is compared to a ship, he was in the habit of making all sorts of political reflections, which he abruptly suspended after the battle of Leipzig had been fought, and the whole class was suddenly broken up.

My old teacher knew it all beforehand. When we first heard of the battle, he shook his gray head. Now I know what that shaking meant. Soon we had more accurate intelligence, and in secret people showed one another pictures, in which we saw, in varied and instructive form, how the higher leaders of the armies knelt on the field of battle and thanked God.

“Yes—they might thank God,” said my teacher, and smiled as he was accustomed to do when he commented on Sallust. “The Emperor Napoleon has rapped them so often on the head, that they must eventually learn something.”

Then came the Allies, and the miserable poems of the Liberation, Hermann and Thusnelda, Hurrah and the Female

Union, and the Fatherland's Acorns, and the everlasting boasting of the battle of Leipzig, and once again the battle of Leipzig, and no end thereof.

"It is with these people," remarked my teacher, "as with the Thebans, when they finally, at Leuctra, overcame the mighty Spartans, and continually boasted of it, so that Antisthenes compared them to boys who can, having once beaten their master, never cease their rejoicings. My dear youths—it would have been better for us had we ourselves got the whipping."

Soon after the old man died. Prussian grass now grows over his grave, and there also are pastured the horses of our renewed nobility.

CHAPTER XI

THE Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honorable, brave, and of inscrutable narrowness of mind. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to be sick. I would also call them a noble race, because they evince much discrimination in their food, and keep their houses very clean. only they entirely lack the feeling of personal dignity. The Tyrolese has a sort of laughing, humorous servilism, which wears an almost ironical air, but which is intended to be thoroughly honorable. The girls in the Tyrol greet you so amiably, and the men press your hand so severely, and behave themselves with such ornamental earnestness, that you can almost believe that they treat you like a near relation, or at least like one of themselves—but you are wide of the mark; they never forget that they are but common people, and that you are a gentleman, who likes to see common people speak to him without shyness. And in this their instincts are true to nature, for the stiffest aristocrats are pleased when they can find an opportunity of laying aside their dignity, for it is by the descent that they realize how high they are placed. At home the Tyrolese exercise this servility gratis—when abroad, they use it to enrich themselves. They set a price on their personality and nationality. These dealers in variegated table-covers—these jolly Tyrolese fellows—whom we

see traveling about in their national costume, willingly let you crack a joke on them—but you must buy something of them. The Rainer family, who were in England, understood the business, and had good advisers into the bargain, who well understood the spirit of the English nobility. This was the cause of their gracious reception in that foyer of European aristocracy, the West End of London. When I stood, last summer, in the brilliant concert halls of the London fashionable world, and saw those Tyrolese singers, in their national costume, mount the stage, and listened to those lays which are yodeled with such good and naive expression, and which ring so pleasantly in our Northern German heart—it all ate with bitter discontent into my soul, the gratified laughter of aristocratic lips stung me like serpents—it seemed as though I saw the purity of the German tongue profaned, and the sweetest mysteries of German spirit life degraded before a foreign mob. I could not applaud this shameless trafficking in the most reserved feelings, and a Swiss, who, inspired with the same feelings, left the hall with me, very truly remarked: “We Swiss trade for money the best things we have—our cheese and our best blood—but we cannot hear the Alpine horn blown in foreign lands—much less play on it ourselves, for money.”



CHAPTER XII

TYROL is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscapes cannot enchant us when darkened by gloomy weather and similar causes of mental excitement. This is always the case with me, and when there is bad weather without, I invariably find bad weather within. I only occasionally dared put my head out of the wagon, and then I beheld mountains high as the Heaven, which looked earnestly down on me, and nodded to me with their monstrous heads and cloud-beards, a pleasant journey. Here and there I beheld a far blue hill, which seemed traveling along on foot, and to peep inquisitively over the heads of other hills, as if to look at me. Everywhere crashed the forest streams, which leaped as if mad

from the mountains, and met in the whirlpools of the valleys. The inhabitants lay snug in their neat, clean little cottages, which for the greater part lie scattered on the steepest cliffs, and on the very edge of precipices, and these neat, clean little cottages are generally ornamented with long balcony-like galleries, which in turn are bedecked with linen, images of saints, flower-pots, and pretty girls. These cottages are also prettily painted, mostly with white and green, as if they too had a fancy to wear the national costume of green suspenders over a white shirt. When I beheld these houses far away amid the lonely rain, my heart would fain climb up to them, and to their inhabitants, who beyond doubt sat dry and jolly enough, within "In these," thought I, "they must live pleasantly and domestically enough, and beyond doubt the old grandmother tells the most confidential tales" While the coach went on without mercy, I often looked back to see the little blue pillars of smoke climbing from the chimneys, and then it rained harder than ever, both without and within, until the tear-drops ran out of my eyes.

But my heart often rose and climbed in spite of the weather to the men who dwell high up on the mountains, and perhaps hardly come down once in a lifetime, and learn but little of what is passing here below. Yet they are not on that account less good or happy. They know nothing of politics, save that they have an emperor who wears a white coat and red breeches, as they have learned from an old uncle who had learned it himself in Innsbruck, from Black Joe, who had been in Vienna. And when the patriots climbed up to them, and told them with oratory that they now had a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches, they grasped their rifles, and kissed wife and child, and went down the mountain and offered up their lives in defense of the white coat and the dear old red breeches.

After all it amounts to about one and the same thing, for what we die, if we only die for something we love, and a warm true-hearted death like this is better than a cold false life. The very songs of such a death warm our hearts, with their sweet rhymes and bright words, when damp clouds and pressing sorrows would fain render it dark and gloomy.

Many such songs rang in my heart as I crossed the Tyrolese mountains. The confiding fir-trees rustled many forgotten

love words back into my memory. Particularly when the great blue mountain lakes gazed on me, with such endless longing did I recall "the two king's children" who loved so dearly and died together. It is an old, old story, which nobody believes now, and of which I myself only remember a few rhymes.

"They both were monarch's children,
And loved right well, I ween,
But never could come together,
For water was rolling between

"Dear heart, canst thou swim hither,
Dear heart, so swim to me,
I'll light thee from my window,
It shall thy beacon be!"

These words began to ring in my heart, as I, on an opposite lake, beheld on one side a little boy, and on the other a little girl, both prettily dressed in their variegated national costume, with little ribboned green taper hats on their heads, wafting greetings to one another —

"But never could come together,
For water was rolling between."



CHAPTER XIII

IN Southern Tyrol, the weather cleared up, the sun of Italy made itself felt, even at a distance the hills became warmer and brighter, I saw vines rising on them, and I could lean oftener out of the carriage windows. But when I thus leaned out there leaned with me my heart, and with my heart all its love, sorrow, and folly. And it often happened that the poor heart was torn by the thorns when it leaned towards the rose-bushes by the wayside — and the roses of Tyrol are not ugly. When I rode through Steinach and saw the market-place where Immermann represents the "Sand Landlord," Hofer, as coming boldly forth with his companions, I found that the spot was too small for an insurgent meeting, but large enough to fall in love in. There are only a few white houses there, and from a small window there peeped out a little Sand Landlady,



VIEW IN TYROL

aiming and shooting from great eyes—if the coach had not traveled by so quickly, and had she had time to load again, I should have been shot dead for certain. I called out, "Go ahead, coachman—there is no joking with such a 'fair Elsie'—such eyes would set fire to the house over one's head!" As an experienced traveler, I must confess that the landlady in Sterzing is really an old woman—but she has two young daughters whose eyes warm the heart of the traveler as he steps out of the coach, in a most beneficial manner. But I cannot forget thee, thou fairest of all, thou lovely spinner on the marches of Italy! Oh, hadst thou given to me as Ariadne gave to Theseus the thread of thy spinning to lead me through the labyrinth of life, I had long since conquered the Minotaur, and I would love thee, and kiss thee, and never leave thee!

"It is a good sign when women laugh," says a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain, at whose base on a low foundation he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery and naive paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft green branches hanging around the bloody body and crucified limbs. On the other side of the cottage was a round dove-cote whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and spun—not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner, by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old spun kings' daughters in Greece—so at the present day spin the fates and all Italian women. She spun and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She spun and smiled; and I believe that she spun my heart fast, as the coach went along somewhat more slowly, on ac-

count of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory — everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breath-like delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes! — ah, no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again, smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the helmet warriors, before her roared along more stormily the brook, the vine branches climbed in wilder haste the crucified wooden image, which quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened, and the wounds bled, and — she, however, sat still and spun, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.

CHAPTER XIV

WHILE the sun gleamed ever lordlier and lovelier from heaven, clothing mountain and castle with golden veils, it still became hotter and livelier in my heart, once more my whole bosom was full of flowers, which shot forth sprouting mightily over my head, and through the flowers from my heart smiled heavenly fair the face of the lovely spinner. Imprisoned in such dreams — myself a dream — I came to Italy, and as I during the journey had entirely forgotten that I was traveling, I was well-nigh terrified when all at once all the great Italian eyes opened on me, and the variegated, tangled life of Italy came leaping towards me, real, warm, and humming!

All of this happened to me, however, in the city of Trent, one fine Sunday afternoon, at the hour when the heat goes to sleep, and the Italians wake up and go walking about the streets. This town lies, old and broken, amid a broad circle

of blooming green hills, which like eternal young gods look down on the ancient broken works of man. Broken and brittle too, near the latter lies the high castle which once ruled the town, a daring building of a daring time, with spires, pinnacles, battlements, and a broad round tower inhabited by owls and Austrian invalids. Even the town itself is wildly built, and at the first glance it produces a wonderful effect, with its awfully old houses, with their faded frescos and cracked saints' images—with their towers, porticoes, barred windows, and those projecting roofs which rest like balconies on old gray pillars which seem themselves to require support. Such a sight would have been all too sorrowful had not nature refreshed the dead stones with new life, had not sweet vine leaves lovingly and tenderly embraced the broken old pillars, as youth embraces age, and still sweeter maidens' faces had not peeped from the melancholy old arched windows, and smiled on the German stranger, who like a sleep-wandering dreamer walked strangely here and there among the blooming ruins.

I was really as in a dream, and one of those dreams, too, wherein we strive to recall something we have dreamed long ago. I looked in turn at the houses and at the people, and I was inclined to think that I had been acquainted with those houses in their better days, when they wore brand new paintings, when the gilt ornaments on their window friezes were not as yet so black, and when the marble Madonna bearing the child on her arm still had her beautiful head, which those iconoclasts, age and wind, had broken away, in such a vulgar, Jacobinical manner. The faces of the elderly dames seemed familiar to me as though they had been cut from the old Italian pictures I had seen in the Dusseldorf Gallery when a boy. In like manner the old men seemed well known and long forgotten, and gazed at me as though from the depth of a thousand years. Even the brisk young girls had something of that which had been dead a thousand years in their faces, and yet of revived bloom, so that almost a terror stole over me, a sweet, gentle terror such as I once felt when in the lonely midnight my lips pressed those of Maria, a wondrous lovely lady, whose only fault was that she was dead. But then again I laughed as the idea came into my head that the

whole town was nothing but a pretty novel, which I had once read — yes — which I myself had written, and that I now was enchanted by my own work, and was terrified by sprites of my own raising. "Perhaps, too," thought I, "all is but a dream," and I would gladly have given a dollar for a few boxes on the ear, just to learn whether I was asleep or awake.

They were at hand, and I might have got them at a cheaper rate, as I stumbled over an old fruit woman. She contented herself with throwing a real box (of figs) at my ears, and I thus came suddenly to the conviction that I was, in the most actual of realities, in the middle of the market-place of Trent, near the great fountain, from whose copper Tritons and dolphins the silver clear waters welled out pleasant and reviving. To the left stood an old palace, whose walls were painted with many colored allegorical figures, and on whose terrace several gray Austrian soldiers were being drilled into heroism; to the right stood a Gothic Lombard, capricious-looking house, from which a sweet, fluttering maiden's voice came trilling so dashingly and merrily, that the widowed old walls trembled either with pleasure or from decay, while above there looked from the arch window a black labyrinthine-curved comedian-looking wig, under which projected a sharply cut thin face, which was rouged, but only on the left cheek, and which consequently looked like a pancake baked only on one side. But before me, in the midst, stood the ancient cathedral, not great, not gloomy, but like a cheerful old man, confiding and inviting by his age.

CHAPTER XV

As I drew aside the green-silk curtain which covered the entrance to the cathedral, and entered the house of the Lord, I was agreeably refreshed in body and soul by the pleasant perfume which greeted me, by the tranquilizing magic light which flowed through the many colored windows on the praying assembly within. They were mostly women, kneeling in long rows on the low prayer benches, they prayed only with a light movement of their lips, fanning themselves constantly meanwhile with great green fans, so that nothing could be

heard save an incessant, mysterious whispering, and nothing seen but moving fans and waving veils. The creaking tread of my boots disturbed many a fine prayer, and great Catholic eyes stared at me half inquisitively, half willingly, as if they would fain advise me to kneel and enjoy with them a siesta of the soul.

Truly such a cathedral, with its subdued light and its coolness, is an agreeable resting-place, when we have out-of-doors flaring sunshine and oppressive heat; we have no idea of this in our Protestant North Germany, where the churches are not built so comfortably, and where the light comes shooting so saucily through the uncolored, common-sense window-panes, which do not protect even the cold, harsh sermon from the heat. People may say what they will, Catholicism is a good religion—for summer. There is such good lying round on the benches of this old cathedral, we enjoy on them such a cool piety, such a holy dolce far niente, one can pray, and dream, and sin together in thought; the Madonnas wink so forgivingly from their niches,—woman-like, they forgive us even when we have entangled their lovely features in the sinful current of our wanton imaginations, while as a superfluity there stands in every corner a brown, pierced chair of conscience, where we can ease ourselves of our sins.

In such a chair sat a young monk of earnest mien; but the face of the lady who confessed to him her sins was concealed from me, partly by her white veil and partly by the side of the confessional, yet there came to view a hand, which at once held me fast. I could not help looking at it; its blue veins, and the aristocratic gleam of its white fingers were so strangely familiar to me, and all the power of dreams in my soul was stirred into life to shape a face to match this hand. It was a lovely hand, not that of a young girl who, half lamb and half rose, has only thoughtless, vegetable-animal hands—this hand on the contrary had something spiritual in it, something exciting past associations, like the hands of handsome human beings who are highly refined and accomplished, or who have greatly suffered; and there was something so touchingly innocent in this hand, that it seemed as if it had no occasion to confess with the rest of the lady, and would not even hear what its fair proprietress

said, and therefore waited without, till she was ready. But this lasted a long time, the lady must have had a terrible amount of sin to narrate. I could not wait any longer, my soul pressed an invisible parting kiss on the fair hand, which closed convulsively at the same instant, and that in the same peculiar manner in which the hand of the dead Maria was accustomed to close when I touched it. "In God's name," thought I, "what is the dead Maria doing in Trent?"—and I hastened from the cathedral.



CHAPTER XVI

WHEN I again crossed the market-place, the fruit woman of whom I have spoken greeted me right amiably and confidently, as though we were old friends. "It is all one," thought I, "how we make an acquaintance, provided that it be but made." A box on the ear—or a box hurled at it—is not in faith a first-class introduction;—but then the fruit woman and I looked at one another in as friendly a wise as though we had just mutually handed over tiptop letters, "introducing," etc., from our best friends. And the fruit woman was by no means bad to look at. She was, it is true, already in that age when time stamps a fatal certificate on our brow of the active service we have done in youth; but this had made her all the more corpulent, and what she had lost in youth she had won in weight. Moreover her face still bore the traces of great beauty, and there was plainly written on it, as on old-fashioned vases, "To be loved, and as loving live, is the best joy that earth can give." But what gave her her most exquisite charm was the style in which her hair was dressed—the carefully curled wig-like locks, thickly stiffened with pomatum and idyllically entwined with white bellflowers. I gazed on this woman with the same rapt attention with which an antiquary would pore over a newly disinterred torso—yes, I could detect far more on this living human ruin—I could see on her traces of all the civilization of Italy—the Etruscan, the Roman, the Gothic, the Lombard down to our own powdered modern age, and right

interesting to me was the civilized manner of this old woman, in contrast to her business and to her passionate habits. Nor was I less interested by her stock in trade—the fresh almonds which I saw for the first time in their green original packages, and the fresh, sweet-smelling figs, which lay piled up in heaps as common as pears with us. I was also delighted with the great baskets full of fresh oranges and lemons, and—delightful sight!—in one of the latter lay a child, beautiful as a picture, holding a little bell in its hand, and as the great bell of the cathedral began to sound, between every stroke the boy rang his little bell, and smiled so forgetful of all worldly things up into the blue heaven, that the drollest child's fancies came into my own head, and like a child I placed myself before the basket and began to eat and gossip with the fruit woman.

From my broken Italian she at first took me for an Englishman, but I confessed that I was only a German. She at once instituted a series of geographical, economic, horticultural, and meteorological questions as to Germany, greatly marveling when I confessed to her that no lemons grew in our country—that we were obliged to squeeze very tightly the few which went in among us from Italy, and that in our despair we were obliged to make up our want of juice with “a little more rum.” “Ah, my dear woman,” said I, “in our land it is very frosty and foggy—our summer is only a green-washed winter, even the sun there is obliged to wear a flannel jacket to keep from catching cold, and what with this flannel sunshine our fruits get along very poorly—in fact—between you and me and the bedpost—the only ripe fruits we have are baked apples. As for figs, they come to us like oranges and lemons from distant lands, and by the time they arrive no one would give a fig for them; only the worst of them ever reach us fresh, and these are so very bad that any one who is induced to take them for nothing always brings an action for damages against the giver. As for almonds¹ we have only the inflamed and swollen sort. In short we are wanting in all the nobler fruits, and have nothing but gooseberries, pears, hazelnuts, and similar canaille.

¹ The word “almond” is applied in German as in English, not only to the fruit of that name, but to the tonsils

CHAPTER XVII

I WAS really delighted to have made a good acquaintance so soon after arriving in Italy, and had not deeper feelings drawn me to the South, I should have remained in Trent by the good fruit woman, by the good figs and almonds, by the little bell ringer, and, to tell the truth, by the beautiful girls who streamed by in hordes. I do not know if other travelers would here admit the use of the word "beautiful," but the Trent females pleased me most unexceptionably. They were just the sort which I love;—and I love those pale elegiac faces from which great black eyes gaze forth in love-sickness; I love the dark hue of those proud necks which Phœbus too has loved and kissed brown; I love those overripe necks with purple dots in them, which seem as if wanton birds had been picking at them; but above all I love that genial warm-blooded gait, that silent music of the whole body, those limbs which undulate in the sweetest measures, voluptuous, pliant, divinely lewd, dying in breathless idleness—and then once more ethereally sublime and ever highly poetical. I love such women as I love Poetry itself, and these melodiously moving forms, this human orchestra as it rustled musically past me found echo in my heart, and awoke in it its sympathetic tones.

It was now no longer the magic power of a first surprise, the legend-like mystery of some wild and wondrous apparition—it had become that tranquil spirit which studied those female forms as they passed along, just as a true critic reads a poem. And by observing in this wise, we discover much—much that is sad and strange, the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the great pride which still remains. Gladly would the daughters of Trent bedeck themselves in silk and in satin as in the days of the Council, when their city bloomed in velvets and satin—but the Council did nothing for them; the velvet is shabby, the satin in rags, and nothing remains to the poor children save an empty tawdry show, which they carefully preserve during the week, and with which they attire themselves only on Sunday. But many have not even these remains of bygone luxury, and

must get along as they best can with the plain and cheaper manufactures of the present day. Therefore there is many a touching contrast between body and garment, the exquisitely carved mouth seems formed to command, and is itself scornfully overshadowed by a wretched hat with crumpled paper flowers, the proudest breasts heave and palpitate in a frizzle of coarse woolen imitation lace, and the most spiritual hips are embraced by the stupidest cotton. Sorrow, thy name is cotton — and brown-striped cotton at that! For, alas, nothing produced in me such sorrowful feelings as the sight of a fair Trent girl, who in form and complexion resembled a marble goddess, and who wore on this antique noble form a garment of brown-striped cotton, so that it seemed as though the petrified Niobe had suddenly become merry, and had disguised herself in our modern small-souled garb, and now swept in beggarly pride and superbly helpless through the streets of Trent

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN I returned to the Locanda dell' Grande Europa, where I had ordered a good pranzo, I was really so dispirited that I could not eat, and that is saying a great deal for me. I sat down before the door of the neighboring Bottega, refreshed myself with sherbet, and spoke thus: —

“Whimsical, blue-deviled heart! now thou art in Italy — why art thou not tiri-liring? Have perhaps the little serpents which twined so closely within, come with thee to Italy, and do they now rejoice, and does their common rejoicing awaken in thy bosom that picturesque sorrow which so strangely stings, and dances, and pipes, as in the olden time? And why should not the old sorrows also rejoice in their turn? Here in Italy all is so beautiful, in these ruined marble palaces, sighs reecho far more romantically than in our neatly tiled little houses; we can weep far more voluptuously beneath those laurels than under our ill-natured angular fir-trees, and is it not far sweeter to yearn and long away our souls deep into the ideal cloudy forms of the heavenly blue of Italy, than into

the ashy gray of a German week-day heaven, where even the clouds only cut honest, common, citizen grimaces, and stupidly gape down? Remain in my breast, ye sorrows! Ye will not find after all a better lodging-place. Ye are dear, and worth keeping, and nobody knows how to take better care of you than I, and I confess that ye are a great pleasure. And after all, what is pleasure? At best an intensely exquisite, convulsive pain!"

I believe that the music which without exciting my attention rang before the Bottega and attracted a crowd of listeners, had melodramatically accompanied this monologue. It was a singular trio, consisting of two men and a young harp girl. One of the men, clad as if for winter, in a white overcoat, was a powerful figure, with a full, red, bandit face, which blazed out from among the black hair of his head and beard like a threatening comet. He held between his legs a monstrous bass viol, on which he sawed away as furiously as though he had, in the Abruzzi, conquered some poor traveler, and was desperately cutting his throat. The other was a tall, meager old man, whose lean limbs tottered in a wornout black dress, and whose snow-white hair contrasted sorrowfully with his buffo song and his crazy caperings. It is sad enough when an old man must, from poverty, lay aside the dignity of age and give himself up to pranks and tricks; but how much sadder is it when he must do this before his own child!—and that girl was the daughter of the old buffo, and she accompanied on the harp his low jests, or laying it aside sang with him a comic duet in which he played the enamored old man, and she the mocking young amante. Moreover, the girl appeared to have hardly entered her teens—yes, it seemed as though they had rudely made a woman of her ere she had come to maidenhood—and not a virtuous woman at that. Hence came that green-sickly withering, and that shrinking displeasure of the fair face, whose proudly thrown traits seemed to scorn all pity; hence that secret vexedness of the eyes which gleamed defiantly under their black triumphal arches; hence the deep tone of sorrow which contrasted so unnaturally with the fair and laughing lips which it escaped; hence the sickliness of the all too delicate limbs, which a short and painfully violet-blue silk fluttered around, so far as

possible. Many colored and violently contrasted satin ribbons waved like flags around her old straw hat, and her breast was symbolically ornamented by a just opening rosebud, which seemed rather to have been pulled open than to have naturally unfolded itself from among its fresh verdant moss. Meanwhile there was perceptible in the poor girl—in this spring over which death had already breathed—an indescribable charm, a grace which expressed itself in every glance and motion and tone, and which did not disappear even when, with her body thrown forwards, she danced with mocking lasciviousness towards the old man, who, quite as immodestly, tottered towards her in the same attitude. The more shamelessly she acted, the deeper was the pity she awoke in my bosom, and when her song welled forth sweet and wondrous from her breast, as if imploring forgiveness—oh, then the little serpents leaped up in ecstasy within me, and bit into their own flesh for joy. Even the rose seemed to gaze imploringly on me—yes, once I saw it even tremble and grow pale, but at that instant the trills of the girl's voice rose so much more merrily on high, the old man bleated, goat-like, so much more passionately, and the red comet-face martyred his bass viol so much more savagely, that there came forth the most terrifically funny tones, and the audience rejoiced more madly than ever.

CHAPTER XIX

It was a real Italian composition, from some favorite comic opera, of that strange sort which gives the fullest scope to Humor, and in which the latter can abandon himself to all his mad joy, his crazy feelings, his laughing sorrow, and his life-long death inspiration. It was altogether in the manner of Rossini, as displayed in the "Barber of Seville." The scorners of the Italian school, who would fain destroy the character of this sort of music, will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell, and are perhaps damned in advance to hear through all eternity nothing but the fugues of Sebastian Bach. It grieves me to think that so many of my friends will not escape this punishment, and that among

them is Rellstab, who will be damned with the rest, unless before his death he is converted to the true faith of Rossini. Rossini! divino Maestro! Helios of Italy, who spreadest forth thy rays over the world, pardon my poor countrymen who slander thee on writing and on printing paper! I however rejoice in thy golden tones, in thy melodious rays, in thy gleaming butterfly dreams which so merrily played around me and kissed my heart as with the lips of the graces. Divino Maestro — forgive my poor countrymen who do not see into thy depth, because thou coverest it with roses, and to whom thou dost not seem sufficiently profound, because thou soarest so lightly as on divine wings! It is true, that to love the Italian music of the present day, and to arrive through love at its comprehension, one should have the people themselves before his eyes — their heaven, their character, their glances, their joys, their sorrows; in short, their entire history from Romulus, who founded the holy Roman realm, until that later time when it perished under Romulus Augustulus II. Even the use of speech is forbidden to poor enslaved Italy, and she can only express by music the feelings of her heart. All her resentment against foreign dominion, her inspiration of liberty, her rage at the consciousness of weakness, her sorrow at the memories of past greatness, her faint hopes, her watching and waiting in silence, her yearning for aid — all is masked in those melodies which glide from an intense intoxication of animal life into elegiac weakness, and in those pantomimes which dart from flattering caresses into threatening rage.

This is the esoteric sense of the comic opera. The exoteric sentinel, in whose presence they are sung and acted, does not surmise the inner meaning of those jovial love stories, love longings, and love mockeries beneath which the Italian hides his deadliest thoughts of freedom, as Harmodius and Aristogeiton hid their daggers in wreaths of laurel. "It is all nonsensical stuff," says the exoteric sentinel, and it is well that he sees it not. For if he did, then the impresario with his prima donna and primo uomo would soon be compelled to walk those planks which now set forth a festival, a commission of inquiry would soon be instituted, all treasonable trills and revolutionary roulades would be

protocolled; they would arrest innumerable Harlequins who are involved in extensive ramifications of horrible plots, even Tartaglia, Brighella, and the suspicious old Pantaloon would be locked up, the papers of the Dottore of Bologna would be put under seal, and under all these family troubles Columbine would weep her eyes red. But I myself think that there is little danger of this coming to pass, for the Italian demagogues are far shrewder than our poor Germans, who with a similar intention have also disguised themselves like black fools with black fools' caps, but who appeared so disagreeably melancholy, and seemed so dangerous by their deep earnest clown-leaping, which they call "turning," and made up such serious faces, that they finally attracted the attention of government and got themselves into prison.

CHAPTER XX

THE little harp girl must have remarked that I, while she sang and played, often looked at the rose on her bosom, and when I laid on the plate, when it went round, a piece of money which was not altogether too small, she slyly laughed and mysteriously asked in a whisper, "If I would like to have her rose?"

Now I am the politest man in the world, and would not for all the world slander a rose, even though it be a rose which has already wasted some of its perfume! "And if," thought I, "it no longer smells perfectly fresh, and no longer breathes the odor of sanctity and virtue, like the Rose of Sharon, what is that to me who have such a devil of a cold in my head? And it is only mankind who are so particular in these little matters. The butterfly asks not of the rose, 'Hath another already kissed thee?' Nor does the rose inquire, 'Hast thou ere this fluttered around another?' And it happened about this time that night came stealing on, "and by night," thought I, "all flowers are black — the sinfullest rose quite as much so as the most virtuous parsley." Well and good — without hesitation I said to the little harp girl: "Si, Signora, . . ."

Gentle reader — form no evil fancies. It had grown dark and the stars shone clear and holily into my heart, while in the heart itself trembled the memory of the dead Maria. I recalled that night when I stood before the bed whereon lay the beautiful pale corpse with soft, silent lips. I thought again on the strange glance which the old dame, who was to watch the body, cast on me, when for some hours I was to relieve her of the task. I thought again of the night violet which stood in a glass on the table, and which smelt so strangely. And a suspicion shuddered through my veins, as to whether it were really a draft of air which extinguished the lamp? Or was there really no third person in the chamber?

CHAPTER XXI

I WENT early to bed, and quickly fell to sleep, losing myself in the wildest dreams. I dreamed myself a few hours back, I came again into Trent, I was again in amazement as before, and all the more so, because I saw nothing but flowers instead of human beings walking in the streets.

There were wandering glowing pinks, who voluptuously fanned themselves, coquettish balsamines, hyacinths, with pretty empty bell heads, and behind them a party of mustached narcissuses and disorderly larkspurs. At one corner two loosestrifes¹ were quarreling and scolding. From the windows of a sickly-looking old house peered a spotted stock-gillyflower, decked off in ridiculous wise, while from within pealed a delicately perfumed violet voice. On the balcony of the great palazzo in the market-place, all the nobility were assembled, all the high noblesse, viz. : the lilies, who toil not neither do they spin, although Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I even thought that I saw the plump fruit wife, though when I looked more closely, it was indeed the fruit wife no longer, but a wintry sassafras, who at once burst out on me — “What d’ye want, you green top? You pickled cowcumber! You’re a blossom now, arn’t ye! Wait till I water you!” In terror I ran into the cathedral, and almost ran over an old lame

¹ Loosestrife — *Lysimachia stricta*.

motherwort, whose prayer-book was carried for her by a little coxcomb. But in the cathedral all was right pleasant—there in long rows were the tulips, piously nodding their heads. In the confessional sat a dark monk's hood, and before him kneeled a flower, whose face was not visible. But it breathed forth a perfume so strangely familiar, that I shuddered as I thought of the night violet, which stood in the chamber where the dead Maria lay.

As I again left the cathedral, I met a funeral procession of nothing but roses with black "weeds," and white handkerchiefs, and, ah!—on the bier lay the early plucked rose with which I had become acquainted on the bosom of the little harp maiden. She now looked far gentler, but all snow-white—a white-rose corpse. They set down the coffin in a little chapel, where there was nothing but weeping and sighing, and finally an old hell'e'bore got up and delivered a long funeral sermon, in which he said much of the virtues of the departed, of this earthly vale of tears which availeth naught, of a better being, of Love, Hope, and Faith, all in a nasal singing tone, a well-watered oration, and so long and long-winded, that I at last awoke.



CHAPTER XXII

My vetturino had harnessed his horses in advance of Phœbus, and we reached Ala before dinner time. Here the vetturini are accustomed to stop a few hours and change horses.

Ala is a real Italian nest of a place. It is picturesquely situated on the slope of a mountain, a river ripples past it, and pleasant green vines flourish here and there, amid the stuck-together beggar palaces, which hang one over the other. On a corner of the warped market house, no bigger than a hencoop, is inscribed in great imposing letters: "Piazza di San Marco." On the stone fragment of a massive coat of arms of an ancient, noble family, sat a little boy, manifesting in his need anything but respect for the relic. The clear sunlight shone on his naive nudity, and he held in his hand a picture of a saint, which he devoutly kissed. A little girl—

beautiful as a statue, stood by in rapt attention, blowing at times an accompaniment on a penny trumpet.

The tavern where I dined was thoroughly Italian. Above on the first story was a full gallery looking towards the courtyard, in which lay broken wagons and yearning piles of manure, and wherein were turkeys with ridiculous red wattles, and beggarly proud peacocks, besides half a dozen ragged sunburnt children, who were aiding in the mutual improvement of their capillary attractions after the Bell and Lancasterian methods. By means of this balcony, I passed by the broken iron balustrade into a broad, echoing chamber. The floor was of marble, in the midst stood a great bed on which fleas were consummating their nuptials, while on every side was all the magnificence of dirt. The host leaped here and there to fulfil my commands. He wore a violently green frock coat, and a manifoldly moving countenance in which was a humpbacked nose, on the center of which sat a red wart, which reminded me of a red-coated monkey on a camel's back. He sprang hither and thither, and it seemed to me as though the red monkey were leaping about in like manner. He was an hour in bringing anything, and when I rated him soundly for it, he assured me on his word that I spoke Italian admirably.

I was obliged to content myself for a long time with the agreeable perfume of roast meat, which was wafted towards me from the doorless kitchen just opposite, in which the mother and daughter sat side by side, singing and plucking chickens. The first was remarkably corpulent, with breasts which sprang boldly outward and yet were still diminutive as compared to the colossal antitype, so that the one reminded me of the "Institutes" of the Roman Law, while the other seemed their enlargement in the "Pandects." The daughter, a by no means very large but still stoutly built person, was also inclined to corpulency, but her rosy fatness was by no means to be compared to the ancient tallow of the mother. Her features were not soft, not enchanting with the charms of youth, but still beautifully cut, noble and antique; the eyes and hair of brilliant black. The mother on the contrary had flat stumpy features, a rosy-red nose, blue eyes which looked like violets boiled in milk and lily-white pow-

dered hair. Now and then il Signor padre came leaping in and asked for this or that dish or implement, when he was advised in calm recitative to look for it himself. Then he smacked with his tongue, hunted in the drawer, tasted from the boiling pot, burned his mouth, and hopped again out, and with him his camel nose and the red monkey on it. And behind him rang forth merry trills, like pleasant mockery and family joking.

But a thunder-stroke suddenly interrupted this agreeable and almost idyllic family scene, as a square-built fellow with a lowering murderous face leaped in, and screamed something that I did not understand. As both the women made emphatic gestures of denial, he became insane with rage, spitting fire and flame like an ill-natured young Vesuvius. The landlady seemed to be in trouble, and whispered assuaging words, which had however a contrary effect, so that the raging wretch seized an iron shovel, smashed divers unfortunate plates and bottles, and would have struck down the unfortunate woman, had not the daughter grasped a long kitchen knife and threatened to run him through, unless he at once vanished.

It was a beautiful sight—that of the girl standing there sallow and pale, and petrified with rage, like a marble statue, her very lips pale, the eyes deep and deathlike, a blue swollen vein crossing her brow, the black locks twining around it like snakes, a bloody knife in her hand,—I trembled with delight, for I fancied that I saw before me the image of Medea, as I have often dreamed her in my youthful nights when I have fallen to sleep on the dear bosom of Melpomene, the darkly beautiful goddess.

While all this was going on, the Signor padre never once ran off his track, but with habitual busy calmness picked up the shards from the soil, collected the plates which yet remained alive, and brought me first, soup with Parmesan cheese, roast meat hard and solid as German honesty, crabs red as love, spinach green as hope, with eggs; and for desert, onions which brought tears of emotion to my eyes. "It's nothing—it's only Pietro's way," said he, as I glanced in wonder towards the kitchen; and in fact after the great cause of all the difficulty had made himself scarce, it seemed

as if nothing had happened, mother and daughter singing calmly as before, as they sat and plucked chickens.

The bill convinced me that the Signor padre also understood the sublime art of "plucking," and when I in addition to his demand also gave him a *buono mano*, he bowed in such ecstatic delight that the red monkey nearly fell from its seat. Then I nodded in a friendly manner into the kitchen, received as friendly a salute in return, quickly jumped into the coach, drove rapidly along the plains of Lombardy, and arrived about evening in the ancient, world-renowned town of Verona.



CHAPTER XXIII

THE varied power of new appearances moved me only dimly and forebodingly in Trent, like the tremor of a legend; but, in Verona, I was seized by a mighty feverish dream full of hot colors, accurately designed forms, ghostly trumpet clang, and the far-away roar of weapons. Many a dark old palace stared on me as though it would confide to me some ancient secret, and withheld it only on account of the officious crowd of every-day mortals, begging me to come again by night. Yet, despite the tumult of the throng and the wild sun which cast over me its red light, here and there some dark old tower whispered to me some deeply significant word; here and there I overheard the murmurings of broken columns, and as I passed along a small flight of steps which led to the Piazza de Signori, the stones narrated to me a fearfully bloody story, and I read on the corner the words: "Scala Mazzanti."

Verona, the ancient world-renowned city, situated on both sides of the Adige, has been in all ages the first halting place for the great German emigrations of tribes who left their cold Northern forests and crossed the Alps, to rejoice in the golden sunshine of pleasant Italy. Some went further on—others were well enough pleased with the place itself, and made themselves at home and comfortable in it, and put on their silk dressing-gowns and promenaded cheerfully among flowers and cypresses, until newcomers, who still

had on their iron garments, arrived from the North and crowded them away — an oft-repeated tale, and one called by historians the emigration of races. If we wander through the district of Verona, we find startling traces of those days, as well as relics of an earlier and of a later age. The amphitheater and the triumphal arch remind us of the Roman age, the fabulous relics of so many Romanesque ante-Gothic buildings, recall Theodoric, that Dietrich of Bern, of whom Germans yet sing and tell; mad fragments bring up Alboin and his raging Longobardi; legendary monuments speak of Carolus Magnus, whose paladins are chiseled on the gate of the cathedral with the same frank roughness which characterized them in life; it all seems as though the town were a great tavern, and as people in inns are accustomed to write their names on walls and windows, so have the races who have traveled through Verona left in it traces of their presence; frequently, it is true, not in the most legible hand, since many a German tribe had not then learned to write, and was obliged to smash something by way of leaving its mark, which was also very well in its way, as these ruins which they made speak more intelligibly than the most elaborate writing. And the barbarians who now dwell in the old hostelry will not fail to leave similar tokens of their presence, having neither poets nor sculptors to hand down their memory to posterity.

I remained but one day in Verona, constantly marveling at novelties, gazing at one time on the ancient buildings, at another on the human beings who thronged past in mysterious haste, and finally at the divinely blue heaven which limited the whole strange scene like a costly frame, and seemed to make of it a painting. But it is right queer when a man sticks himself into a picture which he has just been looking at, and is occasionally laughed at by his fellow figures, and by the female ones at that, as happened to me very pleasantly in the Piazza delle Erbe. This place is the vegetable market, and there I found abundance of delightful forms, women and girls, longing, great-eyed faces, among whom one could dwell very comfortably, excitingly brunette-colored, naively dirty beauties, much better adapted to night than to day. The white or black veils which the city women

wear, were so cunningly entwined around their breasts that they displayed more of the beautiful forms than they concealed. The girls wore their hair in chignons, pierced with one or more golden arrows or silver rods terminated by an acorn. The peasant women generally wore small straw hats shaped like plates, with coquettish flowers on one side of the head. The dress of the men differed less from that of our own, and only the immense black beard which came like bushes over their cravats was to me a little startling.

If we study these people more attentively, the men as well as the women, we find in their features as well as in their whole being the traces of a civilization which differs from our own in this, that it is evidently derived from the Roman times, and has only modified itself according to the character of the casual rulers of the land. Civilization has with them no new and startling features as among us, where the oaken trunk was first sawn, as it were, but yesterday, and where everything smells of varnish. It seems as though this race in the *Piazza delle Erbe* has during the course of time only changed clothes and language, while the spirit of their customs has undergone but little modification. The buildings which surround the place do not appear to have adapted themselves so well to the change of circumstances, but they do not look on us the less pleasantly, and their glance strangely moves the soul. There stand the high old palaces in Venetian-Lombard style, with countless balconies and smiling frescos; in the midst rises a single monumental column, a fountain and the stone image of a saint; here we see a whimsical white and red striped *Podesta*, who rises behind a vast pillar gate—there we behold an old four-cornered church tower, on which the hand of the clock is broken, and its figures half obliterated, so that even time seems destroying itself—and over all rests that romantic enchantment which breathes so pleasantly over us from the fantastic poems of Ludovico Ariosto, or of Ludovico Tieck.

Near this place is a house, which on account of a hat which is chiseled in stone over the inner door, is supposed to be the palace of the Capulets. It is now a dirty inn for wagoners and coachmen, and has for a sign a red-painted leaden hat, full of holes. Not far off, in a church, they show the chapel

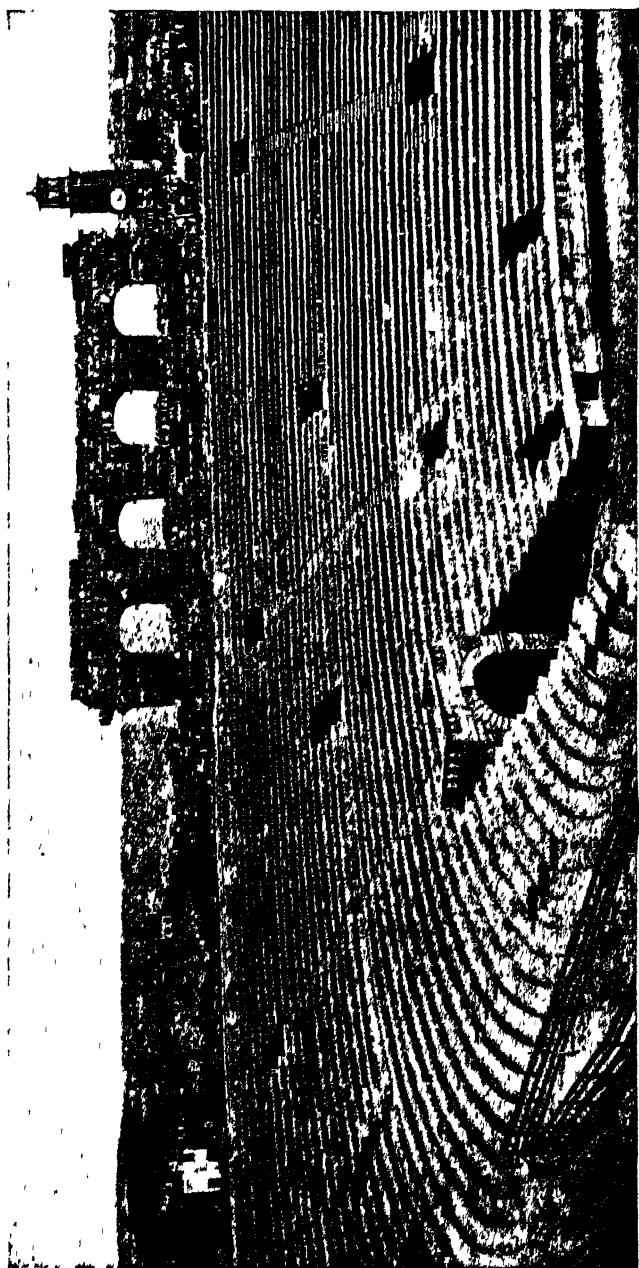
in which, according to the legend, the unfortunate lovers were married. A poet gladly visits such places, even when he himself laughs at the easy superstition of his heart. I found in this chapel a solitary woman, — a careworn, faded being, — who, after long kneeling and praying, arose, sighing, gazed strangely on me with a sickly, silent glance, and finally tottered weakly away.

The tombs of the Scaligeri are also near the Piazza delle Erbe. They are as wonderfully splendid, and it is a pity that they should stand in a narrow corner, where they must crowd together to take up as little room as possible, and where there remains but little space for the visitor to behold them aright. It seems as though we saw in this an historical comparison. The race of the Scaligeri fills but a small corner in Italian history, but that corner is crowded with deeds of daring, splendid plans, and all the magnificence of pride. And we find them on their monuments as in history — proud iron knights, on iron steeds, and among them, surpassing in splendor, Can Grande, the uncle, and Mastino, the nephew.

CHAPTER XXIV

MUCH has been said of the amphitheater of Verona; it is large enough to give space to many remarks, and there is no remark which may not find a space in it. It is built altogether in that earnest, practical style, whose beauty consists of perfect solidity, and which, like all public buildings of the Romans, breathes out a spirit which is nothing else save the spirit of Rome itself. And Rome? Who is so soundly ignorant that his heart does not beat at the mention of this name, and whose soul is not at least thrilled by a traditional terror? For myself I confess that my feelings are rather those of fear than pleasure, when I reflect that I shall soon tread on the lair of old Rome itself. "Old Rome is long dead," said I soothingly to myself, "and thou wilt have the pleasure of regarding her fair corpse, without danger." But then the Falstaffian thought came into my head: "What if she were not as yet really dead, and has only feigned to be so, and should suddenly arise—the thought is terrible."

When I visited the amphitheater, comedy was being played in it; a little wooden stage was erected in its midst, on which all sorts of Italian harlequinry was being acted, and the spectators sat partly on little chairs and partly on the high stone benches of the ancient amphitheater. There I too sat and saw Brighella's and Tartaglia's mock fighting, on the same spot where the Romans once sat and gazed on their battles of gladiators and wild beasts. The heaven above me with its crystal-blue shell was still the same as of old. Little by little it grew dark, the stars shimmered out, Truffaldino laughed, Smeraldina wailed, and finally Pantaloon came and joined their hands. The multitude clapped their approbation, and went their way rejoicing. The whole play had not cost one drop of blood. But it was only a play. But the plays of the Romans were no plays, these men could never have satiated their souls with mockeries, they lacked that childlike cheerfulness of soul; and according to their stern natures they manifested in their sports the harshest, bloodiest earnestness. They were not great men, but by their position they were greater than all the other children of earth—for they stood on Rome. When they descended from the Seven Hills, they were again small. Hence the littleness which we discover in their private life; in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, those palimpsests of nature, where the original old stone text is again brought to life, showing the traveler Roman life in little houses, with diminutive rooms, which contrast so singularly with those colossal buildings which set forth their public life, and those theaters, aqueducts, fountains, highways, and bridges whose ruins still awake our wonder. And this is just it—the Greeks were great in the idea of Art, the Hebrews in the idea of a holiest God, and the Romans in the idea of their eternal Rome, wherever it was by them fought, written, or built. The greater Rome became the more she extended this idea, the individual was lost in it, the great who rose above it were still borne along by it, and it makes the littleness of the little still more apparent. On this account the Romans were at the same time the greatest heroes and the greatest satirists—heroes while they acted and thought of Rome, satirists if they thought of Rome and judged of the deeds of their contemporaries. Measured by



AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA

such an enormous standard as the greatness of Rome, the greatest personality must have appeared dwarf-like and even have attracted mockery. Tacitus is the grimmest of masters in this satire, because he, more than any other, felt in his soul the grandeur of Rome and the littleness of men. He is gloriously in his element whenever he can tell us what slanderous tongues prattled in the Forum over some deed of imperial infamy; and fiercely delighted when he has an opportunity of detailing some senatorial scandal or some abject flattery which missed its mark.

I remained walking for a long time on the upper benches of the amphitheater, dreaming my way back into the dim past. As all buildings reveal most clearly in twilight their inner spirit, so did these walls whisper to me in their fragmentary lapidary style, the most mysterious things—for they spoke of the men of old Rome, and it seemed to me that I beheld their spirits wandering far below me like white shadows in the darkened circus. I seemed to see the Greeks with their inspired martyr eyes! "Tiberius Sempronius!" cried I, aloud—"I will vote with thee for the Agrarian law!" And I saw Cæsar too, wandering arm in arm with Marcus Brutus. "Are ye again reconciled?" I cried. "We both believed that we were in the right," laughed Cæsar up to me. "I knew not that a Roman still existed, and therefore thought myself justified in putting Rome in my pocket—and because my son Marcus was just this Roman, he thought himself justified in making way with me." Behind the two glided Tiberius Nero with cloud-like limbs and undetermined mien. And there were women too, in the spectral throng; among them Agrippina, with beautiful imperial features, like those of an antique statue, on which the traces of pain seemed petrified. "Whom seekest thou, daughter of Germanicus!" Scarcely had I heard her wail, ere there rolled over all the heavy tones of a vesper-bell, and the horrible drumming of the evening roll-call. The proud Roman spirits passed away, and I found myself once more in the Austrian Christian present age.

CHAPTER XXV

As soon as it is dark the beau monde of Verona promenades on the place La Bra, or sits there on little chairs before the cafés, sipping sherbet, and evening air and music. It is right pleasant sitting there — the dreaming heart cradles itself in soft tones, and rings back in echo to them. Often, as if reeling with sleep, it trembles when the trumpets reecho and join in with full orchestra. Then the soul is again revived as with fresh sunshine, great flowering feelings, and memories with vast black eyes come blooming up, and over them sweep thoughts like trains of clouds, proud, and slowly, and eternally.

I wandered until midnight through the streets of Verona. Little by little they were deserted and reechoed strangely. In the half moonlight the buildings and their armaments glimmered strangely, and many a marble face looked pale and painfully upon me. I walked quickly past the tombs of the Scaligeri, for it seemed to me as though Can Grande, courteous as ever towards poets — would descend from his horse and accompany me as guide. "Still where thou art," I cried, "I need thee not. My heart is the best guide and tells all that passes in the houses, and excepting names and dates tells them truly enough."

As I came to the Roman triumphal gate, there swept through it a black monk, and far in the distance sounded a rumbling German "Wer da?" ("Who goes there?") "Good friend," answered a laughing soprano.

But what woman's voice was that which thrilled so strangely sweet through my soul as I ascended the Scala Mazzanti? It was a song which echoed as if from a dying nightingale — death-delicately — and which seemed to cry to the very stone walls for aid. On this spot Antonio Della Scala murdered his brother Bartolomeo, as the latter went to meet his lady love. And my heart told me that she sat in her chamber awaiting her beloved, and sang to drown forboding fears. But soon the song and air seemed to me so strangely familiar — I had before heard those silken, fearful, bleeding tones; they twined around me soft, tearful memories, and — O thou

stupid heart, said I to myself, hast thou then forgotten the song of the sick Moorish king sung to thee so often by the dead Maria? And the voice itself — knowest thou no longer the voice of the dead Maria?

The long-drawn notes followed me through every street, into the Hotel Due Torre — into my bedroom — into my dream. And there I saw once more my sweet, dead life, lying beautiful and motionless, the old washerwoman stole away with a meaning side glance, the night violet breathed out its perfume, I again kissed the lovely lips, and the dear corpse slowly arose to offer again a kiss.

If I only knew what it was that blew out the light!



CHAPTER XXVI

“Know'st thou the land where the citron blooms?”

KNOWEST thou the song? All Italy is sketched in it, but in the sighing tones of longing and desire. Goethe in his “Italian Journey” has sung it more in detail, and whenever he paints, he always has the original before his eyes, and we can rely on the truthfulness, both of outline and of coloring. And I find it appropriate to speak here, once for all, of Goethe’s “Italian Journey,” and I do this the more willingly, since he made the same tour from Verona through the Tyrol. I have already spoken of that work, before I was personally familiar with its subject, and I now find my presentiment as to its merits fully established. Everywhere in it we find a practical comprehension and the calm repose of nature. Goethe holds the mirror up to — or to speak more accurately — is himself the mirror of nature. Nature wished to know how she looked, and therefore created Goethe. He even reflects the thoughts and intentions of nature, and we should not judge harshly of some enthusiastic “Goethian,” especially in the dog-days, if he is at times so astonished at the identity of the object mirrored with its original, that he ascribes to the mirror a power of creating similar objects. A certain Mr. Eckermann once wrote a book on Goethe, in

which he solemnly assures us that if the Lord on creating the world had said to Goethe, "Dear Goethe, I am now, the Lord be praised, at an end. I have created everything except the birds and the trees, and you would oblige me by getting up these trifles for me" — then Goethe would have finished them all in the spirit of the original design, — the birds with feathers, and the trees of a green color.

There is some truth in all this, and I even believe that in some particulars Goethe could have given the Lord a few valuable hints as to the improvement of certain articles, and would, for instance, have created Herr Eckermann much more correctly by covering him with green feathers. It is at least a pity that a tuft of green feathers does not grow out of Eckermann's head, and Goethe did in fact strive to remedy the defect, as far as possible, by writing to Jena for a doctor's hat, and by placing it with his own hands on his admirer's poll.

Next to Goethe's "Italian Journey," I would commend Lady Morgan's "Italy," and the "Corinna" of Madame de Stael. What these ladies lack in talent they make up in the manliness of thought, which is wanting in the great poet. For Lady Morgan has spoken like a man — she spoke scorpions to the hearts of brazen hirelings, and sweet were the notes of this fluttering nightingale of freedom. Of like nature — as many well know — was Madame de Stael, an amiable vivandière in the liberal army, who ran courageously through the ranks of the combatants with her bits of enthusiasm, strengthening the weary, and fighting with them too — better than the best.

As for descriptions of Italian towns, William Muller gave us a review of them some time since in "Hermes." Among the older German writers in this line, the most distinguished in genius or originality are Moritz, Archenholtz, Bartels, the brave Seume, Arndt, Meyer, Benkowitz, and Rehfus. I know but little of the more recent tourists, and I have derived from them but little pleasure or profit. Among these I may mention the "Rome, the Romans, and the Roman Women" of the too early deceased W. Muller — ah! he was a German poet! — then the "Journey" of Kephallides — which is a little dry, Lesmann's "Cisalpine Leaves" — which is a little too

watery, and finally, the "Tours in Italy, since 1822," of Frederick Thiersch, Ludwig Schorn, Edward Gerhardt, and Leo von Klenze. Only the first part of this work has as yet appeared, and it consists principally of contributions from my dear and noble-hearted friend, Thiersch, whose humane glance is evident in every line.

CHAPTER XXVII

"Know'st thou the land where the bright lemon blows?
'Mid dark green leaves the golden orange glows,
A gentle breeze sweeps o'er its happy lands,
Calm lies the myrtle — high the laurel stands,
Know'st thou it well?

Oh there, oh there, with thee,
How glad were I, loved one, to wander free."

ONLY don't go in the beginning of August, when you are liable to be roasted by the sun during the day, and to be devoured by fleas at night. And I moreover counsel thee, thou best of readers, not to travel from Verona to Milan in the post coach.

I rode in company with six bandits, in an unwieldy, bumping carozza, which on account of the all-prevailing dust was so carefully shut up, that I could see but little of the beauty of the scenery. Only twice ere we gained Brescia did my neighbor lift the side leathern curtain in order to spit. The first time he did this, I saw nothing but some perspiring fir-trees, which in their green, winter overcoats seemed to suffer greatly from the sultry summer heat; — the second time I saw a fragment of a wondrous clear blue lake, wherein the sun and a lean grenadier mirrored themselves. The latter of the pair — an Austrian Narcissus — gazed admiringly and joyfully at the accuracy with which his reflections imitated all his movements, when he presented, shouldered, or aimed with his gun.

I have but little to tell of Brescia, as I occupied myself during the time of my "residence" there in eating a good luncheon. No one can blame a poor traveler for satisfying

bodily hunger in preference to the spiritual. Still I was conscientious enough, ere I reentered the coach, to inquire a few particulars relative to the town from a waiter, and learned of him that Brescia contained among other things, forty thousand inhabitants, one town hall, twenty-one coffee-houses, twenty Catholic churches, a madhouse, a synagogue, a menagerie, a house of correction, a hospital, an equally good theater, and a gallows for those thieves who steal less than one hundred thousand dollars

I arrived about midnight in Milan, and went to Herr Reichmann's — a German whose hotel is fitted up entirely in the German manner. It was the best inn in all Italy, said certain friends whom I there met, and who had mournful tales to relate relative to Italian swindling and taking in. Especially did Sir William curse as he assured me that if Europe is the head of the world, Italy is its bump of theft. The poor baronet had been obliged to pay in the Locanda Croce bianco at Padua not less than twelve francs for a poor breakfast, and at Vicenza some wretch of a waiter had demanded a gratuity for picking up for him a glove, just dropped from his coach. His cousin Tom said that all Italians are rogues, except that they do not steal. Had he been more attractive, he might have said the same of their women. The third in the party was a Mr. Liver, whom I had left as a young calf in Brighton, and whom I now found a *bœuf à la mode* in Milan. He was dressed entirely as a dandy, and I have never met a mortal who better knew how to bring out the corners with his figure. When he stuck his thumbs into his vest armlets he made nothing but angles — his very mouth folded up square as a brick. Withal he had a square head, small behind, pointed above, with a low forehead, and a very long chin. Among the English acquaintances whom I met in Milan was Liver's corpulent aunt, who seemed like an avalanche of fat, which had rolled down from the Alps in company with two snow-white, snow-cold winter geese, Miss Polly and Miss Molly.

Do not accuse me, dear reader, of Anglomania, should I very frequently speak of English people in this book. They are too numerous in Italy not to be mentioned; they sweep over the land in swarms, they lodge in every inn, crowd everywhere to see everything, and it is impossible to imagine an Italian orange

blossom without thinking of some pretty English girl smelling at it, or a picture-gallery without a mob of Englishmen who, guide-book in hand, go rushing around to make certain that everything is there which is described in their guide-books. When we see this blonde, red-cheeked race with their shining coaches, many-colored lackeys, neighing blood horses, green-veiled chambermaids, and other costly apparatus, inquisitive and ornamented, sweeping over the Alps, and through Italy, we can imagine that we see an elegant invasion. And, in fact, the son of Albion, albeit he wears clean linen and pays cash down for everything, is a civilized barbarian as compared with the Italian, who indicates a civilization now passing into barbarism. The former shows a suppressed rudeness, the latter a neglected refinement. And even the pale Italian faces, with the suffering white of their eyes, and their sickly delicate lips — how silently aristocratic do they seem as compared to stiff British faces with their vulgar ruddy health. The whole Italian race is internally sick, and sick people are invariably more refined than the robust, for only the sick man is really a man, his limbs have a history of suffering, they are spiritualized. I believe that by suffering, animals could be made human; I have seen a dying hound who in his last agonies gazed on me with the glance of a man.

The suffering expression of the Italians is most visible when we speak to them of the misfortunes of their country, and in Milan there is plenty of opportunity for that. That is the sharpest wound in the breast of an Italian, and it quivers and twitches when touched ever so lightly. They have on such occasions a peculiar shrug of the shoulders which inspires in me a strange pity. One of my Britons regarded the Italians as being politically indifferent, because they seemed to listen with equanimity when we strangers chatted on the Catholic emancipation and the Turkish war; and he was unjust enough to say as much, mockingly, to a pale Italian with a jet-black beard. We had the previous evening seen the *début* of a new opera in La Scala, and witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm which a first success excites. "You Italians," said the Englishman, "appear to be dead to everything save music, which is the only thing that seems to excite you." "You do us injustice," said the pale one, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah!"

sighed he — “Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened — which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now mightily gush forth — and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in La Scala.”

Perhaps this confession also explains the enthusiasm which Rossini’s or Meyerbeer’s operas have everywhere produced on the other side of the Alps. If I ever in my life saw human madness it was at a representation of the “*Crociato in Egitto*,” when the music frequently underwent a sudden transition from soft wailing tones to wild active pain. Such madness is termed by Italians “*furore*.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

ALTHOUGH I have here, dear reader — the Brera and Ambrosiana being in my way — a glorious opportunity to serve up views on art, I will still suffer this cup to pass away from you, contenting myself with the remark that I have observed the pointed chin, which gives such a sentimental impression to so many pictures of the Lombard school, on many a pretty Lombardess in the streets of Milan. It has always been marvelously comforting and edifying to me when an opportunity presented itself to compare the works of a school with the originals which served as its models; for thus I more accurately appreciated its character. Thus in the great fair of Rotterdam, the divine geniality of Jan Steen was suddenly revealed to me; and thus at a later date I learned on Lung l’Arno the truth of form and the effective spirit of the Florentines, while in San Marco I caught the truth of color and the dreamy superficiality of the Venetians. Go to Rome, my dear soul — go to Rome — and there perhaps you may rise to a perception of the ideal and to the appreciation of Raphael.

However, there is one marvel at Milan — and by long odds the greatest — which I cannot leave unnoted — that is the Cathedral.

From a distance it looks as though cut from white newspaper, and when near it the observer is startled to find that this lace-like scissoring is all of undeniable white marble. The countless images of saints, which cover the entire building, which peep forth under little Gothic baldachins, and which rise from every point, form a petrified multitude which well-nigh bewilders our senses. Yet if we study the entire work a while longer, we find that it is right pretty, colossally neat, a plaything for giant children. But it appears best in the midnight moonshine, for then all the white stone-men come thronging solemnly adown from their height, and sweep together over the place and whisper an old legend in our ear—a strange, secret tale of Galeazzo Visconti, who began the Cathedral, and of Napoleon Bonaparte, who at a later day continued it.

“D’ye see,”—said to me a singular-looking saint who had evidently been but recently manufactured from brand new marble, “d’ye see, my old friends here cannot understand why the Emperor Napoleon worked away so industriously at the Cathedral. But I flatter myself that I have seen into the matter. He knew perfectly well that this great stone house was at any rate a very useful building, and that it might be used when Christianity shall have gone out of date”

“When Christianity shall be out of date!”—I was fairly frightened to hear that there were saints who talked this way in Italy, and that in a place where Austrian sentinels with bearskin caps and knapsacks were marching up and down. Anyhow the old stone chap was right, for the interior of the Cathedral is pleasant and cool in summer and cheerful and agreeable, and will be worth something, do what they will with it.

The completion of this Cathedral was one of Napoleon’s favorite ideas, and he was not wide of the mark when his power came to an end. The Austrians are now carrying it on. They are also working at the celebrated triumphal arch which is to conclude the Simplon road, though of course Napoleon’s statue will not be placed on the summit of the arch, as was originally determined. At all events, the great Emperor has left behind him a monument which is better

and more durable than marble, and which no Austrian can hide from observation. Long after the rest of us ordinary mortals have been mowed down by the scythe of Time, and have been blown away like chaff of the field, that statue monument will remain unscathed; new races will rise from the earth, will gaze bewildered on the image and pass away again to earth, — and Time, incapable of injuring the form, will seek to involve it in legendary myths, and its tremendous history will finally be a myth.

Perhaps after thousands of years some wonderfully shrewd schoolmaster in a fearfully profound dissertation will prove beyond cavil that Napoleon Bonaparte was identical with that other Titan who stole fire from the gods, and who for this trespass was chained to a solitary rock in the midst of the sea, as a prey to a vulture, which day by day gnawed away at his heart.



CHAPTER XXIX

My excellent friend and reader, I sincerely hope that you will not mistake me for an unconditional Bonapartist, my adoration is entirely for the genius and not for the deeds of the man. I love him beyond all limit up to the eighteenth Brumaire — when he betrayed freedom. And this he did, not from necessity, but from a secret predilection for aristocracy. Napoleon Bonaparte was an aristocrat, a noble enemy of middle-class equality, and it was an enormous mistake and misunderstanding when the European aristocracy, represented by England, made such deadly war on him, for although he intended to introduce a few changes into the personnel of this aristocracy, he still wished to uphold the majority of them and their actual principle; he would have regenerated this aristocracy which now, after its last and certainly final victory, lies exhausted by age, loss of blood and weariness.

Dear reader! let us here, once and for all, understand one another. I never praise the deed, but the human soul whose garment the deed is, and history is nothing but the soul's old wardrobe. But love sometimes loves old hats and coats, and even so do I love the cloak of Marengo.

"We are on the battle-field of Marengo!" How my heart laughed as the postilion said this. I was in company with a very gentlemanly Lieflander, who rather played the Russian, the evening before we had left Milan, and the next morning we saw the sun rise over the famed field of battle.

It was here that General Bonaparte drank so mighty a draft from the goblet of renown, that in his intoxication he became Consul, Emperor, World-conqueror, and first grew sober at St Helena. And it fared no better with us who also got tipsy with him, dreamed the same wild dreams, awoke in the same manner, and now in all the misery of soberness are making all sorts of reasonable reflections. And it often seems to us as if warlike reputation were an old-fashioned, out-of-date sort of pleasure, for under Napoleon a battle attained its acme of significance, and he was perhaps the last of the conquerors.

It really seems as though more spiritual than material interests were now being fought out, and as though universal history were no longer a robber legend, but a ghost story. The grand lever which ambitious and avaricious princes were once wont to employ so industriously—that is to say, nationality, with all its vanity and hatred, is now musty and used up; day by day the ridiculous prejudices of races are disappearing; all harsh peculiarities are disappearing in the universality of European civilization, there are no longer nations but parties, and it is wonderful to behold how these, despite the most varied colors, recognize each other, and make themselves mutually intelligible, notwithstanding the difference of language. As there is a material policy of States, so there is also a spiritual party policy; and as the States' policy would quickly bring to a general, zealous European war the smallest strife which should spring up between the smallest powers, where interest is the governing principle, so on the other hand, the smallest strife could not take place in which, owing to the party policy already alluded to, the general spiritual tendencies and meanings would not be at once understood, and by which the most distant and heterogeneous parties would find themselves compelled to take side pro or contra.

On account of this party policy, which I call a spiritual policy, because its interests are more spiritual and its *ultima rationes*

not metallic, they now form, as if by the medium of the States' policy, two great masses opposed to each other, fighting with glance and word. The watchwords and representatives of these two great parties change day by day — there is no lack of confusion — the greatest misunderstandings often arise, and these are often rather increased than explained by the authors, who form the diplomatists of the spiritual party; but though heads may err, hearts still feel what they need, and time presses on with her great question.

But what is the great question of the age?

It is that of emancipation. Not simply the emancipation of the Irish, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian negroes, and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world, and especially that of Europe, which has attained its majority and now tears itself loose from the iron leading-strings of a privileged aristocracy. A few philosophical renegades from freedom may forge, if they will, for us the most elaborate chains of conclusions, to prove that millions of men are born to be beasts of burden for a few thousand nobles, but they will never convince us until they make it clear, to borrow the expression of Voltaire, that the former are born with saddles on their backs, and the latter with spurs on their heels.

Every age has its problem, whose solution advances the world. The earlier inequality established by the feudal system in Europe was perhaps necessary, or a necessary condition of the advance of humanity; but now it impedes the latter, and represses the pulsations of the civilized heart. The French, who are preeminently the race of social intercourse, have necessarily suffered most from this inequality which grates so harshly against the principles of sociability, they have sought to force equality by gently nipping off those heads which persisted in rising above the rest, and their revolution was the signal for a war of independence for the whole world.

Honor to the French! — they have taken good care of the two greatest needs of human society — of good eating and citizenly equality; they have made the greatest advances in cookery and in freedom, and if it ever comes to pass that we all hold together one grand dinner of jolly good-fellowship

—and on this earth there is nothing better than an assembly of peers at a well-spread table—we will give the Frenchmen the first toast. It will be some time I know before this grand feast comes off, and before emancipation is finished up,—but it is bound to come, this blessed time, when we, all reconciled and on a par, will sit together around the same table. Then in union we will fight against other evils of the world, perhaps at last against death itself—death, whose stern system of equality is not, to say the worst, so oppressive as the smiling theory of *inequality* held by aristocracy.

Laugh not, thou later reader. Every age believes that its battle is the most important—this is the true creed of the time in which it lives and dies, and we, too, will live and die in this religion of freedom, which perhaps better deserves the name of religion than the hollow, long-dead soul specter which we have qualified by that name. Our holy battle seems to us to be by far the mightiest ever yet fought on earth, though a historical presentiment tells us that our descendants will look down on this strife with perhaps the same indifference with which we regard the combats of the first men who fought against quite as terrible monsters, dragons, and robber giants.



CHAPTER XXX

On the battle-field of Marengo reflections come flying around in such flocks that one can almost believe that they are the same which many travelers have suddenly abandoned there in a hurry, and which now go sweeping about. I love battle-fields; for, terrible as war is, it still sets forth the spiritual greatness of man, who has gone so far as to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death. And just so with this battle plain, where Freedom danced on blood roses her wanton bridal measures. For, in those days, France was a bridegroom who had invited all the world to a wedding, and then, as the song says,—

“Hurrah! upon the bridal eve,
In merry joke, for pots, they broke
Aristocratic heads”

But, alas! every inch which humanity advances costs streams of blood, and is not that paying rather dear? Is not the life of the individual worth as much as that of the entire race? For every single man is a world which is born and which dies with him; beneath every gravestone lies a world's history. "Be silent," Death would say, "as to those who lie here," — but we still live, and will fight on in the holy battle for the freedom of humanity.

"Who now thinks of Marengo?" said my traveling companion, the Liefland Russian, as we rode over the fallow field. "At present all eyes are turned towards the Balkan, where my countryman, Diebitsch, is fitting the turbans to the Turk's head — and you'll see that we'll take Constantinople this very year. Are you for Russia?"

This was a question which I had rather have answered anywhere but on the field of Marengo. I saw, in the morning mists, the man in the little cocked hat and the gray cloak of battle — he darted onwards, swift as a spirit, and far in the distance rang a terribly sweet "*Allons enfants de la patrie.*" Yet, notwithstanding all this, I answered, "Yes, I am sound as to Russia."

And in fact, in the wonderful change of watchwords and of representatives in the great battle, it has come to such a pitch that the most enthusiastic friend of revolution can only see the safety of the world in the victory of Russia, and must regard the Czar Nicholas as the gonfalonier of freedom. Singular mutation! Two years ago we cast the robe of this noble office upon an English minister. The howl of high Tory hatred against George Canning led our choice; in the noble, humiliating sufferings which he endured, we saw guarantees of his fidelity, and as he died the death of a martyr, we put on mourning, and the eighth of August became a sacred day in the calendar of freedom. But we took the flags from Downing Street and planted them anew in St. Petersburg, and chose for our standard bearer the Emperor Nicholas, the Knight of Europe, who protected Greek widows and orphans against Asiatic barbarians, and who in that brave battle won his spurs. Again the enemies of freedom had betrayed themselves, and we again availed ourselves of the shrewdness of their hatred to learn what was for our own

benefit. Again the wonted vision came to view, that we owed our representatives more to the elective majority of our enemies than to our own choice, and as we gazed on the marvelously assorted multitude who sent forth their best wishes to Heaven for the safety of Turkey and for the destruction of Russia, we quickly found out who was our friend — or, rather, who was the terror of our foe. How the blessed Lord in Heaven must have laughed, when he listened to the contemporary prayers of Wellington, the Grand Mufti, the Pope, Rothschild I., Metternich, and an endless mess of little nobles, stock-jobbers, priests and Turks, and all for one and the same thing — the safety of the Crescent!

What the alarmists have fabled over, the danger to which we are exposed by the overgrowth of Russia, is rank nonsense. We Germans, at least, have nothing to risk — a greater or less degree of servitude need not concern us, when the greatest of blessings, the being set free from the relics of feudalism and of priesthood, is at stake. They threaten us with the dominion of the knout, but I for one will gladly take a little thrashing if I can only know for a certainty that our enemies will get their share of it. But I will bet that they will go as of old, fawning and wheedling up to the new powers that be graciously smiling and proffering the most shameless services, and if it happens that they once for all must be knouted, they will condition for the privilege of a knout of honor — just as a nobleman in Siam, when punished, is stuck into a silken bag and is beaten with perfumed rods, while the criminal citizen is put into a common linen sack and has his blows laid on with a stick utterly devoid of a sweet-smelling savor. Well, we will grant them this privilege (since it is the only one) if they are only well whipped, and especially the English nobility. People may recall, if they please, and as much as they please, that it was this very nobility which forced from despotism the Magna Charta, and that England, despite all her maintenance of social inequality, has ever secured the personal liberty of the subject, and that that country was a place of refuge for free souls when despotism subdued the entire continent; those are *tempi passati*! England, with her aristocracy, is gradually sinking; independent spirits have now a better place of

refuge, and if all Europe became a single prison, there would still be another hole for escape, I mean America, and God be praised! that hole is larger than all the prison itself.

But these are all ridiculous whimsies, for if any one compares England and Russia, with a view to freedom, no doubt remains as to which is the right side to choose. Freedom has sprung in England from historical events—from privileges; in Russia, from principles. The results of those events—like the events themselves—bear the stamp of the Middle Ages, all England is congealed in medieval, never to be rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is entrenched, awaiting the death struggle. But those principles from which Russian freedom sprang—or, to speak more correctly, from which Russian freedom is daily developing itself, are the liberal ideas of our most recent times; the Russian government is penetrated through and through with these ideas, its unlimited absolutism is rather a dictatorship, by which those ideas will be brought directly to life. This government is not rooted in feudalism and priestcraft; it fights directly against the power of the nobles of the church, for even Catherine limited the power of the church, and the Russian nobility exists by church service. Russia is a democratic state; I would gladly say, a Christian state, if I might be permitted to use this so often misused word in its sweetest and most cosmopolite sense, for the Russians, by the very extent of their realm, are freed from the narrow-mindedness of a heathenish national vanity; they are citizens of the world, lacking only five sixths, since Russia embraces one half-dozen of the inhabited globe.

And faith! when a German-Russian, like my traveling companion, plays the brag patriot, and talks about “our Russia” and “our Diebitsch,” it seems to me as though I heard a herring calling the ocean his country and the whale his compatriot.

CHAPTER XXXI

"I AM sound as to Russia"; — I said on the battle plain of Marengo, and quitted the coach for a few minutes, to offer up my morning devotions.

The sun came forth gloriously, genially, confidently from beneath a triumphal arch of colossal masses of clouds. But my soul was like the poor moon, which stood paling away in heaven. She had wandered on in her lonely course in the desolate night, where happy fortune slept, and only specters, owls and felons carried on their dark vocations; and now, when the young day arose amid rays of rejoicing and fluttering flags of early morning flame, she must pass silently away — a single glance at the great world of light and she is lost in eternal mist.

"It will be a fine day," cried my traveling companion, from the coach. "Yes — it will be a fine day," slowly reechoed my praying heart, as it trembled with grief and joy. Yes, it will be a beautiful day, the sun of freedom will warm the world with a more thrilling joy than that which comes from cold aristocratic stars; — there will spring up a new race, begotten in the embraces of free choice, and not in the bed of compulsion and under the control of clerical tax gatherers; and with free birth there will arise in mankind free thoughts and free feelings of which we — poor born serfs — have no conception. Oh! as little will they imagine how terrible was the night in which we lived and how cruel was our strife with terrible phantoms, gloomy owls, and hypocritical sinners! Ah, we poor warriors! who must waste our life in such battles, and are exhausted and pale when the day of victory dawns! The glow of sunrise will no more gild our cheeks and no longer warm our hearts — we must die like the fading moon. All too short is the measure of man's allotted path, at whose end lies the pitiless grave.

I really do not know whether I deserve that a laurel wreath be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me only a holy plaything or a consecrated means whereby to attain a heavenly end. I have never attached much value to a poetic reputation, and I care little

whether my songs are praised or found fault with. But ye may lay a sword on my coffin; for I was a brave soldier in the War of Freedom for Mankind.

CHAPTER XXXII

DURING the noonday heat we sought shelter in a Franciscan monastery, situated on a lofty elevation, whence it, with its dark cypresses and white monks, peeped out like a holy shooting-box, looking down into the pleasant green valleys of the Apennines. Often in regarding these old churches, I know not which most to admire, the beauty of their vicinity, their great size, or the equally great and rock-like firm souls of their builders. They well knew that only their far-off descendants could complete the work, and yet they quietly laid the foundation-stone, and calmly placed one stone upon another until death called them from the work, and other architects continued that work, and in turn were laid in the grave — all in unshaken belief in the eternity of the Catholic Church, and all equally assured of the same faith in the generations to come, who would build on where they had ceased to labor.

It was the faith of the age, and the old architects lived and sank to sleep in this faith. Now, they lie before the doors of their antique churches, and it is to be hoped that their slumbers may be sound, and that they may not be awakened by the laughter of the later age. And it would be a sad thing for them — particularly for those who are buried near old unfinished cathedrals — should they suddenly revive some night, and gaze by the cold sad moonlight on their unfinished day's work, and find that the time for finishing them had passed away, and that their whole life had been spent in vain.

Such is the voice of our own age, which has other problems and another faith.

I once, in Cologne, heard a little boy ask his mother why they did not finish the half-built cathedral. He was a pretty child, and I kissed his bright intelligent eyes; and, as his mother could give no answer to the question, I told him that nowadays people had altogether different things to do.

On the summit of the Apennines, not far from Genoa, we behold the sea; between the green mountain peaks we catch glimpses of its blue waters, and ships which come forth here and there seem to sail strangely over the mountains. If we see this view during twilight, when the last rays of the sun begin playing a wondrous game with the earliest shades of evening, and when all hues and shapes twine dreamily together,—then a feeling as of old legends steals over the mind, the coach rolls along, the sweetest, dreamiest shadows of the soul are revived, they tenderly greet, until at last in a vision we seem to be in Genoa.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THIS city is old without antiquity, narrow without home-like snugness, and ugly beyond description. It is built on a rock, at the foot of amphitheater-like hills, which hold in their embrace the loveliest bosom of the sea. The Genoese have consequently from nature one of the best and securest of harbors. And, as the whole town stands on a single rock, the houses must, for the sake of room, be built very high, while the streets are very narrow, so that the latter are very dark and close, only two of them admitting carriages. But the houses are chiefly used by their inhabitants, who are principally merchants, as storehouses, and as sleeping places by night. During the whole trafficking day, they run about town or sit before their house doors—I should say, within their house doors—otherwise opposite neighbors would knock their knees together.

Seen from the seaside, especially towards evening, the whole town gains in appearance. It lies there on the shore like the bleached skeleton of some castaway monstrous beast, dark ants which call themselves Genoese creep over it, blue waves dash it with foam, humming a lullaby, and the moon, the pale eye of night, looks down on it with sorrow.

In the garden of the Palazzo Doria the old sea hero stands like a Neptune in a water basin. But the statue is forlorn and mutilated, the fountain is dry, and sea-mews nestle amid

the dark cypresses. Like a boy always thinking of play, I was at once reminded by the name of Doria of that of Frederick Schiller, the noblest, if not the greatest, of our German poets.

Though mostly in decay, the palaces of the once powerful lords of Genoa, the nobili, are still very beautiful, displaying an excess of magnificence. They are nearly all situated on the two great streets known as the Strada Nuova and Balbi. Of these palaces, the Durazzo is the most remarkable. Here are many good pictures, among them Paul Veronese's Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ. The Mary is so beautiful that were she alive she would be in danger of a second seduction. I stood a long time before her — but ah! she did not look up. Christ stands there like a pious Hamlet — "Go to a nunnery!" Here I also found excellent Dutch paintings, and splendid works by Rubens — the latter inspired to the fullest extent by the colossal geniality of the Netherlandish Titan, whose spirit wings were so powerful that he would have soared to the sun, though a hundred tons of Dutch cheese had been tied to his legs. I cannot pass the smallest painting by this master without paying my tribute of admiration; and all the more because it is now the fashion to glance at him with a shrug of the shoulder, on account of his lack of ideality. The historical school of Munich spreads itself with peculiar magnificence in this sort of criticism. With what high-flown depreciation do the long-haired disciples of Cornelius wander through the Rubens Hall! But perhaps their error is more intelligible when we reflect on the great contrast which Peter Cornelius himself forms to Peter Paul Rubens. No greater opposites can be imagined — and yet, with all this, a notion occasionally comes into my head that there are points of affinity between them, which I rather surmise than understand. Perhaps there are peculiarities of their northern country hidden in them, which proclaim themselves to a third fellow countryman — that is, to myself — like soft secret whispers. But this secret affinity does not consist of the Netherlandish joyousness and sprightliness of color which laughs from all the pictures of Rubens, so that we might almost believe that he had painted them in a glorious Rhine wine carouse, while dancing fair music rang and piped around. Truly the pictures of Cornelius seem, on the

contrary, to have been painted on Good Friday, while the doleful songs of the processions swept through the street, and reechoed in the atelier and in the heart of the painter. In productiveness, in boldness of conception, in genial originality, both are alike, both are born painters, and belong to the cycle of great masters who for the most part flourished in the time of Raphael—an age which was still capable of exercising a direct influence on Rubens, but which is so utterly removed from our own that we are almost terrified by the appearance of Cornelius, for he seems to us like the ghost of one of those great artists of Raphael's time who has risen from the grave to paint more pictures—a dead creator, self-conjured by the indwelling word of life which was buried with him. If we study his pictures, they gaze on us as with eyes of the fifteenth century; their garments are ghostlike as though they rustled past in midnight; the bodies are strong with magic power, drawn with dream-like accuracy, powerfully true, only they want blood, throbbing life and color. Yes, Cornelius is a creator, but if we look at his creations it seems to us as though they could not live long—as though they were all painted a few hours before death—as though they all were prophetic signs of approaching dissolution. Despite their hearty geniality, the paintings of Rubens awaken in us a similar feeling—they also seem to bear within them the germ of death, and a feeling comes over us that notwithstanding their superabundance of life and their fulness of red blood, they must suddenly be struck down. This is perhaps the secret of that affinity which we so strangely feel when comparing these masters. The excess of pleasure in certain pictures by Rubens, and the infinite sorrow in others by Cornelius, awake in us perhaps the same emotions. But whence comes this sorrow in a Dutchman? It is perhaps the terrible consciousness that he belongs to an age long passed away, and that his life is a mystical reappearance—for oh! he is not merely the only great artist who now paints, but, it may be, the only great one who ever will paint. Before him, to the time of the Caracci, is a long darkness, and after him the shadows again close together; his hand is a bright, solitary spirit hand in the night of Art, and the pictures which it paints bear the unearthly confidence of such

an earnest, rugged seclusion. I have never looked at this hand of the Last of the Painters, without a secret shudder when I gazed on the man himself, the little sharp man with glowing eyes; and yet that hand has awakened in me feelings of the warmest piety when I have remembered that it once rested lovingly on my little fingers, and aided me to design outlines of faces, when I, a little boy, was learning to draw in the academy in Dusseldorf.

CHAPTER XXXIV

I CANNOT leave unmentioned the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women, exhibited in the Palace Durazzo. Nothing in the world inspires the soul with such melancholy as the sight of portraits of fair ladies who have been dead for centuries. Sadness steals over the soul when we reflect that, of all the originals of those pictures, of all the beauties who were so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so roguish, and so dreamy—of all those May heads with April moods—of that springtide of ladies—nothing now remains but these many-colored shadows, which some artist, who like them has long been dead, has painted on a perishable canvas, which, like the originals, must pass away, in time, to decay and dust. And so all life passes away—the beautiful as well as the hideous—without leaving a trace. Death, the dry pedant, spares the rose as little as the thistle; he forgets not a lonely straw in the most remote wilderness; he thoroughly and incessantly destroys; everywhere we behold him treading into dust plants and animals, mankind and their works, and even those Egyptian pyramids, which seem to defy his annihilating rage, are only trophies of his power, monuments of all long passed away, primeval royal graves.

But sadder far than this idea of an endless dying, and of a desolate yawning annihilation, is the thought that we do not even perish as originals, but as copies of long-vanished mortals who were spiritually and bodily like us, and that, after us, men will again be born, who will in turn see, and feel, and think like us, and be again in turn annihilated by Death:—

a comfortless, endless game of reproduction, wherein the prolific earth must constantly be bringing forth more than Death can destroy, so that she, in her need, must give more heed to the maintenance of the species than to the originality of the individual.

Strangely was I thrilled by the mystical terror of this thought, when I, in the Durazzo Palace, gazed upon the portraits of the lovely Genoese ladies, and, among them, on a picture which awoke in my soul a sweet storm, which even yet, when I recall it, causes my eyelashes to tremble. — It was the picture of the dead Maria.

The guardian of the gallery believed, indeed, that the picture was that of a Duchess of Genoa, and in the cicerone tone began to tell that "it was painted by Giorgio Barbarelli de Castelfranco nel Trevigiano, commonly known as Giorgione. He was one of the greatest painters of the Venetian school — was born in the year 1477, and died in the year 1511"

"That will do, Signor Custode. The likeness is caught exactly, although it was painted a few centuries too early. Drawing accurate, style of color excellent — why, the folds of drapery on the breast are admirable. Be so kind as to take the picture down from the wall — I will only blow away the dust from the lips and brush away the spider which lurks in a corner of the frame. — Maria was always so much afraid of spiders."

"Eccellenza appears to be a connoisseur."

"If so, I did not know it, Signor Custode. I have the talent of being singularly moved when I behold certain pictures, and then my eyes water. But what do I see! Whose portrait is that of the man in the black cloak hanging yonder?"

"Also by Giorgione, — a masterpiece."

"Signor, I beg you be so kind as to take this picture, too, from the wall and hold it near the mirror, that I may see if I resemble it!"

"Your Excellency is not so pale. The picture is a masterpiece by Giorgione, the rival of Titian. He was born in 1477, and died in the year 1511."

Dear reader, I much prefer Giorgione to Titian, and am

especially obliged to him for painting Maria for me. And it must also be evident to you that Giorgione painted that other portrait for me, and not for some old Genoese. And it is very like — death-silent like, it even has the sorrow in the glance — a sorrow which belongs rather to an imagined pain than to one which has been experienced — and one which is very hard to paint. The whole picture seems to have been sighed upon canvas. Even the man in the black mantle is well painted, and the maliciously sentimental lips are like life — speakingly so, as though they were just about to tell a story — the story of the knight who fain would kiss his lady love to life, and as the light was blown out — — —

THE BATHS OF LUCCA

"I am as woman is to man."

—COUNT AUGUST VON PLATEN HALLERMUNDE.

"Would the Count like a dance,

Let him but say so,

I'll play him a tune."—FIGARO.

CHAPTER I

WHEN I sought Matilda in her chamber, she had just fastened the last button of her green riding-habit, and was putting on a chapeau with a white plume. She hastily cast it down, as soon as she saw me, and ran to me with all her waving, golden locks. "Doctor, heaven and earth!" she cried, and according to her old custom she caught me by the ears and kissed me with the drollest heartiness.

"How are you, maddest of mortal men! How glad I am to see you again! For never in this world shall I find a crazier soul. There are fools and blockheads in plenty, and people often do them the honor to consider them crazy, but real insanity is as scarce as real wisdom—perhaps it is nothing but wisdom which is vexed to think that it knows everything—all the infamy of this world—and has consequently come to the wise conclusion to go mad. The Orientals are a shrewder race: they honor a maniac as a prophet, but we look upon prophets as maniacs."

"But, my Lady, why have you not written to me?"

"Surely, Doctor, I wrote you a long letter, and directed it to 'New Bedlam.' But as you, contrary to all expectation, were not there, they sent it to St. Luke, and as you were not there either, it went to another establishment of the same sort, and so it went the rounds of all the lunatic asylums in England, Scotland, and Ireland, until they returned it to me

with the remark, that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed was not as yet caught. And how under the sun have you contrived to keep at liberty?"

"Ah, I did it cunningly, my Lady. Wherever I went I contrived to slip away from the madhouses, and I think that I shall succeed in Italy too."

"Oh, friend, here you are safe enough, for in the first place there is no madhouse in the neighborhood, and, secondly, we are here in the majority."

"We! my Lady! You count yourself then as one of us? Permit me to imprint the kiss of brotherhood upon your brow."

"Ah! I mean we watering-place guests, among whom I am really the most rational. And so you can easily imagine who the maddest must be, I mean Julia Maxfield, who always maintains that green eyes signify the spring of the soul; and besides we have two young beauties —"

"English beauties, of course, my Lady —"

"Doctor—what does this mocking tone mean? The yellow, greasy macaroni faces in Italy must suit your taste, if you have no fancy now for British —"

"Plum-puddings with raisin-eyes, roast-beef bosoms festooned with white strips of horseradish, proud pies —"

"There was a time, Doctor, when you were enchanted if a lovely Englishwoman —"

"Yes, but that was once! I always have a proper reverence for your fellow countrywomen—they are bright as suns—but suns of ice: they are white as marble, but are also marble cold—on their bosoms are frozen the poor —"

"Oho!—I know one who did not freeze there, but who jumped fresh and alive over the sea, and he was a great German impertinent —"

"At least he got such a cold on that British frosty heart that he still has a cold in his head in consequence."

My Lady seemed vexed at this answer, she grasped the riding-whip which lay between the leaves of a novel as a book-marker, switched it around the ears of her great white hound, who slowly growled, hastily clapped her hat jauntily on her locks, looked once or twice with approbation at herself in the mirror, and said proudly, "I am still beautiful!" But

then, all at once, as if penetrated by a gloomy thrill of pain, she remained silent, musing, slowly drew the long white riding-glove from her hand, held the hand out to me, and reading my thoughts like lightning, said: "This hand is not as beautiful as it was in Ramsgate — ha? Since that time Matilda has suffered — much!"

Dear reader, we can seldom see a flaw in a bell — we must hear its ring to know if it exists. Could you have heard the ring of the voice wherewith those words were spoken, you would have felt at once that my Lady's heart was a bell of the best metal, but that a secret flaw strangely mingled a discord with its sweetest tones, and gave it an air of strange sadness. Yet I love such bells, they ever find a true echo in my own breast, and I again kissed my Lady's hand, almost as earnestly as of old, though it was no longer in its first bloom, and the veins which rose from it, almost all too blue, seemed to repeat, "Since that time Matilda has suffered — much."

Her eyes gazed on me like sorrowful solitary stars in the autumnal heaven, and she said, softly and sadly, from her inmost soul: "You seem to love me less, now, Doctor! For that was a tear of pity which you just wept on my hand. It seemed like an alms."

"Who taught you to interpret so unkindly the silent language of my tears? I'll bet that your white hound there who fawns on you, understands me better. He looks first at me and then at you, and seems to be wondering that human beings, those proud lords of creation, are internally so wretched. Ah! my Lady, only a sympathetic sorrow draws forth such tears — in reality we each weep for ourselves."

"Enough, enough, Doctor. It is good at any rate that we are contemporaries, and that we meet again with our foolish tears in the same corner of the earth. Oh, our bad luck! if you had only lived two centuries earlier, when I was getting on so well with my friend, Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, or rather if you had only been born a hundred years later, as another intimate friend of mine, whose name I don't just now happen to know, because his first birthday won't be celebrated until the year 1900. — But tell me how you've been getting on since we parted."

"At the old business, my Lady — rolling the great stone.

When I had shoved it to the top of the hill then it rolled all at once down again, and I had to go at it once more; and this up and down hill work lasted until at last I lie crouched beneath it, and Master Steinmetz has carved on it with great letters: 'Here rests in the Lord —' "

"By my soul, Doctor, I'll bring you to life again. Don't you dare to be melancholy! Laugh, or —"

"No — don't tickle me I'd rather laugh of myself!"

"That's right. Now you please me, just as you did in Ramsgate, where we first became so intimate —"

"And finally a little more than intimate. Yes — I will be merry. It is fortunate that we have met, and the great German — will again find his greatest pleasure in risking his life near you."

My Lady's eyes laughed like sunshine after a soft rain, and her merry mood again flashed out as John entered, and with the stiffest flunky pathos announced his Excellency, the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino.

"He's welcome! And now, Doctor, you will become acquainted with a peer of the realm of fools. Don't be shocked at his personal appearance, particularly at his nose. The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a great deal of money, common sense, and the desire to embody in himself all the follies of the age; moreover, he is in love with my green-eyed friend, Julia Maxfield, and calls her his Julia and himself her Romeo, and declaims and sighs; and Lord Maxfield, the brother-in-law to whom the faithful Julia has been entrusted by her husband, is an Argus —"

I was just about to remark that Argus had charge of a cow, when the door opened, and, to my utmost amazement, in waddled my old friend, the Banker Christian Gumpel, with his opulent smile and blessed belly. After his broad shining lips had sufficiently scoured my Lady's hand, and delivered themselves of the usual questions as to health, etc., he recognized me — and the friends sank into each other's arms.

CHAPTER II

MATILDA'S warning not to be struck by Gumpelino's nose had some foundation in fact, for he came within an ace of knocking out one of my eyes with it. I will say nothing against this nose; on the contrary, it was one of the noblest form, and seemed of itself to give my friend full right to claim, at least, the title of a Marquis. For it was evident from the nose that Gumpel was of high nobility, and that he descended from that very ancient world family into which the blessed Lord himself once married without fear of a mesalliance. Since those days, it is true that the family has come down a little, and, in fact, since the reign of Charlemagne they have been obliged to pick up a living by selling old pantaloons and lottery tickets, but without diminishing in the least their pride of ancestry, or losing the hope that some day they will all come again into their long-lost property, or at least obtain emigration damages, with interest, when their old legitimate sovereign keeps the promises made when restored to office — promises by which he has been leading them about by the nose for two thousand years. Perhaps this leading them about by the nose is the cause why the latter has been pulled out to such a length! Or it may be that these long noses are a sort of uniform whereby Jehovah recognizes his old body-guards even when they have deserted. Such a deserter was the Marquis Gumpelino, but he always wore his uniform, and a brilliant one it was, sprinkled with crosses and stars of rubies, a red eagle order in miniature, and other decorations.

"Look!" said my Lady, "that is my favorite nose, and I know of no more beautiful flower in all the world."

"This flower," grinned Gumpelino, "cannot be placed on your fair bosom, unless I lay my blooming face there also, and such an addition might trouble you in this warm weather. But I bring you an equally precious flower, which is here very rare."

Saying this the Marquis opened a tissue-paper horn, which he had brought with him, and with great care slowly extracted from it a magnificent tulip.

Scarcely had my Lady seen the flower, ere she screamed with all her might. "Murder! murder! would you murder me? Away with the horrible vision!" With this she acted as if about to be murdered, held her hands before her eyes, ran madly about the room, invoked maledictions on Gumpelino's nose and tulip, rang the bell, stamped on the ground, struck the hound with her riding-switch till he bayed aloud, and, as John entered, she cried aloud, like Kean, in "Richard III.":—

"A horse! a horse!
My kingdom for a horse!"

and stormed like a whirlwind from the room

"A queer woman!" said Gumpelino, motionless with astonishment and still holding the tulip in his hand, so that he looked like one of those lotus-bearing, fat idols carved on antique Indian temples. But I understood the Lady and her idiosyncrasy far better than he, and opening the window I cried: "My Lady, how you act! Is this sense—propriety—especially is it love?"

Up laughed the wild answer:—

"When I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely."

CHAPTER III

"A CURIOUS woman!" repeated Gumpelino, as we went our way to visit his two lady friends, Signora Letitia and Signora Francesca, whose acquaintance he promised me. As the dwelling of these ladies was situated on a somewhat distant eminence, I appreciated all the more this kindness of my corpulent friend, who found hill climbing somewhat difficult, and who stopped on every little mound to recover his breath and sigh, "O Jesu!"

The dwellings at the baths of Lucca are situated either below in a village surrounded by high hills, or are placed on one of these hills itself, not far from the principal spring, where a picturesque group of houses peeps down into the

charming dale. But many are scattered here and there on the sides of the hill, and are attainable only by a wearisome climb through vines, myrtle bushes, honeysuckles, laurels, oleanders, geraniums and a wilderness of similar high-born plants. I have never seen a lovelier valley, particularly when one looks from the terrace of the upper bath, where the solemn green cypresses stand down into the village. We there see a bridge bending over a stream called the Lima, and which cuts the village in two. At its either end there are waterfalls leaping over rocky fragments with a roar, as though they would fain utter the pleasantest things but could not express themselves distinctly on account of the roaring echo.

The great charm of the valley is owing to the circumstance that it is neither too great nor too small — that the soul of the beholder is not forcibly elevated, but rather calmly and gradually inspired with the glorious view; that the summits of the mountains themselves, true to their Apennine nature, are not magnificently misshapen in extravagant Gothic form, like rocky caricatures, just as the men in German lands on them are human caricatures; but so that their nobly rounded, cheerful green forms seem of themselves inspired with the civilization of art, and accord melodiously with the blue heaven.

“O Jesu!” sighed Gumpelino, as we, weary with climbing, and a little too well warmed with the morning sun, attained the above-mentioned cypresses, and gazing down into the village saw our English lady friend sweeping proudly along on her steed over the bridge, like the queen in a fairy legend, and then vanish, swift as a dream. “O Jesu! what a curious woman! In all my born days I never did see such a woman. Only in plays — don’t you think the actress Holzbecher could play her part well? There’s something of the water-witch about her — hey?”

“You’re right, Gumpelino. When I went with her from London to Rotterdam, the captain compared her to a rose sprinkled with pepper. Out of gratitude for this spicy comparison, she emptied a whole box of pepper in his hair as he lay asleep in the cabin. Nobody could come near the man without sneezing.”

“A curious woman!” quoth Gumpelino once again.

"Delicate as white silk but every bit as strong—and she rides horseback as well as I. I only hope she won't ride herself out of health. There—did you see that long lean Englishman on his lean horse, racing after her like a galloping consumption? Those English people ride too outrageously—why, they'd spend all the money in the world on horses. Lady Maxfield's white horse cost three hundred golden live louis d'ors—ah!—and louis d'ors are at such a premium now, and keep rising every day!"

"Yes—the louis d'ors will end by rising so high, that a poor scholar like myself will never be able to reach them."

"You can't have an idea, Doctor, of how much money I have to spend, and yet I keep only one attendant, and only when I am in Rome hire a chaplain for my private chapel. Look—there comes my Hyacinth!"

The little figure who at this instant appeared, approaching us from behind the turn of a hill, reminded me more of a "burning bush" than a hyacinth. It appeared like a waddling great scarlet coat, overloaded with gold embroidery, which flashed in the sun-rays, and above this red splendor sweated a little face well known to me of old, and which gaily nodded to me. And in fact when I saw the sallow cautious face and the busy winking eyes, I recognized a countenance which I should sooner have expected to see on Mount Sinai than on the Apennines—and that was the face of Herr Hirsch, citizen of Hamburg, a man who was not only a very honorable lottery agent, but one who was also learned in hard and soft corns and in jewels, inasmuch as he not only knew the difference between them, but had skill in curing the former, and in putting a good round price on the latter.

"I do hope," he said, as he approached, "that you haven't forgot me, though my name ain't Hirsch now. I'm called Hyacinth, and I'm servant of Herr Gumpel."

"Hyacinth!" cried his master, in raging amazement at this indiscretion of his servant.

"Oh be easy, Herr Gumpel, or Herr Gumpelino, or Herr Marquis, or your Excellence; we needn't put ourselves out of the way with this here gentleman. He knows me; he's bought lots of lottery tickets of me; by the way, I b'lieve he still owes me seven marks and nine schillings on the last

drawing. I am really glad, Doctor, to meet you again. You're here, I s'pose, on pleasure business. What else, of course, can a man be doing here when it's so hot, a-climbing up and down hill? I'm as used up every night as if I'd gone twenty times from the Altona Gate to the Stone Gate without earning a copper."

"O Jesu" — cried the Marquis — "hold your tongue! I'll get another servant — I will."

"Why hold my tongue?" replied Hirsch Hyacinthus; "I do so love to get a chance to talk good German with one whom I've known in Hamburg, and when I think of Hamburg—"

Here, at the memory of his bit of a stepfatherland, his eyes gleamed with tears, and he said, sighing as he spoke: "What is Man? He goes walking with pleasure out of the Hamburg Gate, and on the Hamburg Hill, and there he sees the sights, the lions, the birds, the Poll-parrots, the monkeys, the great folks, and he takes a turn on the flying horses, or gets electrified, and then thinks how jolly he'd be if he was only in a place a thousand miles off, in Italy, where the oranges and lemons are a-growing! What is Man? When he's before the Altona Gate he wants to be in Italy, and when he's in Italy, he wants to be back again before the Altona Gate. Oh! I wish I was standing there now, looking at the Michael's steeple, and the big clock on it with the great gold figures — great gold figures — how often I've looked at 'em, when they were a-shining so jolly in the afternoon sun, till I felt like kissing 'em. Now I'm in Italy, where the lemons and oranges grow, and when I see 'em growing it puts me in mind of the Steinweg in Hamburg, where there's lots of 'em lying in great heaping piles in the wheelbarrows, and where a man can eat and eat 'em to his heart's content, without all this trouble of going up hill and down, and getting so warm. As the Lord may have mercy on me, Herr Marquis, if it wasn't for the honor of the situation, and the genteel edecation I'm getting, cuss me if I'd a-come here. But I will say this for you, Marquis, that in your service there's both honor and genteel bringing up to be had, and no mistake."

"Hyacinth!" said Gumpelino, who had been somewhat mollified by this flattery, "Hyacinth, go to —"

"Yes, I know —"

"I say you don't know, Hyacinth."

"And I say, Herr Gumpel, I do know. No use a-telling me Your Excellency was a-going to say that I must go to Lady Maxfield Sho! I know all your thoughts before you've thought them, and some maybe that you never will think in all your born days. Such a servant as I am isn't to be found easy, and I only do it for the honor and the genteel edecation, and it's a fact, I do get both by you." With these words, he wiped his face with a very clean white handkerchief.

"Hyacinth," said the Marquis, "go to Lady Julia Maxfield — to my Julia — and give her this tulip; take good caré of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her —"

"Yes, I know —"

"You know nothing. Tell her that the tulip is among the flowers —"

"Yes, I know, you want to say something to her with this here flower. I've made up such mottoes many a time for my lottery tickets."

"I don't want any of your lottery-ticket notions. Go to Lady Maxfield, and say to her: —"

"The tulip is among the flowers
Like among cheeses good Strachino,
But more than cheese and more than flowers,
Thou'rt honored by thy Gumpelino."

"Now, as I hope to be saved, that's first rate," cried Hyacinth. "Oh! you needn't be a-nodding to me, Herr Marquis; what you know, I know, and what I know, you know. And you, Doctor, good-by! Never mind that little trifle you didn't settle with me." With these words he descended the mountain, and as he went I could hear him murmur, "Gumpelino, Strachino — Strachino, Gumpelino."

"He's an honest fellow," said the Marquis, "or I should have sent him off long ago, on account of his want of etiquette. However, before you it isn't of much consequence — you understand me. How do you like his livery? There's thirty dollars' worth of gold in his livery, more than there is on Rothschild's servants. It is my greatest delight to see how the man perfects himself. Now and then I give him lessons in refinement and accomplishment myself. I often say to

him, 'What is money? Money is round and rolls away, but culture remains' Yes, Doctor, if I — which the Lord forbid — should ever lose my money, I still have the comfort of knowing that I'm a great connoisseur in art — a connoisseur in painting, music and poetry. Yes, sir. Bind my eyes tight, and lead me all around in the gallery of Florence, and before every picture I'll tell you the name of the painter who painted it, or at least the school to which he belongs. Music — stop up my ears, and I can hear every false note. Poetry — I know every actress in Germany, and have got the poets all by heart. Yes, sir, and nature, too. I'm great on nature. I traveled once two hundred miles in Scotland — two hundred miles, just to see one single hill! Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this landscape here? What a creation! Just look at the trees, the hills, the heaven, and the water down yonder there — don't it all look as if it were painted? Did you ever see anything of the kind finer, even in the theater? Why a man gets to be, as you might say, a poet; verses come into your head, and you don't know where they come from.

"Silent, as the veil of twilight falls
Rests the plain, the greenwood silent lies;
Save where near me, amid these moldering walls,
The crickets chirp in melancholy cries."

These sublime verses were declaimed by the Marquis with thrilling pathos, while he gazed as if transfixed down into the smiling valley, which glowed with all the brightness of morning.

CHAPTER IV

As I once one fine spring day walked "under the lindens" in Berlin, there strolled before me two females, who were for a long time silent, until one of them languishingly exclaimed, "Ah, them green treeses!" To which the other, a young thing, answered, "Mother, what do you keer for them green treeses?"

I must observe, that the persons of whom I speak, though not clad in satin, still by no means belonged to the vulgar —

who, by the way, are not to be found at all in Berlin, save in the highest circles. But as for that naive question, I can never forget it. Wherever I meet with affected admiration of nature, and similar verdant lies, it rises laughing in my soul. And during the declamation of the Marquis, it rang out loud within me—and he, reading mockery on my lips, exclaimed as if vexed, “Don’t disturb me now—you haven’t any soul for pure simple nature—you are a morbid soul, so to speak—a Byron.”

Dear reader—do you perhaps belong to that flock of pious fowl who, for the last ten years, have been joining in that song of “Byronic morbidness,” with all manner of whistling and squeaky piping, and which had its echo in the skull of poor Gumpel? Ah, dear reader, if you would complain of morbidness and want of harmony and division, then as well complain that the world itself is divided. For as the heart of the poet is the central point of the world, it must in times like these be miserably divided and torn. He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic out-of-the-way corner heart. But the great world wound passed through my own heart, and on that account I know that the great Gods have highly blessed me above many others, and held me to be worthy of a poet martyrdom.

Once the world was whole and sound—in its early ages and in its middle ages, despite many wild battles, it had still a unity, and there were great whole poets. We may honor these poets and delight ourselves with them, but every imitation of their wholeness is a lie,—a lie which every sound eye penetrates, and which cannot escape scorn. Lately, with much trouble, I obtained in Berlin the writings of one of these “perfect poets” who so bewailed my Byronic discordancy; and by the affected verdancy, the delicate appreciation of nature, which breathed like fresh hay from his poems, my own poor heart, which has been so long discordant, well-nigh burst with laughter, and unthinkingly I cried: “My dear Herr Intendant Councilor William Neumann—what do you care for them green trees?”

“You are a morbid, discordant soul—a Byron,”—quoth the Marquis, still gazing as if enraptured down into the valley—clucking at times his tongue against his gums in sigh-

ing admiration, and saying—"Lord! Lord!—everything just as if it were painted!"

Poor Byron—such a calm enjoyment was denied to thee. Was thy heart so ruined that thou couldst only see, yes, and even describe nature—but wert incapable of being blessed by her? Or was Bysshe Shelley in the right when he said that thou hadst, Actæon-like, surprised nature in her chaste nakedness, and wert on that account torn by her hounds?

Enough of all this—we are coming to pleasanter subjects, namely, to the dwelling of Signoras Letitia and Francesca—which itself seemed to be *en negligée*, and had in front two great round windows around which grape-vines curled, so that they looked like a profusion of beautiful green ringlets falling about its eyes. And at a distance we heard ringing from within, warbling trills, guitar tones, and merry laughter.



CHAPTER V

SIGNORA LETITIA, a young rose of fifty summers, lay in bed trilling and prattling with her two gallants, one of whom sat upon a low cricket, while the other leaning back in a great armchair played the guitar. From an adjoining room rang scraps of a sweet song, or of a far sweeter wondrously toned laughter. With a certain cheap and easy irony, which he occasionally assumed, the Marquis presented me to the lady and to the two gentlemen, remarking that I was the same John Henry Heine so celebrated in German legal literature. Unfortunately one of the gentlemen was a professor in the University of Bologna, and a jurist at that, though his fat, round belly seemed rather to indicate that his forte was spherical trigonometry. Feeling as if I were rather in a scrape, I replied that I did not write under my own name, but under that of Jarke—a statement made from pure modesty, as the name which came into my head was that of one of the most miserable insects among our legal writers. The Bolognese regretted from his soul that he never had heard this distinguished name,—which will probably be your own case also, reader,—but still entertained no doubt

that its splendor would ere long irradiate the entire earth. With this he leaned back in the chair, touched a few chords on the guitar, and sang from "Axur":—

"O powerful Brahma!
Ah let the weak stammer
Of innocence please thee,
Its stammer and clamor!"

While a delicious mocking nightingale echo warbled in the adjoining chamber the same air. Meanwhile Signora Letitia trilled in the most delicate soprano:—

"For thee alone these cheeks are glowing,
For thee alone these pulses beat,
With Love's sweet impulse overflowing,
This heart now throbs and all for thee."

And with the commonest prose voice she added, "Bartolo, bring me the spittoon!"

Then, from his lowly seat, arose Bartolo, with his dry wooden legs, and presented, with all due honor, a spittoon of blue porcelain

This second gallant, as Gumpelino said to me aside in German, was a far-famed poet, whose songs, though written twenty years ago, still ring through Italy, and intoxicate with their wild glow of love both old and young; while he himself is but a poor elderly man, with dimmed eyes in a pale face, scanty white hair on his trembling head, and cold poverty in his care-worn heart. Such a poor old poet, with his bald dryness, resembles a vine which we see standing leafless in winter on the bleak hillside, trembling in the wind and covered with snow, while the sweet juice, which once ran from it, warms in far-distant lands the heart of many a boon companion, and inspires songs in its praise. Who knows but that when that wine-press of thought, the printing-press, has squeezed me dry, and the ancient tapped spirit is only to be found in the bookseller's vaults of Hoffmann and Campe, I, too, may sit, as thin and care-worn as old Bartolo, on a cricket near the bed of some old innamorata and hand her, when called on—a spittoon.

Signora Letitia made excuses for lying abed, and indeed on her stomach at that, as an affliction resulting from a too

free indulgence in figs prevented her from lying on her back, as a respectable lady should. She lay, in fact, in pretty much the attitude of a sphinx, her high friséed head supported on both arms, while between them her breasts billowed and moved like a red sea.

"You are a German?" she inquired.

"I am too honorable to deny it, Signora," replied my Little-ness.

"Ah, the Germans are honorable enough!" she sighed, "but what does it avail that the Germans who rob us are honorable! — they are ruining Italy. My best friends are imprisoned in Milan, and only slavery —"

"No, no!" cried the Marquis, "do not complain of the Germans; we are conquered conquerors, vanquished victors, so soon as we come to Italy. To see you, Signora, and to fall at your feet, are one and the same." And with this he spread his great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief on the floor, and kneeling on it exclaimed, "Here I kneel and honor you in the name of all Germany."

"Christophoro di Gumpelino!" sighed the Signora, deeply moved, "arise and embrace me!"

But lest the beloved shepherd might disturb her curling locks and the rouge of her cheeks, she did not kiss him on the glowing lips, but on his noble brow, so that his face reached lower down, and its rudder, the nose, steered about in the red sea below.

"Signor Bartolo," I cried, "permit me also to officiate with the spittoon!"

Sorrowfully smiled Signor Bartolo, but never a word spake he, though said to be, next to Mezzofanti, the best teacher of languages in Bologna. We never converse willingly when talking is our profession. He served the Signora as a silent knight — only, from time to time, he was called on to recite the poem which he, twenty-five years before, had thrown on the stage when she first in Bologna made her *début* in "Ariadne" It may be that, in those days, he himself was in full leaf and glowing enough — perhaps as much so as the holy Dionysius himself — while beyond doubt his Letitia-Ariadne leaped wildly, like a Bacchante, into his passionate arms — Evoe Bacche! In those days he wrote many poems,

still living in Italian literature, while the poet himself, and the beloved one, have long been mere waste paper.

For five and twenty years his devotion has endured, and I think that even until he dies he will sit on the cricket and recite his poem, or serve his lady as commanded. The professor of law has been entwined as long as the other in the love chains of the Signora; he courts her still with as much ardor as at the beginning of the century, and must still pitilessly shorten his legal lectures when she requires his escort to any place, and he is still burdened with all the servitude of a genuine *patito*.

The constancy of these two adorers of a long-ruined beauty may be perhaps mere habit, perhaps a regard for an earlier feeling, and perhaps the feeling itself, which is now entirely independent of the present condition of its former object, and which now regards it with the eyes of memory. Thus in Catholic cities we often see, at some street corner, old people kneeling before an image of the Madonna, which is so faded that but few traces of it are visible — yes, it may be that it is entirely obliterated, nothing remaining but the niche wherein it was painted, and the lamp hanging over it; but the old people who so piously kneel there have done so since youth — habit sends them thither daily at the same hour — they have not noted the gradual disappearance of the picture, and at last they become so dim of sight with age that it makes no difference whether the object of adoration is visible or not. Those who believe without seeing are, at any rate, happier than the sharp sighted, who at once perceive every little irregularity in the face of their Madonna. There is nothing so terrible as such observations! Once, I admit, I believed that infidelity in woman was the most dreadful of all possible things, and to give them the most dreadful name, once and for all, I called them serpents. But now, alas! the most terrible thing to me is that they are not altogether serpents, for then they would come out every year with a fresh skin, revived and rejuvenated!

Whether either of the ancient Celadons felt a thrill of envy that the Marquis — or, rather, his nose — swam in a sea of delight in the manner above described, is more than I know. Bartolo sat calmly on his low seat, his stick legs

crossed, and played with the Signora's lap-dog, one of those pretty creatures peculiar to Bologna, and known among us by the familiar term of "Bolognas." The professor was not in the least put out in his song, which was occasionally interrupted by tittering sweet tones in the next room, which drowned it in a merry parody, and which he himself at times discontinued in order to illuminate me with legal questions. When we did agree in our opinions, he swept a few impatient chords and jingled quotations in proof. I, however, supported my views on those of my teacher's, the illustrious Hugo, who is greatly celebrated in Bologna under the name of Ugone, and also of Ugolino.

"A great man!" cried the professor, and sang:—

"The gentle summons of his voice
Still sounds so deeply in thy breast,
Its very pain makes thee rejoice,
And rapture brings thee heavenly rest."

Thibaut, whom the Italians call Tibaldo, is also much honored in Italy, though his writings are not so much known there as his principal opinions and their objections. I found that only the names of Gans and Savigny were familiar to the professor, who was under the impression that the latter was a learned lady.

"Ah, indeed!" he remarked, as I corrected this very pardonable error; "really no lady! I have been erroneously informed. Why, I was even told that once, at a ball, Signor Gans invited this lady to dance, but met with a refusal—and that from this originated a literary enmity."

"You have really been misinformed. Signor Gans does not dance, and for the philanthropic reason, that he might cause an earthquake should he do so. The invitation to dance, of which you speak, is probably an allegory misunderstood. The historical and philosophical schools are regarded as dancers, and thus we may readily imagine a quadrille between Ugone, Tibaldo, Gans and Savigny. And in this sense Signor Ugone, though he be the diable boiteux of Jurisprudence, still dances as daintily as Lemierre, while Signor Gans has recently made some jumps which entitle him to be regarded as the Hoguet of the philosophical school."

“Signor Gans, then” — amended the Professor — “dances only allegorically, so to say, metaphorically.” — Then suddenly, without saying more, he again swept the strings of his guitar, and amid the maddest playing sang: —

“It is true, his well-loved name
Is the joy of every bosom,
Though the ocean waves be storming,
And the clouds o’er Heaven be swarming,
Still we hear Tatar loud calling,
As though heaven and earth were bowing
To the mighty hero’s name.”

As for Herr Goschen, the Professor did not so much as know that he existed. But this was, however, natural enough, for the name of the great Goschen has not yet got so far as Bologna, but only to Poggio, which is four German miles distant, and where it will for amusement remain awhile. Gottingen itself is by no means so well known in Bologna as it ought to be merely on the common principles of gratitude, since it calls itself the German Bologna. I will not inquire whether this name be appropriate or not — suffice it to say, that the two Universities are really distinguishable by the simple fact, that in Bologna they have the smallest dogs and the greatest scholars, while in Gottingen, on the contrary, are the smallest scholars and the greatest dogs

CHAPTER VI

As the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino drew his nose from the red sea, wherein it had been wallowing like a very Pharaoh, his countenance gleamed with selfish delight. Deeply moved, he promised the Signora that so soon as she should again be in a condition to sit down, he would bring her in his coach to Bologna. It was at once arranged that the Professor should ride on before, but that Bartolo should sit within on the box, and hold the Signora’s lap-dog, and that they all would go in a fortnight to Florence, where Signora Francesca, who intended traveling during the same time with my Lady to Pisa, would finally meet us. While

the Marquis counted up the cost of all this on his fingers, he hummed *di tanti palpiti*, Signora sang the clearest-toned trills, and the Professor stormed away on his guitar, caroling such burning words, that the sweat ran down from his brow and, mingled with the tears from his eyes, formed a perfect torrent. While all this ringing and singing went merrily on, the door of the adjoining chamber was suddenly opened and in sprang a being—

I adjure you, ye Muses of the Old and New World, and ye also, O undiscovered Muses who are as yet to be honored by later races—sprites of whom I have dreamed in the gay greenwood and by the sounding sea—that ye give me colors wherewith to paint that being which next to virtue is the most glorious of this world. Virtue—of course—is the first among glories, and the Creator adorned her with so many charms, that it would really seem that he could produce naught beside to be compared to her. Yet in a happy hour he once again concentrated all his energies and made Signora Francesca, the fair danseuse, that great masterpiece, who was born after the creation of Virtue, and in whom he did not in a single particular repeat himself as earthly artists are wont to do.—No, Signora Francesca is perfectly original—she hath not the least resemblance to Virtue, and there are critics and connoisseurs who even prefer her to the latter, to whom they award only the precedence due to superior antiquity. But is that much of a defect when a danseuse is only some six thousand years too young?

Ah, methinks I see her again as she sprang from the opened door to the midst of the room, and after an incredible pirouette cast herself at full length on the sofa, hiding both eyes with her hands, and crying, “Ah, I am so tired with sleeping!” The Marquis now approached and entered into a long address, in which his ironical, broadly respectful manner, enigmatically contrasted with his sudden pauses, when moved by common sense business recollections, and his fluency when sentimentally inspired. Still this style was not unnatural; it was probably formed in him by his inability, through want of courage, to set forth successfully that supreme influence to which he believed himself to be entitled by his money and intelligence—and he therefore sought,

coward-like, to conceal it in language of exaggerated humility. His broad laughter on such occasions was disagreeably delightful, as it inspired a doubt whether it was a matter of duty to reward him with kindness—or a kicking. In this wise he delivered his morning service to Signora Francesca, who, half-asleep, hardly listened to him. Finally he begged permission to kiss at least her left foot, and as he, preparing for the job, spread his yellow handkerchief again on the floor, she held it indifferently out to him. It was enveloped in an exquisitely neat red slipper, in contrast to that on the right, which was blue—a droll coquetry by which the dainty littleness of both became more apparent. As the Marquis with deep reverence kissed the small foot, he arose with a sighing, “O Jesu!” and begged permission to present me, which was also accorded in a gaping, sleepy manner, when my introducer delivered another oration, filled with praises of my excellence, not omitting the declaration, on his word of honor, that I had sung with great ability of unhappy love.

I also begged of the lady to be allowed to kiss her left foot, and at the instant in which I enjoyed my share of this honor, she awoke, as if from a dim dream, bent smilingly down to me, gazed on me with great wondering eyes, leaped joyfully up to the center of the room, and pirouetted times without number on one foot. I felt strangely that my heart in my bosom spun around also, until it was well-nigh dizzy. Then the Professor merrily played on his guitar and sang:—

“An Opera Signora
Once loved and married me,
A step I soon regretted,
And wished that I were free.

“I sold her soon to pirates,
They carried her afar,
Ere she could look around her;
Hey! bravo! Biscromà.”

Once more Signora Francesca measured me from head to foot with a sharp glance, and then, as if fully contented, thanked the Marquis, somewhat as if I were a present which he had been kind enough to make her. She found little to object to in me, save that my hair was of too light a brown; she could have wished that it were darker, like that of the

Abbate Cecco — and my eyes were also too small, and rather green than blue. In revenge, dear reader, I in turn should also describe Signora Francesca as depreciatingly; but I have really no shadow of a defect to point out in her lovely form, whose perfection was that of the Graces, and yet which was almost frivolous in its lightness. The countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues; the brow and nose forming an almost accurate straight line, while the lower line of the nose formed a sweet right angle which was wondrously short. As close, too, was the distance from the nose to the mouth, whose lips at either end seemed scarcely long enough, and which were extended by a soft dreamy smile, while beneath them arched a dear round chin, and the neck! — ah, my pious reader, I am getting along too far and too fast — and, moreover, I have no right in this inaugural description to speak of the swanlike neck which gleamed forth like white poetry when the Signora loosened the silver neck button of her black silk dress. Dear reader! let us rather climb up again to a portrayal of the face, of which I have yet to remark that it was clear and gold yellow, like amber — that the black hair which framed its temples in a bright oval, gave it a childlike turn, and that it was lighted up by two black abrupt eyes, as if with a magic light.

You see, dear reader, that I would willingly give you an accurate local description of my good fortune, and as other travelers are accustomed to give maps of the remarkable regions into which they have penetrated, so would I gladly serve up Francesca on a plate — of copper. But ah! what avails the dead copy of mere outline in forms whose divinest charm consists of living movement. Even the best painter cannot bring this before our eyes, for painting is but a flat lie. Of the two, a sculptor would be more successful, for, by a changing illumination, we can to a certain degree realize motion in forms, and the torches which light them from without, appear to inspire a real life within. Yes, there is a statue, dear reader, which may give you some faint idea of Francesca's loveliness, and that is the Venus of the great Canova which stands in the last hall of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. I often think of this statue: at times in dreams it slumbers in my arms, until little by little it awakens to warm

life, and whispers with the accents of Francesca! But it was the tone of this voice which gave to every word the gentlest and most infinite significance, and should I attempt to give her phrases, it would be only a dry herbarium of flowers, whose real charm was in their perfume. She often leaped up, dancing as she spoke, and it is possible that dancing was her most natural language. And my heart danced ever with her, executing the most difficult pas and exhibiting a capacity for Terpsichorean accomplishments which I had never suspected.

In this language Francesca narrated the history of the Abbate Cecco, a young blade who had loved her while she was still plaiting straw hats in the valley of the Arno—assuring me that I was so fortunate as to resemble him. During this description she indulged in the most delicate pantomime, pressing one over the other the points of her fingers on her heart, then seemed with cup-like hand to be scooping out the tenderest emotions, cast herself finally with upheaving breasts on the sofa, hid her face in the cushions, raised her feet high in the air and played with them as if they were puppets in a show. The blue foot represented the Abbate Cecco and the red his poor Francesca; and while she parodied her own story, she made the two loving feet part from each other, and it was touchingly ludicrous to see them kiss with their tips, saying the tenderest things—and the wild girl wept withal delightful tittering tears, which however came at times unconsciously from the soul with more depth than the part required. In her pride of pain she delivered for Cecco a long speech, in which he praised with pedantic metaphors the beauty of poor Francesca; and the manner in which she replied in person, copying her own earlier sentimentalism, had in it something puppet-like and mournful, which strangely moved my heart. “Adieu, Cecco!” “Adieu, Francesca!” was the endless refrain—and I was finally rejoiced when she told in this pedal dialect that a pitiless destiny had parted Francesco and Cecco forever—for under the circumstances I could not pretend to any sorrow for my rival.

The Professor applauded with droll, shrill guitar tones, Signora trilled, the lap-dog barked, the Marquis and I

clapped our hands as if mad, and Signora Francesca arose and gracefully courtesied her thanks. "It is really a pretty comedy," said she, "but it is now a long time since it was first brought out, and I am now so old — guess how old?"

But without waiting for my answer, she sprang up and cried: "Eighteen years!" — and spun round eighteen times on one foot. "And, Doctor, how old are you?"

"I, Signora, was born on the new year's night of the year eighteen hundred."

"I always said," quoth the Marquis, "that he was one of the first men of our century."

"And how old should you suppose I am?" suddenly cried Signora Letitia. And without thinking of her mother Eve dress, which had been hitherto concealed by the bedclothes, she leaped up so wildly, and manifested such agility, that not only the Red Sea, but also all Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia were fully visible.

Terrified at this awful spectacle, I sprang back in horror, but contrived to stammer out a few phrases as to the difficulty of answering such a question, "having as yet only half seen Signora," but as she pressed me all the more zealously for an answer, I confessed that in truth I had not as yet learned the proportion of the years in Italy to those of Germany.

"Is the difference great?" inquired Signora Letitia.

"Of course," replied I, "for since heat expands all bodies, it follows that the years in your warm Italy must be longer than those of our cold Germany."

The Marquis extricated me better from this embarrassment by gallantly asserting, that her beauty had now first begun to manifest itself in all its luxuriant maturity. "And, Signora," he added, "as the pomegranate, the older it is, the yellower it becomes, so will your beauty too become riper with age."

The lady seemed to be gratified with this comparison, and confessed that she really did feel much riper now than of old, when she was but a thin, little thing, and had made her *début* in Bologna — and that in fact she could not comprehend how it was that with such a figure she could ever have made such a furore. And then she narrated all the particulars of this first appearance as *Ariadne* — a subject to which, as I

subsequently ascertained, she frequently recurred, on which occasions Signor Bartolo was obliged to recite the poem which he had thrown upon the stage. It was a good poem, full of touching melancholy at the infidelity of Theseus, and of wild inspiration for Bacchus, and the glowing apotheosis of Ariadne. "Bella cosa!" cried Signora Letitia at every verse; and I also praised the metaphors, the construction of the verse, and the entire treatment of the myth.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said the Professor, "and has beyond doubt a foundation in historical fact, for several writers distinctly state that Oneus, a priest of Bacchus, married the mourning Ariadne when he found her abandoned on Naxos; and, as often happens in the legend, the priest of the God has been taken for the God himself."

I could by no means agree with him in this opinion, since in mythology I rather incline to historical interpretation, and consequently asserted, "I can see nothing in the whole fable that Ariadne, after being left by Theseus in the island of Naxos, submitted her person to the embraces of Bacchus, but an allegorical statement that she took to drinking—an hypothesis maintained by many learned men in my Fatherland. You, Signor Marquis, are probably aware that in accordance with this hypothesis, the late Banker Bethmann has so contrived to illuminate his Ariadne, that she appears to have a red nose."

"Yes, yes, Bethmann, in Frankfort, was a great man!" cried the Marquis. But, at the same instant, some deep reflection seemed to flit across his brain, and with a sigh he said, "Lord! Lord!—I have forgotten to write to Rothschild in Frankfort!" And with a serious business face, from which all parodizing mockery seemed to have vanished, he departed somewhat abruptly, promising to return towards evening.

When he had left, and I was about—as is usual in this world—to pass my comments on the man to whose kindness I was indebted for the most agreeable of introductions, I found, to my astonishment, that the whole party could not praise him sufficiently, and that, above all, his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his noble and refined deportment, and his utter want of selfishness, inspired in them the most exaggerated

expressions of admiration. Even Signora Francesca joined in this hymn of praise, but naively confessed that his nose was rather alarming, and that its enormous size reminded her of the tower of Pisa.

When taking leave, I begged as a favor to be allowed to kiss her left foot once more, when she with smiling seriousness drew off not only the red shoe but her stocking also, and, as I knelt, held up to me the white, fresh, blooming lily foot, which I pressed to my lips, more believingly, perhaps, than I would have done that of the Pope.

"I am contented with you," said Signora Francesca, after her pedal toilet was over, — "I am contented. To-day you have kissed my left foot, to-morrow the right shall be at your disposal. The next day you may kiss my left hand, and the day after the right. If you do your duty well, by and by you will get to my mouth. You see that I'm inclined to help you along, and as you are still quite young, you may yet get along very well in the world."

CHAPTER VII

EVERY one knows what whippings are, but no one has as yet made out what love is. Some natural philosophers have asserted that it is a sort of electricity, which is not impossible, for in certain rapturous periods of love we feel as though an electric flash from the eyes of the loved one had penetrated our heart. Ah! such lightnings are the most destructive of all; and I will honor above Franklin the man who will invent a conductor which will protect us against them. If there were only little conductors running to the heart, to which lightning-rods were attached, which could divert the dreadful fire to some other quarter! But I fear that it is not so easy a matter to rob Cupid of his arrows, as Jupiter of his lightning and tyrants of their scepters. Besides, every love does not work in the lightning style; many a time it is hidden like a snake amid roses, and looks for the first crevice in the heart wherein to nestle—often it is only a word, a glance, the light narration of some illicit deed, which falls like a seed into the heart, lies there through the long winter time until Spring comes, when the little grain shoots up into a flaming flower, whose perfume benumbs the brain. The same sun which hatches forth crocodile's eggs in Egypt, may at the same time fully ripen the love seed in a young heart in Potsdam—for in Potsdam, as in Egypt, there are tears. Has no one penetrated their being? has no one solved the riddle? Perhaps such a solution would cause greater pain than the riddle itself, and the heart would be by it stricken with horror, and petrified as at the sight of the Medusa. Serpents twine around the awful word which reveals this mystery. Oh! I will never know that word of solution, for the burning misery in my own heart is dearer to me than cold, marble-like death. Oh! utter it not, ye forms of the dead, which, painless as stone but as feelingless, wander through the rose gardens of this world, and smile with pale lips on the foolish soul who praises the perfume of the roses, and bewails their thorns.

But if I, dear reader, cannot tell thee what love really is, I can at least describe with the utmost accuracy how a man behaves, and how he feels, when he is enamored among the

Apennines. For he then behaves like a fool; he dances on rocks and hills, believing that the whole world dances with him. He feels as if the earth had just been finished on that very day, and that he was the first man made. "Ah! how beautiful everything is!" I caroled, as I left Francesca's dwelling. "How fair and precious is this new world!" I felt as though I must give to all plants and animals a new name, and I called every one according to its inner nature and my own feelings, which blended so marvelously with all things without. My breast was a wellspring of revelation, and I understood all forms and figures, the perfume of plants, the song of birds, the piping of the wind, and the rustling of waterfalls. Often, too, I seemed to hear the divine voice, "Adam, where art thou?" "Here am I, Francesca!" I replied. "I pray to thee, for well I know that thou hast created sun, moon, and stars, and the earth with all its creatures!" Then there was soft laughter among the myrtles, and I secretly sighed within myself, "Oh, delicious folly, do not forsake me!"

But it was when twilight stole over me that the delirious happiness of love first truly began. The trees danced on the rocks, while their heavy heads were ruddily flushed over by the setting sun as though intoxicated from their own embracing vines. Below them the brook darted more hurriedly along and murmured anxiously as though fearing to undermine and overthrow the enraptured quivering trees. And over all flashed the summer eye, light rising as deliciously as light kisses. "Yes," I cried, "the laughing Heaven kisses laughing Earth — O Francesca! lovely Heaven, let me be thy Earth? I am all so earthly, and sigh for thee my Heaven!" So I cried, holding my hands in wild prayer up to Heaven, and ran and struck my head against many a tree, which instead of scolding I embraced, and my whole soul cried out with joy in all the intoxication of love, — when I suddenly beheld a gleaming, scarlet form, which at once tore me violently from my dreams and brought me back to a sense of the coldest reality.

CHAPTER VIII

ON a mossy bank, beneath a wide-branching laurel, sat Hyacinthus, the Marquis's servant, and near him his dog Apollo. The latter, however, might rather be said to be standing, as he had both fore paws on the scarlet knee of the little man, and inquisitively beheld how the latter, holding a tablet in his hand, wrote from time to time therein. At times, whilst thus employed, Hyacinthus smiled sorrowfully, then shook his head, and then handkerchiefed his face with an air of satisfaction.

"What the devil!" I cried; "Hirsch Hyacinth! are you composing poetry? Well, the symptoms are favorable. Apollo is by your side and the laurel hangs over your head."

But I did the poor sinner injustice. He amiably answered, "Poems! no; I'm a lover of poems, but don't write 'em. What should I write? I hadn't anything to do just then, and so just for fun I was writing off a list of the names of those gentlemen who've played in my lottery—some of them are a little in debt to me yet—oh don't suppose, Doctor, I meant to hint anything!—plenty of time for that. I know that you're good. If you'd only taken ticket number 1365 last time instead of 1364, you'd have been worth a hundred thousand marks banco now, and needn't have been running around here, and might be sitting cozy and easy in Hamburg, telling folks, as you laid off on the sofa, how things looked in Italy. As true as the Lord may help me, I wouldn't have come here if it hadn't been for Herr Gumpel! Oh, what heat and danger and getting tired I have to stand, and wherever there's anything out of the way or crazy, there's Herr Gumpel—and I must take my share in it. I'd have gone away long, long ago if I thought he could do without me. For if I didn't, who could certify for him at home how much honor and cultivation he'd enjoyed when traveling? And to tell the truth, Doctor, I begin to set great store myself on cultivation and manners. In Hamburg, the Lord be praised! I don't need it, but a man never knows what he may want when he goes anywhere else. And folks are right, for a little accomplishment ornaments the whole man. And how

much honor you get by it too! For instance, how Lady Maxfield received me this morning, and how handsome she 'came down.' Just on a level with me. And she gave me the francesconi to drink her health, though the flower only cost five paoli. Besides — oh, isn't it a pleasure to hold the little, white naked foot of a pretty lady in your hand?"

I was startled by this last remark, and at once thought, "Is he making fun of me?" But how could the vagabond know of the good fortune which I had encountered at the same hour, when he was on the other side of the hill? Was there perhaps a similar scene, and was there perhaps displayed in it the irony of the great world-stage-poet, who has acted at the same instant a thousand similar scenes, each parodying the other for the amusement of the heavenly host? But my suspicions were unfounded, for after many and oft-repeated questions, ending with my solemn promise not to tell the Marquis, the poor fellow admitted that when he gave the flower to Lady Maxfield she was still abed — and that just at the instant in which he was about to deliver it — and with it a fine speech — one of her pretty naked feet was thrust out from beneath the counterpane. Observing a corn on it he at once begged permission to extract the annoyance — which was readily granted, and for which, with the tulip, he was rewarded with a francesconi.

"Yet I only did it for the honor of the thing," added Hyacinth, "and that's just what I said to Baron Rothschild when I had the honor to cut his corns. It took place in his cabinet; he sat there on his green armchair like a king, with his courtiers standing around, and he all the while was a-sending expresses to all the kings. And while I was cutting his corns I thought in my heart, 'Now you've got in your hands the foot of the man who holds all the world in his hands, and you too are a man that's somebody, for if you cut too deep he'll be angry, and if you don't cut enough he'll be all the madder at the kings,' — it was the happiest moment of my life!"

"I can readily imagine your feelings, Herr Hyacinth. But whom among the Rothschild dynasty did you thus amputate? Was it the high-hearted Briton, the man in Lombard Street, who has set up a pawnbroker's shop for emperors and kings?"

“Of course, Doctor, I mean the great Rothschild, the great Nathan Rothschild, to whom the Emperor of Brazil pawned his diamond crown. But I had the honor, too, to make the acquaintance of Baron Solomon Rothschild in Frankfort, and though I wasn't on exactly the same footing with him as the other, he still knew how to esteem me. When the Marquis said to him, that I had once been a lottery agent, the Baron answered very wittily, 'I'm head agent of the Rothschild lottery myself, and a colleague of mine mustn't eat among servants—he must sit alongside of me at the table.' And as true as God be good to me, Doctor, I sat by Solomon Rothschild, and he treated me just like one of his equals—quite famillionaire. I was with him too at the Children's Ball, which was in the newspapers. I shall never see such a grand show again in all my born days. I was once in Hamburg at a ball which cost fifteen hundred marks and eight schillings—but that was nothing but a speck compared to a dunghill. What lots of gold and silver and diamonds I saw there! Such stars and orders! The falcon order, the golden fleece, a lion order, the eagle order—yes, even a child—a right down small child, wore the whole order of the elephant. The children were masked, very pretty, and played at pawns, and were dressed up like kings, with crowns on their heads, but one of the biggest was dressed precisely like old Nathan Rothschild. He acted his part very well, kept both his hands in his breeches pockets, shook his money, shook his head as if in trouble when any of the little kings wanted to borrow anything, and only showed favor to the little one with the white coat and red pants. This fellow he patted on the cheeks and praised him:—'You're my boy, my pet, my pride—but let your cousin Michael keep out of my way—I'll not lend the goose a penny—he spends more men in a year than he has to eat; he'll make some trouble yet in the world and spoil my business.' As true as the Lord may help me, the little fellow played his part very well, particularly when he helped a child to walk along who was dressed in white satin with real silver lilies, and now and then said to him: 'Now, now—only take good care of yourself—get your living honestly, and look out that you're not driven away again, or I'll lose my money.' I tell you what, Doctor,

it was a real pleasure to hear how the little chap and the other children—right nice children they were—played their parts very well till cakes were brought to them, and they begun to fight for the best pieces, and grabbed the crowns off one another's heads, and screamed and cried, and some of 'em, even —"

CHAPTER IX

THERE is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth as to read a book of Travels in Italy — unless it be to write one — and the only way in which its author can make it in any degree tolerable is to say as little in it as possible of Italy. But though I have availed myself of this rule, I still cannot venture to promise the reader anything strikingly captivating in the coming chapter. And if you who read become tired of the stupid stuff in it, just think of what a dreary time I must have had writing it! I would recommend you, on the whole, to once in a while skip half a dozen leaves — for in that way you will arrive much sooner at the end. Lord! how I wish that I could follow the same plan. And do not believe that I am jesting, for if I were to speak out in saddest earnestness the real opinion of my very heart, I would advise you at once to close these pages, and read no more therein. By and by I will improve; and when we, in a book as yet unwritten, meet Matilda and Francesca together, the dear creatures shall delight you far more than anything in the present chapter or even in the next.

The Lord be praised, I hear without, before my window, a hand-organ, with merry tunes. My befogged head needed such a clearing up, particularly as I must now describe my visit to his Excellency the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino. I will narrate this deeply moving history with the utmost accuracy, the most literal truth, and in all its purity.

It was late as I reached the home of the Marquis. As I entered the room, Hyacinth stood alone, cleaning the golden spurs of his master, who, as I perceived, through the half-opened door of his chamber, was on his knees before a Madonna and a great crucifix.

For you must know, dear reader, that this noble man is now a good Catholic; that he observes with the utmost strictness all the ceremonies of that Church which alone confers happiness; and that when he is in Rome he keeps his own chaplain, on the same principle which induces him to keep in England the fastest horse, and in Paris the prettiest dancing girl.

"Herr Gumpel is just now doing his prayers," whispered Hyacinth with a significant smile, and pointing to the cabinet of his master added in a softer tone, "He lies that way every evening two hours on his knees before the Prima Donna with the Jesus child. It is a splendid affair, and cost him six hundred francesconis."

"And you, Mr. Hyacinth, why don't you kneel behind him? Or perhaps you are not inclined to the Catholic religion?"

"I'm inclined, and again I ain't inclined," replied he, reflectively shaking his head. "It's a good religion for a genteel Baron, who can go about all day at his leisure, or for one who understands the fine arts—but it's no religion for a Hamburger, for a man who has his business to mind, and no religion at all, any way you take it, for a lottery collector. I must write down fair and square every number that's drawn, and if I happen to think of—bum! bum! bum!—the Catholic bells, or if my eyes swim like Catholic incense, and I make a mistake, and set down the wrong number, the worst sort of trouble may come out of it. Many a time have I said to Herr Gumpel, 'Your Excellency is a rich man, and can be as Catholic as you please, and may smoke up your wits with incense as much as you like, and may be as stupid as a Catholic bell, and still have victuals to eat; but I'm a business man, and must keep my seven senses about me, to earn something.' Herr Gumpel thinks, of course, that it's necessary for my accomplishment, and that if I don't become Catholic that I can't understand the pictures which accomplish people—the Verygreeno, the Correctshow, Caratshow, and Cravatshow—but I've always held that all the Correctshows and Cravatshows wouldn't help much if nobody bought tickets of me, and then I should make a mighty poor show! And I must own, Doctor, that the Catholic religion don't amuse me; and, as a reasonable man, you must allow that

when it comes to that, I'm right. I don't see any fun in it — it's something such a religion as if the Lord (the Lord forbid it!) had just died, and everything smelt of burial incense, and with it all, they roll out such a melancholy funeral music as to give one the blues — and the long and short of it is, that it's no religion for a Hamburger "

"Well, then, Mr. Hyacinth, how do you like the Protestant religion?"

"That is altogether, on t'other hand, too common sense like, and if the Protestant churches hadn't an organ, it wouldn't be a religion at all. Between you and I, the religion does no harm, and is as pure as a glass of water — but it don't help any. I've tried it, sir — and the trial cost me four marks fourteen schillings."

"How so, my good Mr Hyacinth?"

"Well — do you see, Doctor, that I once came to the conclusion that it was a very enlightened religion, without any visionary notions or miracles — though by the way I still think that a church must have a few visionary notions, and a trifle in the way of miracles, to be one of the proper sort. 'But who'd ever work any miracle there?' thought I, one day in Hamburg, as I peeped into a Protestant church, one of the regular bald sort, with nothing but brown benches and white walls, and on the walls nothing but a blackboard, with half a dozen white numbers on it. 'But,' thinks I, 'maybe you don't do justice to this religion — who knows but what these numbers can work a miracle as well as the image of the Virgin Mary, or a bone of her husband, Saint Joseph?' and, to settle the matter, I went straight to Altona, and set these very numbers in the Altona lottery. The deuce I set with eight schillings, the terne with six, the quaterne with four, and the quinterne with two schillings. But I tell you, upon my honor, that not a single one of the Protestant numbers came out a prize. I very soon made up my mind what to think of the Protestant business. A great religion, that, which can't so much as bring out the deuce! — and a nice goose I'd be to stake my salvation on a religion by which I've already lost four marks and fourteen schillings."

"I dare say that the old Jewish religion suits you much better, my friend."

"Doctor — the mischief take the old Jewish religion! I don't wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it ain't a religion, but a misfortune. I keep out of the way of everything that puts me in mind of it, and because Hirsch is a Hebrew word, and means hyacinth, I've let the old Hirsch run,¹ and now subscribe myself, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser.' And then I have this advantage, that I've got an H on my seal ring, and my new name begins with an H, so that there's no need of having a new one cut. I tell you what — it amounts to a good deal in the long run, if you reckon up what a good name is worth to a man — name's everything. When I write, 'Hyacinth, Collector, Operator, and Appraiser,' it has another sort of a sound from plain Hirsch. Nobody can treat me like a common blackguard then."

"My good Hyacinth, who would ever treat you in such a manner? You appear to have done so much towards accomplishing yourself, that it is easy to recognize a refined character in you before you open your mouth."

"You're right, Doctor, I have gone ahead like a giantess in improving myself. I really don't know who I ought to keep company with when I get back to Hamburg — but I know what I'll do in the religion line. Just for the present I can get along with the new Israelite temple, I mean the pure Mosaic-Lord's service, with orthographic German hymns and moving sermons, and a few visionary notions, which are things no religion can do without. As true as the Lord may help me, I don't want any better religion, and it is worth keeping up. I mean to do my part for it, anyhow, and every Saturday, when it isn't a day for drawing in the lottery, I'm going there. There are men, and more's the pity, who give this new faith a bad name, and say that it gives occasion for a schism — but I give you my word, it's a good sound religion — perhaps a little too good for common folks, for whom the old Jewish religion is good enough. A common man must have something stupid to make him happy, and he does feel happier in something of the sort. A regular old Jew, with a long beard and a ragged coat, and lousy at that, and who

¹ *Hirsch* is also a German word, and signifies a stag or deer

can't speak a word correct, perhaps feels better than I do, with all my accomplishment. There lives in Hamburg, in the Bæcker Breitengang, a man named Moses Lump, — the folks call him Lumpy, for short, — and he runs around the whole week, in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn a few marks. Well, when Friday evening comes round, he goes home, and finds the seven-branched lamp all lighted, a clean white cloth on the table, and he puts off his pack and all his sorrows, and sits down at the table with his crooked wife and crooked daughter, and eats with them fish which have been cooked in nice white garlic sauce, and sings the finest songs of King David, and rejoices with all his heart at the Exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt. He feels glad, too, that all the bad people who did anything bad to them died at last; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus and such like, are all dead, but that Lumpy is still alive, and eats fish with his wife and child. And, I tell you what, Doctor, the fish are delicate, and the man is happy; he hasn't any cause to torment himself with any 'accomplishment'; he sits just as contented in his religion and in his green night-gown, as Diogenes in his cask, and he looks with joy at the lights burning, which he hasn't even the trouble of cleaning. And I tell you that if the lights should happen to burn dim, and the Jewess, who ought to snuff them, isn't at hand, and if Rothschild the Great should happen to come in with all the brokers, discounters, forwarders, and head clerks, with whom he overcomes the world, and if he should say, 'Moses Lump, ask what thou wilt, it shall be given thee,' — Doctor, I believe that Moses would say, quiet and easy, 'Pick the lamp, then!' and Rothschild the Great would answer, in wonder, 'If I wasn't Rothschild, I'd like to be such a Lump as this!'"

As Hyacinth, according to custom, thus developed his doctrines with epic copiousness, the Marquis rose from his cushions and came towards us, still mumbling a paternoster through his nose. Hyacinth then drew the green curtain over the image of the Madonna which hung over the bed, extinguished the two candles, took down the bronze crucifix, and, approaching us, began to clean it with the same rag and with the same care with which he had just cleaned his mas-

ter's spurs. But the Marquis was melting with heat and with soft sentiment; instead of a coat he wore a full blue-silk domino, with silver fringe, and his nose shone sorrowfully, like an enamored lous d'or. "Oh, Jesus!" he sighed, as he sank among the cushions of the sofa—"don't you think, Doctor, that I have a very dreamy, visionary, poetical look this evening? I am very much moved—my soul is melting; I perceive from afar, a higher world.

"My eye beholds the Heaven open,
My heart leaps up in wondrous bliss"

"Herr Gumpel, you must take something," interrupted Hyacinth. "The blood in your inside has got to going again. I know what is the matter with you."

"You don't know," sighed his master.

"I tell you I do," replied the man, nodding with his good-natured, going-to-work little face. "I know you, in and out—I know. You are just my opposite; when you're hungry I'm thirsty, and when I'm thirsty you're hungry. You are too corpulent, and I'm too lean. You have lots of imagination, and I've got all the more business capacity. I'm a practicus, and you're a diarrheticus—in short, you are altogether my antipodex."

"Ah, Julia!" sighed Gumpelino, "would that I were the yellow glove upon thy hand, and kissed thy cheek! Doctor, did you ever see the actress Crelinger in 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

"Of course, and my whole soul is still enraptured with the memory."

"Well, then," cried the Marquis, with enthusiasm, and fire flashed from his eyes, illuminating his nose—"then you appreciate my feelings—then you know what I mean when I say I love! I will show myself to you, and expose everything. Hyacinth, just step out of the room!"

"I needn't go out," said his man, as if vexed; "you needn't stand on any ceremony with me, for I know what love is, too, and how it—"

"You don't know!" cried the Marquis.

"I'll prove that I know, Herr Marquis, by just speaking the name of Julia Maxfield. Oh, be easy! You're loved, too, but it's of no use. The brother-in-law of your lady never

lets her go out of sight and watches her night and day like a diamond."

"Ah! wretched that I am," moaned Gumpelino — "I love and am loved again; we secretly press each other's hands — we tread on each other's feet under the table — glance meaningfully at each other — and yet can't find an opportunity to — Ah! how often I stand in the moonlight on the balcony, and imagine that I am Julia and that my Romeo or my Gumpelino has promised me a rendezvous — and then I declaim exactly like the Crelinger: —

"Come night, come Gumpelino — day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back —
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo — or Gumpelino!"

— But ah! Lord Maxfield watches us all the time, and we're both dying with intense desire. I shall never survive the day when either sets the blossom of youthful love at stake, winning to lose. Ah! I'd rather enjoy one such night with Julia than win the great prize in the Hamburg lottery!"

"What a crazy notion!" cried Hyacinth; "the great prize! — one hundred thousand marks!"

"Yes — rather than the great prize," continued Gumpelino, "could I have one such night — and she has promised me often that I should have such a night when the first opportunity occurs, and I've often thought that early in the morning she would declaim to me — just like Crelinger: —

"Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day!
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

"The great prize for only one night!" repeated Hyacinth several times as if he could never assent to such an assertion; "I have a very high opinion, Herr Marquis, of your accomplishments, but I never did think you'd have brought your visionary fancies up to such a pitch. That any man could ever prefer love to the great prize! Really, Herr Marquis — since I've waited on you I've got used to a great deal of accomplishment — but as far as I know, I wouldn't give an eighth of

the great prize for all the love afloat. The Lord keep me from it! Why, if I reckon off five hundred marks premium, there'd still remain twelve thousand marks. Love! Why, if I reckon up all together that I've ever paid out for love in all my life it only comes to twelve marks and thirteen schillings Love! Why I've had lots of love, free gratis, for nothing; only once in a while, to please my woman, I've cut her corns for her. I never had a real sentimental passionate love scrape but once in my life, and that was for fat Sally of Dreckwall. She used to buy lottery tickets of me, and whenever I called on her to square accounts, she used to give me a piece of cake—very good cake, indeed,—and sometimes she'd fix up a nice little fancy dish for me, with a drop of liquor to it,—and when I once told her that I was troubled with the blues, she gave me a receipt for the powder which her own husband used. I use the powder to this very day—it always works on me—and that was the only consequence which our love ever had. I thought, Herr Marquis, that maybe you needed one of those powders. When I came to Italy they were the first thing I thought of, so I went to the apothecary and had 'em made up, and I always carry 'em about with me. Just wait a minute and I'll hunt for 'em, and if I hunt for 'em I'll find 'em, and if I find 'em your Excellency's got to take 'em."

It would require too much time to repeat all the comments with which Hyacinth accompanied his researches, as he drew in succession each of the following articles from his pocket. These were, — I., half a wax candle; II., a silver case, in which he kept his instruments for cutting corns; III., a lemon; IV., a pistol, which, though unloaded, was carefully wrapped in paper lest the sight of it might awaken apprehension; V., a scheme of the last drawing of the Hamburg lottery; VI., a black leather-bound little book, containing the Psalms of David and the debts not as yet collected; VII., a dry willow-withe, twined in a true-love knot; VIII., a little packet covered with faded rose-colored silk, and containing the receipt in full for a lottery prize which had once won fifty thousand marks; IX., a flat piece of bread resembling ship-biscuit with a hole in the middle; and X, the above-mentioned powder, which the little man took out, not without a certain emotion and a sorrowful shaking of the head.

"When I think," he sighed, "that ten years ago, fat Sally gave me this receipt and that I'm in Italy now and have the same receipt in my hands, and see the same words on it: 'pulver mirable Doveri'—that means in German, 'extra fine Dover powder of the best quality'—ah, I feel as if I had already taken the stuff and could feel it a-working inside. What is Man! I'm in Italy a-thinking of fat Sally of Dreckwall! Who'd a thought it?—I can think I see her now—in the country, in her garden, where the moon shines, and where there must be for certain a nightingale singing—or maybe a lark—"

"It is the nightingale and not the lark!" sighed Gumpelino in parenthesis.

" 'Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree,
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale ' "

"It's all one to me," continued Hyacinth, "it may be a canary for all I care—only wild birds in the garden don't cost so much. The main thing is the hothouse and the carpet in the pavilion and the statuaries all round it—and among 'em there's a naked General somebody (one of the gods)—and the Venus Urinia—both cost three hundred marks. And in the middle of the garden Sally's got a fontenelle, and maybe she's a-standing there, having make-believe pleasures in her fancy, and thinking—of—me!"

After this sigh followed a rapt silence, which the Marquis finally broke with a languishing tone and question—"Tell me, Hyacinth—on your honor—do you really believe that your medicine will have its effect?"

"Yes, upon honor, it will! Why shouldn't it work? It works on *me*. And ain't I a living man, just the same as you? medicine makes all men alike, and when Rothschild takes Dover powder it operates on him just as it would on the smallest broker. And I'll just tell you now how it's all done. I shake the powder into a glass, pour some water on it, and as soon as you've swallowed it you twist up your face and say—'Prr—pew!—pooh!' Then you feel it a sort of quarreling about inside of you, and you don't know what to make of yourself, and you lie down on the bed, and then I promise you 'pon honor that by and by you'll sleep, then you'll wake up again and go to sleep again, and so on and so forth, and the next morning you feel as light as an angel with white wings, and you'll

dance about because you feel so well — only you'll look a little pale, but I know you like to look pale, because it's languishing-like — and that's interesting "

While thus chattering, Hyacinth had prepared the powder, but he would have taken this pains for nothing had not the passage suddenly flashed into the mind of the Marquis, where Julia takes the draft which has such a dire effect on her destiny. "What do you think, Doctor," — he cried — "of the actress Muller in Vienna? I have seen her as Julia, and Lord! Lord! — how she did play! I'm the greatest enthusiast for Crelinger, living — but Muller, when she drank off the goblet, completely tore me down! — See!" — this was his exclamation as he took with a comic gesture the glass into which Hyacinth had poured the powder — "See! this was the way in which she took the cup, and shuddered so that you could feel every thrill which she felt as she said: —

"There is a faint cold fear which thrills my veins,
And almost freezes up the heat of life."

"And so she stood — just as I stand — and held the goblet to her lips, saying: — "Stay, Talbot, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

And with these words he swallowed the medicine.

"Much good may it do you, Herr Gumpel!" said Hyacinth, in a joyful tone; for the Marquis had, in his inspiration, drained the entire dose, and sank weary with declamation on the sofa.

He did not remain long in this position, for almost immediately there was a knock at the door, and there entered Lady Maxfield's little jockey, who gave to the Marquis, with a laugh and a bow, a note, and at once retired. Hastily did Gumpelino break the seal, and while he read, his eyes and nose gleamed with delight — but suddenly a spectral paleness covered his face, emotion was apparent in every muscle, and he sprang about with gestures of despair, laughing grimly, and rushed about the chamber, exclaiming.

"What is it? — what is it?" cried Hyacinth, with a trembling voice, as he distractedly cleaned away at the crucifix, which he had again taken up. "Are we going to make our attack to-night?"

"What is the matter, Herr Marquis?" I inquired, equally astonished.

"Read! read!" — cried Gumpelino, as he threw towards us the note, and again rushed madly about the room, his blue domino streaming behind him like a storm-cloud.

In the note we read the following words:—

"SWEETEST GUMPELINO :

"By break of day I must away to England. My brother-in-law has traveled on before, and awaits me in Florence. I am at present free, but alas! only for this one night! Let us, however, avail ourselves of it; let us drain the nectar goblet which love holds forth, even to the last drop I await, I tremble.

"JULIA MAXFIELD."

"Woe me! fool of Fortune!" bewailed Gumpelino — Love holds out to me his nectar cup, and I — alas! the Jack-fool of Fortune, have already drained a goblet of Dover powder! Who can get the accursed stuff out of me now? — Help! help!"

"No earthly living man can help you now!" sighed Hyacinth.

"I pity you from my very heart," said I condolingly. "To drain a tumbler of Dover powder, instead of a goblet of nectar, is bitter! Instead of the arms of Love, a night of regret awaits you!"

"Oh, Jesus! oh, Jesus!" cried the Marquis; "I feel it thrill through my every vein — O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick! — but it shall not hinder me, I will hasten to her; I will sink at her feet and bleed!"

"There's no blood in the business at all," replied Hyacinth. "Don't go off into rhapsodies Don't be passionate!"

"No, no! I will hasten to her, into her arms — oh, night! oh, night!"

"I tell you," continued Hyacinth, with philosophical indifference, "that you will find no repose in her arms. You can't keep awake twenty minutes during the night. Don't be so passionate. The more you run around the room and excite yourself, so much quicker the stuff works. Your mind plays into

the hands of nature. You must endure like a man what your fate has determined. Maybe it's good that it's come so, and perhaps it came so because it's good. Man is an earthly being, and doesn't understand the ways of Divinity. Folks often think they're going straight ahead to their happiness, and bad luck stands in the way with a stick; and when a plain vulgar stick strikes a noble back, they feel it, Herr Marquis!"

"Woe me! a fool of Fortune!" raved Gumpelino. But his servant calmly continued.

"A man often expects a cupful of nectar, and instead of it gets horse-whip soup, — if the nectar is sweet, then the horse-whipping is all the bitterer; and it is really lucky that the man who thrashes another must tire out sooner or later, or the fellow he whips could never stand it. But it is a great deal worse when bad luck hides in a man's way to Love, so that his life's in danger. Maybe, Herr Marquis, it is really all right that things have gone as they have, or perhaps — who knows — you might have been met on the way by a little Italian with a dirk six yards long, who would have run slap at you, and have struck you (not to put too fine a point upon it) — through your calves. For a man can't holler for the watch here as in Hamburg, and there are no policemen among the Apennines. Or maybe," continued the pitiless consoler, without paying the slightest attention to the growing rage of his master — "maybe when you were sitting snug and warm in Lady Maxfield's arms, the brother-in-law would have come rushing back and clapped a pistol to your breast, and made you sign a bill of a hundred thousand marks. I don't want to make mischief or tell lies — but I say suppose now — only suppose that you were a good-looking man, and Lady Maxfield was in despair for fear she should lose her beau, and was jealous — like all women — for fear some other woman might get you after she was gone, what would she do? Why she'd just take an orange and put a little white powder on it, and say, 'Here, dear — just suck this and cool yourself off a little — you've got warm a-running so fast,' — and the next day you'd be cooled down and no mistake. There was a man named Piper, who had a passional attraction for a female individual who was called Trumpet Angel

Jenny, and she lived in the 'Coffee-factory,' and her husband by the Duck Pond —"

"I wish, Hirsch," screamed the Marquis, in a rage, "I wish that your Piper of the Duck Pond, and his Trumpet Angel of the Coffee Mill, and you and your Sally, all had my Dover powder rammed down your throats!"

"What would you have, Herr Gumpel?" exclaimed Hyacinth, not without heat. "Was it my fault that Lady Maxfield's a-going away to-morrow, and invited you to come for to-night? Could I know that beforehand? Am I Aristotle? Have I got a situation in a prophecy office? I only said that the powder would work, and it will work, just as sure as I'm a-going to Heaven, and if you go running about the room in such a disparaging and passional way, it'll work all the sooner —"

"Well, then, I'll sit down calmly on the sofa!" groaned Gumpelino; and, stamping on the ground, he rolled in a rage on the sofa, restrained his mood by a mighty effort, and both servant and master gazed long and silently at each other, until the latter said, with a deep sigh and in a whimpering tone, —

"But, Hirsch, what will the lady say if I don't come? She waits for me, yes, lingers and trembles and burns with love —"

"She has a beautiful foot," said Hyacinth to himself, and sorrowfully shook his little head. But there were mighty throbs of emotion at work in his heart, and a shrewd idea was working itself out under his scarlet coat.

"Herr Gumpel," said the words, as they came forth, "— *send ME!*"

And as he spoke, a deep blush stole over the sallow business countenance.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Candide came to El Dorado, he saw several boys in the street who were playing with nuggets of gold, instead of stones. This extravagance made him think that they must be royal children, and he was not a little astonished to learn that, in El Dorado, nuggets of gold were as valueless as flint

pebbles with us; so that the very schoolboys played with them. Something very similar happened to one of my friends, who, when he first came to Germany and read German books, was greatly amazed at the wealth of thought which he found in them — but soon observed that thoughts are as common in Germany as gold ingots in El Dorado, and that many a writer who seems to be an intellectual prince, is, after all, a mere schoolboy.

This reflection often occurs to me, when I am about to write down the most admirable reflections on Art and Life. Then I laugh, and keep my thoughts in my pen, or scribble in their stead a picture or a carpet pattern on the paper, persuading myself that such carpets are more useful in Germany — that intellectual El Dorado — than the goldenest thoughts.

Dear reader, I shall bring on the carpet now spreading out before thee, the familiar figures of Gumpelino and his Hirsch Hyacinth; and if the former be painted with less accurate traits, I trust that you will be sharp-witted enough to appreciate a negative character, even if positive points be wanting in it. For he might bring a suit for libel against me, or something even more significant. Besides, he is the natural ally of my enemies — he upholds them with subsidies, he is an aristocrat, an ultrapist; in fact, he only wants one thing as yet to be as bad as possible, and that one thing he must soon learn, having the book which teaches it already in his hands — as you will perceive from my picture carpet.

It was again evening; on the table stood two candelabras with lighted wax candles, and their gleam flashed on the golden frames of the pictures of saints hanging on the wall, and which, in the flickering light and wavering shadow, seemed inspired with life. Without, before the window, the dark cypress-trees stood strangely motionless in the silver moonlight, while far in the distance resounded a sad hymn to the Virgin, rising and swelling in broken tones — apparently the voice of a sick child. The air within was close and warm, and the Marquis Christophoro di Gumpelino sat or rather reclined in aristocratic indolence on the cushions of the sofa, his noble though overheated figure being again clad in its blue-silk domino, while in his hands he held a book bound in scarlet morocco paper, heavily gilt, and from

which he declaimed in a loud yet languishing tone. His eyes had that charming luster peculiar to enamored tomcats, and his cheeks, including the side wings of the nose, were pale as if from suffering. Still, this pallor admits of a philosophically anthropological explanation, if we remember that the Marquis had swallowed the night before a whole tumbler of Dover powder

Hirsch Hyacinthus was down on all fours on the floor, and with a great piece of white chalk was busy in drawing on the brown tiles the following characters, or something like them:—

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  oo_oo_oo_oo
  _____
  oo_oo_oo_oo
  _____
  oo_oo_oo_oo
  _____
      oo_oo_oo
      _____
          oo
          _____

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This business appeared to be anything but agreeable to the little man, for puffing at every stoop he growled vexedly, "Spondee—Trochee, Jambus, Pyrrhic, Anapest—and the pest!" For the sake of working more at his ease, he had taken off his red coat, and there now appeared two short, modest-looking legs in tight scarlet breeches, and somewhat longer arms, in white loose sleeves

"What curious figures are those?" I inquired.

"These are feet, the size of life," he groaned for answer; "and I—wretched man!—must keep these feet in my head, and my hands already ache with all the feet they've had to write. These are the real feet of poetry—and if it wasn't for the accomplishments I'm getting, I'd let the poetry run with all its feet. Just now, I have private lessons from the Marquis in the poetry business. The Marquis reads the poem and explains how many feet there are in it, and then I must note them down and reckon up whether the poem is all right."

"You find us," remarked the Marquis in didactically pathetic tones, "engaged in a truly poetic occupation. I

well know, Doctor, that you belong to that body of poets who have ideas of their own, and do not perceive that in poetry, meter is the main thing. But a refined spirit can only express itself in refined forms, and these are only to be learned from the Greeks and from those modern poets who strive to think like Greeks, feel like Greeks, and bring their feelings home, in the Greek fashion, to a man."

"To man, of course, and not to woman, as an unclassic, romantic poet is bound to do," replied my Insignificance.

"Herr Gumpel talks, now and then, like a book," whispered Hyacinth aside to me, as he contracted his thin lips, winked his little eyes with delighted pride, and significantly shook his small head, whose every motion was one of wondering amazement. "I tell you," he continued, in somewhat louder tones, "he talks sometimes like a book, and then he's what you might call no sort of a man at all, but a higher sort of being, and I become regularly dumb the nearer I come to him"

"And what have you there in your hands?" I inquired of the Marquis.

"Gems," he replied laconically, holding out the book.

At the word "gems," Hyacinth leaped up, but when he saw the book smiled pityingly. The precious gem in question had on its title-page the following words:—

POEMS
OF
AUGUST, COUNT VON PLATEN.
STUTTGART AND TUBINGEN.
PUBLISHED BY J. G. COTTA.
1828.

On the blank leaf was neatly written, "A Gift of True Brotherly Friendship."

Meanwhile, the work smelt of a certain singular perfume, with which I had noticed all the Marquis's garments were scented, and which was perhaps to be attributed to the circumstance that the Marquis had been reading in it all night long.

"I haven't slept a wink all night," he complained to me. "I felt so uncomfortable that I had to get up eleven times.

Fortunately, I had this glorious bit of reading by me, and I got from it not only poetical instruction, but also sound consolation for life. Look! see how I honor the book! there is not a single leaf torn out of it, and yet I was tempted to tear it all to pieces.

"You are not the first, Herr Marquis, who has undergone the same temptation."

"I swear, sir, by our blessed Lady of Loretto, and as true as I'm an honorable man, that these poems haven't their equal! You know that I was in a state of desperation yesterday evening — *au desespoir*, as one might say — because Fate forbade me to possess my Julia. Then I read these poems — one every time when I had to get up — and the result has been, that I feel as indifferent to women as if not one of the creatures had ever existed. And that is the beauty of this poet, that he only burns with warm feelings — friendship — for men. Yes, he prefers us to women; and for this very preference we ought to be grateful to him. How much greater he is, in this, than common poets! You do not find him flattering the every-day tastes of the masses; he cures us of that passion for women which causes us so much suffering. O woman! woman! what a benefactor to his race is that man who frees us from your chains! It is an eternal shame that Shakespeare never applied his wonderful theatrical talent to this end, since he, as I have just found in these poems, was inspired by the same greatness of soul as the great Count Platen, who says, in his sonnets, of Shakespeare: —

"A maid's caprices never broke thy slumbers,
And yet for friendship still we see thee yearning;
From female snares, a friend thy steps is turning,
His friendship is thy care, and fires thy numbers"

While the Marquis declaimed these verses with enthusiasm, and while the moisture gathered on his tongue, Hyacinth was making a series of grimaces which were evidently inspired by anything but assent, though they appeared partly to be those of vexation and partly of affirmation, until he at last exclaimed: —

"Herr Marquis, you talk like a book, and the verses go out like a flame, but I don't like their contents. As a man, I feel flattered that Count Platen gives us the preference, but, as

a friend to women, I go against such men. Such is man! One likes onions, and another has the feeling for warm friendship; but I, as an honest man, must confess that I prefer onions, and that a cross-eyed cook maid is more to my taste than the most beautiful friend, such as your poet talks about. And, in fact, I must say, that I, for one, can't begin to see so much beauty in the male sex that one can fall in love with it."

Hyacinth spoke these last words while giving a side squint at his own reflection in the mirror, as though he were the ideal pattern of manly perfection. But the Marquis, without suffering himself to be disturbed, read on:—

"‘Hope’s foam-built palaces may fall together,
We strive, yet do not come at all together;
Melodious from thy mouth my name is ringing,
And yet my verse thou wilt not call together.
Like sun and moon must we be ever parted,
That use and custom may be all together.
Oh, lean thine head on mine for sweet in union,
Thy dark locks and my light ones fall together;
But ah! I dream, for lo I see thee parting
Ere joy has found us in one thrall together,
Our souls are bleeding since our forms are parted,
Would we were flowers, oft bound and all together!’"

"Queer poetry that!" exclaimed Hyacinth, as he reechoed the rhymes, "'Use and custom altogether,' 'thrall together' and 'fall together!' Queer poetry! I've got a cousin who, when he reads poetry, often for fun puts 'from before' and 'from behind' in turn at the end of every other verse, but I declare I never knew that the poems he made up that way ought to be called 'Gazelles.' I must try myself and see whether the verses which the Marquis has just declaimed won't be improved by putting 'from before' and 'from behind' in turn after the 'together' Depend upon it they'll be twenty per cent stronger!"

Without attending to this speech, the Marquis drove ahead in his declamation of "gazelles" and sonnets, in which the loving one sings his "friend of beauty," praises him, wails over him, accuses him of indifference, devises plans to attain him, ogles him, is jealous of him, languishes for him, fondles through a whole scale of love tones with him, and that so

meltingly, amorously and touchingly, that the reader would suppose that the poet were a maiden suffering with love-sickness. One thing, however, must seem to him to a certain degree extraordinary, that this maiden is always complaining that her love is contrary to the usual manner or "custom"; that she cherishes as intense a hatred of this "custom which parts," as a pickpocket could against the police; that in her love she would fain embrace the "neck" of her friend; that she laments dolefully over envious wretches who cunningly part us, "to hinder us and keep us ever parted"; that she bewails annoying personal afflictions on the part of her friend; that she assures him that she will only casually glance at him; that she protests that "no single syllable shall shock thine ear," and finally confesses, that

"My wish in others but gave birth to strife,
Thou hast not granted it, but oh! as yet
Thou hast not said me nay, O my sweet life!"

I must do the Marquis the justice to admit, that he declaimed these verses well, sighed at full length in repeating them, and groaned as he slid along the sofa, as if sympathetically coquetting with the cushions. Meanwhile Hyacinth continued to babble the verses after him, not omitting to interweave with them his own original chatter. He honored the odes with the most attention. "There's a heap more to be learned," quoth he, "from this sort of poetry, than from your sonnets and gazelles; for in the odes the feet are set down all fair and square, and a man can count up every poem nice and easy. Every poet ought to do in his hardest poetry verses like Count Platen—that is, set it down with the feet up, and say to folks, 'See here—I'm an honorable man, one of the kind that don't cheat. The straight and crooked marks which I put before every poem, are what you may call the "counterfeet" of it, and you may reckon up for yourself the trouble it all cost me. In fact, they're a kind of yardstick for every poem—take it and measure 'em with it, and if you find I cheat you out of a single syllable, why then call me a d——d rascal—that's all!' But then the public may be taken in just by the honorable face he puts on it. When the feet are all set down so

honest-looking and plain, the reader'll say — 'Well, I'm not going to be one of your suspicious sort — what's the use of counting after the man — I dare say it's all right! — I ain't a-going to do it!' And he don't do it — and gets cheated. And who can always count 'em up? Now we're in Italy and I've got time to write the feet on the ground with chalk, and collate every ode. But in Hamburg, where I've my business to attend to, I've no time for it, and must take Count Platen without calling him to an account, just as a man takes the bags of money from the treasury with the number of the dollars they hold written on 'em. They go about, sealed up, from one man to another, everybody takes it for granted that they hold as much as the number says — and yet it has happened, that a man who didn't have much to do has opened one and counted the specie, and found it ran short a few dollars. And there may be just the same sort of swindling in poetry. Particularly do I mistrust when I think of bags of money. For my own brother-in-law has told me, that in the House of Correction at Odensee, they've got a fellow who had some sort of a situation in the Post Office, and who opened the specie bags that went through his hands, and then sewed 'em up again and forwarded 'em. When one hears of such rascality, he loses his trust in fellow mortals, and gets to be a mistrustful man. There's ever so much rascality in this world, and I suppose it's the same in the poetry business as in any other.

"Honesty," continued Hyacinth, while the Marquis declaimed on, all absorbed in feeling and without attending to us, "honesty, Doctor, is the correct thing, and a man who isn't honest I consider as a scamp, and when I consider a man as a scamp, I'll buy nothing from him, read nothing of his, in short, devil the bit of business of any sort will I do with him. I'm a man, Doctor, who don't set myself up on anything, but if there's anything I do set myself up on, it is on doing the correct thing. If you've no objection, I'd like to tell you of a noble trait in my character, and you'll be astonished at it. I tell you you'll be astonished as sure as I'm an honorable man. There's a man lives in the Spear Place in Hamburg, and he's a green-grocer, and his name's Blocky — that is to say, I say that his

name's Blocky because we're good friends, for his real name is Block. And his wife of course is Madame Block, and she never could bear that her husband should buy lottery tickets of me, and when he did, I didn't dare to go to his house with 'em. So he used to tell me in the street, 'I want this or that number, and here's the money, Hirsch!' And I'd say, 'All right, Blocky!' And when I got home, I used to lay the number he'd taken apart for him under cover, and write on it in German hand, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block.' And now just listen and be astonished. It was a fine spring day and the trees round the Exchange were all green, and the zephyr airs were nice, and the sun shone in the heaven and I stood by the Bank of Hamburg. And then Blocky — my Blocky, you know — came walking along with fat Mrs. Blocky on his arm, and was the first to speak to me, and spoke of the Lord's splendid Spring, and made some patriotic remarks on the town guard, and asked me how business was, and I told him that a little while before there'd been a chap in the pillory, and so as we talked he told me that the night before he'd dreamed that number 1538 had drawn the grand prize — and just at that instant, while Madame Block was looking at the statues of the Emperors before the Town Hall, he put thirteen louis d'ors, full weight, into my hand. Lord! it seems to me that I can feel them now — and before Madame could turn around, I said, 'All right, Blocky!' and went away. And I went at once, without stopping, to the head office and got number 1538, and covered it up as soon as I was home, and wrote on the cover, 'On account of Herr Christian Hinrich Block' And what did the Lord do? Fourteen days later, to try my honesty, he let number 1538 turn up a prize of fifty thousand marks. And what did Hirsch then do, the same Hirsch who now stands before you? This Hirsch put on a clean white shirt, and a clean white cravat, and took a hackney-coach and went to the head office, and drew his fifty thousand marks and rode with 'em to the Spear Place — And when Blocky saw me, he says, 'Hirsch, what are you dressed up so fine for to-day?' I however didn't answer a word, but set a great astonishing bag of gold on the table, and said, right cheerful and jolly, 'Herr Christian Hinrich Block! — number 1538, which you were so

kind as to order of me, has been so lucky as to draw fifty thousand marks. I have the honor to present you that same money in this bag and take the liberty of begging a receipt for the amount!' When Blocky heard that, he began to cry; when Madame Block heard it, she cried; the fat red servant girl cried; the crooked shop-boy cried; the children cried; and I? a man of feelings as I am, couldn't cry at all, but fainted dead away, and it wasn't till I came to, that the tears came into my eyes — like a river — and I cried for three hours!"

The voice of the little man quivered as he told this story, and with an air of joy he drew from his pocket the packet I have already spoken of, unrolled the faded rose silk, and showed me the document in which Herr Christian Hinrich Block acknowledged the receipt of fifty thousand marks "When I die," said Hyacinth, with a tear in his eye, "this receipt must be buried with me, and on the Judgment Day, when I must give an account of all my deeds, then I will go with this receipt in my hand before the throne of the Lord, and when my Evil Angel has read off the list of all the evil deeds I've been guilty of, and my good angel has read off in turn all my good deeds, I'll say, calm and easy, 'Be quiet! — all I want to know is if this receipt is correct? — is that the handwriting of Herr Christian Hinrich Block?' Then a little angel will come flying up, and he'll say that he knows Block's hand perfectly well, and he'll tell the whole story of the honorable business I carried through. And the Creator of Eternity, the Almighty, who knows all things will remember it all and he will praise me before the sun, moon and stars, and reckon up at once in his head that if the value of my evil deeds be subtracted from fifty thousand marks, that there'll remain a balance to my account, and he'll say, 'Hirsch, you are appointed an angel of the first class, and may wear wings with white and red feathers.'"

CHAPTER XI

Who is, then, the Count Platen, whom we have, in the previous chapter, learned to know as a poet and warm friend? Ah! dear reader, I have been reading that very question for a long time in your countenance, and it is with a trembling

heart that I set about answering it. The worst thing with German authors is, that whenever they show up a fool, they must beforehand set him forth in full, by means of wearisome descriptions of character, and personal peculiarities, firstly, that the reader may know of his existence, and secondly, that they may understand how, where, and when the lash cuts — before or behind. It was a different matter with the ancients, and it is still different with some modern nations, for instance, the English and French who have a public life, and, in consequence, public characters. We Germans, on the contrary, though we have a foolish enough public, have very few fools distinguished enough to be generally recognized as “characters,” when used in prose or in verse. The few men of this mold whom we possess are perfectly justifiable in giving themselves airs of importance. They are of inestimable value, and are entitled to the highest claim to our consideration. For instance, the Herr Privy Counselor Schmaltz, Professor at the University of Berlin, is a man worth his weight in gold; a humorous writer could never do without him, and he himself is so perfectly conscious of his personal importance and needfulness that he loses no opportunity to supply such writers with material for satire. For this purpose, therefore, he labors night and day, either as statesman, civil villain, or civilian, deacon, anti-Hegelian, and patriot, to make himself as ridiculous as possible, and thus advance that literature for which he sacrifices himself. And therefore the German universities deserve great praise, since they supply us with more fools than any other trade-unions, especially Gottingen, which I have never failed to appreciate, so far as this point is concerned. This is the true and secret reason why I have always boldly advocated the maintenance of the Universities, even while preaching freedom of exercising a trade, and recommending the abolition of the gilds. When fools of note are thus wanting, the world cannot be too grateful to me, should I bring out a few new ones, and render them available. For the advancement of literature, I will therefore now speak more in detail of Count August von Platen Hallermunde. I will so arrange it that he may be made well enough known to be useful, and to a certain degree celebrated, giving him, as it were, a literary fattening, as the Iroquois are said to do

with prisoners who are subsequently devoured at their festivals. In this business, I shall act with all due honor and courtesy, as a good citizen should, touching on the material, or so-called personal, interests only so far as they are needed to throw light upon spiritual phenomena, always giving the point of view from which I regarded him, and not unfrequently exhibiting the spectacles wherewith I took my peep.

The point of view from which I first beheld Count Platen was Munich, the scene of those efforts which rendered him very celebrated among his acquaintances, and where he will unquestionably be immortal — so long as he lives. The spectacles with which I saw him belonged to certain inhabitants of the city, who, in their merry moments, occasionally indulged in merry remarks relative to his personal appearance. I have never seen him myself, and when I have a fancy to imagine him, I recall the droll rage with which my friend, Doctor Lautenbacher, attacked poetic folly in general, and particularly that of a certain Count Platen, who, with a wreath of laurel on his brow, stood in an attitude of poetic inspiration on the public promenade at Erlangen, staring, with spectacled nose, up at Heaven. Others have spoken better of the poor Count, lamenting only his straitened circumstances, which, as he was very ambitious of honor, compelled him to extraordinary industry, and thus at least gave him distinction as a poet. They also praised his complaisance and courtesy towards younger people, with whom he was modesty itself, since he only, in the most amiable manner, begged their permission to visit them occasionally in their rooms; and carried his kindness so far as to call again, even when they had intimated, in the most significant manner, that his calls were no longer agreeable. Such stories, of course, moved my pity to a certain extent, although I found that his failures in the art of pleasing were very natural. In vain the poor Count often complained that

“Thy beautiful blonde youth, thou gentle boy,
Rejects a dismal, melancholy friend
Well, then' my thoughts to jest and joke I'll lend,
Instead of tears, which now my spirits cloy:
And for the unknown gift of laughing joy,
My earnest prayers erelong to Heaven shall tend!”

In vain the poor Count declared that he was destined to become the greatest of poets, that the shadow of the laurel was already visible on his brow, and that he could also make his sweet boys immortal, in poems which would live forever. Alas! even this celebrity was not acceptable to any one, nor was it, in fact, a thing to be particularly desired. I shall never forget the suppressed laughter with which one of these candidates for immortality was stared at by some genial friends, one day, in the Arcade at Munich. One sharp-witted knave even declared that he could see the reflection of a laurel wreath between the coat tails of the candidate. So far as I am concerned, dear reader, I am not so malicious as you think, I pity the poor Count, and when others mock him, I doubt whether he has ever practically revenged himself on the hated "custom" spoken of, although in his songs he sighs for such revenge — no, I rather believe in the repulsive afflictions, injurious disregard, and rejections, of which he sings so plaintively. I believe, in fact, that he acted towards morality in a far more laudable manner than he was desirous of doing, and it is possible that he can boast, with General Tilly, "I was never intoxicated, never loved a woman, and never lost a battle." It was, beyond question, for this that the poet says of himself: —

"Thou art a sober and a modest youth."

The poor youth, or rather the poor old youth — for he had several lustrums behind him — once squatted, unless I err, at the University of Erlangen, where some sort of occupation had been allotted him, but as this was insufficient for his soaring spirit, since with his increasing lustrums he lusted with greater lustiness for illustrious luster, and as he day by day felt himself more inspired with his future glory, he gave up his business, being determined to live by writing, by gifts from Heaven whenever they might turn up, and by similar earnings. For the county of the Count is unfortunately situated in the moon, and, owing to the bad state of the roads which communicate with Bavaria, will not (according to Gruithuisen's calculation) be attainable until 20,000 years have elapsed, after which time, when that planet approaches the earth, he will be able to draw from it his enormous revenues.

At an earlier period Don Platen De Collibrados Hallermunde had published by Brockhaus, in Leipzig, a collection of poems with the title of "Lyrical Leaves, No. I.," which of course met with no success, although he assured us in the preface that the Seven Wise Men had lavished their praise on the author. At a later date he wrote, in Tieck's style, several dramatic legends and stories, which also had the fortune to remain hidden from the ignorant multitude and were only read by the Seven Wise Men. In order to get a few more readers the Count applied himself to controversy, and wrote a satire against eminent writers, especially against Mullner, who was already universally hated and morally overthrown, so that the Count came just in the nick of time to give the dead Court Counselor Oerindur another coup de grace, not gracefully, however, but very awkwardly in the Falstaffian manner in the thigh. A dislike of Mullner inspired every noble heart, the attack of the Count "took," and "The Mysterious and Terrible Fork" met here and there with a kindly reception, not from the public at large but among literati and the regular school people — the latter being pleased with the satire because it was not an imitation of the romantic Tieck, but of the classic Aristophanes.

I believe that it was about this time that the Count traveled to Italy, no longer entertaining a doubt but that he would be able to live by his poetry. Cotta had indeed paid him the common prosaic honor to pay him money for his bill for poetry; for Poetry, the nobly born, never has any money herself, and when in difficulties always goes to Cotta. Now the Count versified day and night; he no longer copied the patterns of Tieck and of Aristophanes, but imitated first Goethe in ballads, then Horace in odes, then Petrarch in sonnets, then Hafiz in Persian gazelles — in short, he gave us, such as it was, a selection of flowers of the best poets, and with it his own lyrical leaves, under the title of "Poems of Count Platen, etc."

No one in Germany is so indulgent as I towards poetic productions, and I am willing from my very soul that a poor devil like Platen should enjoy his bit of celebrity which he has so bitterly earned by the sweat of his brow. And no one is more willing to praise his industry, his efforts and his poetry, or to

recognize his metrical merits. My own efforts enable me better than another to appreciate those merits. The bitter labor, the indescribable perseverance, the chattering of teeth through weary winter nights, the restrained anger at a fruitless straining for effect, is far more apparent to one of us than to the ordinary reader who supposes that the smoothness, neatness and polish of the Count's verses are the effect of ease, and who thanklessly enjoys himself over the glittering play of words, just as spectators at the feats of circus artists, when they behold the latter dancing on ropes, hopping among eggs, or standing on their heads, never reflect that the poor fellows have acquired this pliancy of limb and poetry of motion only by long years of hard work and bitter hunger. I, who have never worried myself so much in poetry, and who have always exercised it in company with good eating, esteem poor Platen all the more, since his experiences have been of such a sour and sober nature; I will boast for him that no literary rope dancer in Europe can balance so well as he on slack gazelles, that no one can perform so well as he such an egg dance as

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and that no one can stand so well on his head. If the muses are not complaisant to him, he at least has the genius of our language in his power, or knows how to clothe it with power. As for winning the willing love of the genius, it is beyond his power, he must perseveringly run after this youth as after others, and his utmost ability is to catch the outward form, which despite its beautiful contour never speaks to our soul. Never did the deep tones of nature, as we find them in popular song among children and other true poets, burst from the soul of Platen, or bloom forth like an apocalypse from it the desperate effort which he is obliged to make in order to say something he calls a "great deed in words," — for so utterly unfamiliar is he with the true spirit of poetry, that he does not know that the successful mastery of words can only be a great deed for the rhetorician: for the true poet it should be a natural occurrence. Unlike the true poet, language was never yet his master; on the contrary, he has become master of it, playing on it as a virtuoso plays on an instrument. The

more he advanced in this mechanical facility, the higher opinion did he form of his own powers of performance; he learned how to play in every manner and meter, he versified even the most difficult passages, often poetizing, so to speak, on the G string, and was vexed when the public did not applaud. Like all virtuosi who have developed this sort of single-string talent, he only exerted himself for applause, regarding with anger the celebrity of others. He envied his colleagues all that they gained, as, for instance, when he fired five-act pasquinades at Claren at a time when he could not attract more than a mere poetic squib at himself; he laid a strong hand on every review in which others were praised, and cried without ceasing, "I am not sufficiently praised, I am not sufficiently praised, for I am the poet, the poet of poets," etc. Such a hunger and thirst for praise, and for alms, was never yet shown by a true poet, by Klopstock or by Goethe, to whose companionship Count Platen has appointed himself, although any one can see that he justly forms a triumvirate only with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, and perhaps with Ramler. "The great Ramler," as he was called in his own time, — when he, without a laurel crown, it is true, but with all the greater cue and hair bag, with his eyes raised to Heaven, and with a canvas umbrella under his arm, wandered scanning about in the Berlin Thiergarten, — believed himself to be the representative of poetry on earth. His verses were the most perfect in the German language, and his adorers, among whom even a Lessing went astray, believed that poetry could go no further. Such, at a late date, was almost the case with Aug. Wilhelm von Schlegel, whose poetical insufficiency became manifest as the language was more fully developed, so that many who once looked upon the singer of Arion as an Arion himself, now regard him merely as a schoolmaster of some ability. But whether Count Platen is as yet qualified to laugh at the otherwise really great Schlegel, as the latter once laughed at Ramler, I cannot take it on me to say. But this I do know, that they are all three on a par in poetry, and though Count Platen, in his gazelles, displays ever so exquisitely his juggling arts of balance; though he executes his egg-dance ever so admirably, and if he, in his plays, even stands on his head — he is not for all that a poet. "He is no poet,"

say the ungrateful youths whom he so tenderly sings. "He is no poet," respond the ladies, who perhaps (I must say this at least in his behalf) are not altogether impartial judges in the matter, and who, from the penchant which they detect in him, are either jealous or fearful that the tendency of his poems is such as to endanger their hitherto favorable position in society. Severe critics, who wear first-class spectacles, add their voice to this verdict, or express themselves with more laconic significance. "What do you find in the poems of the Count Platen von Hallermunde?" I recently asked such a man. "I find bottom!" was the reply¹. "You refer to the fundamental and laborious character of his style?" I replied. "No," said he, "I refer also to the subject-matter."

As regards this subject-matter of the Platen poems, it is one which I cannot honestly praise, and yet I cannot unconditionally assent to the furious disapprobation with which our Catos speak of them—or are silent! *Chacun à son gout*, the one loves an ox, the other Waschischta's cow. I even blame the terrible Rhadamanthine seriousness with which this subject-matter of the Platen poems is made in turn the subject of scientific criticism in the Berlin annuals. But such are men, and so easy do they find it to fall in a rage, when speaking of sins which they've no mind to. I recently read, in the "Morgenblatte" an article entitled "From the Journal of a Reader," in which Count Platen expressed himself against those who so severely blame his "friendship love," with that modesty which is his distinguishing characteristic, and by which his style may be readily recognized in the article referred to. When he says that the "Hegelian Weekly Journal" accuses him, with "laughable pathos," of immorality, he then, as the reader will infer, simply anticipates the censure of people whose opinion he has ascertained from others. He has, however, been wrongly informed; in this light, the pathetic shall never be found fault with by me; the noble Count is to me rather an agreeable subject, and in his noble penchant I only behold something anachronistic, or a timid and bashful parody of an antique excess of passion. And here we hit the nail on the head—in ancient times, immorality was in accordance with the manner of

¹ [Dichtigkeit! war die Antwort.]

the age, and showed itself with heroic openness. As, for instance, when the Emperor Nero, on vessels of gold and ivory, held a banquet which cost millions, and, amid public festivities, accompanied by all manner of excesses, wrote an epic which, he confidently expected, would rival or even surpass the "Iliad," and afterwards fired Rome that he might, by the roaring flames, the better sing the Fall of Troy. He was a gazelle poet, of whom I would speak with pathos, but I can only smile at the modern Pythagorean, who in the Rome of the present day meanly and soberly and anxiously sneaks among the paths of friendship, his blonde countenance simply disgusting the loveless youths, and who afterwards, by the light of a wretched oil lamp, sighs forth his gazelles. From such a point of view, it is interesting to compare the poems of Platen with those of Petronius. In the latter we see straightforward, antique, plastic, heathen nakedness; but Count Platen, despite his boasting of the classic style, rather treats his subject in a manner which is altogether romantic, deeply yearning, and priestlike — nay, and I must add, even hypocritical. For the Count frequently masks himself in pious feelings, he evades every indication of evil; only the initiated are to understand his meaning; he believes that he has sufficiently blinded the multitude when he occasionally lets the word "friend" slip out; and it is with him as with the ostrich, which believes itself to be well enough hidden when its head is stuck in the sand, although the tail is plainly visible. Our illustrious and noble bird would have done better had he hidden his tail, and shown us his head more openly. In fact, he is rather a man of tail than a man of "head." The name "man" is altogether unsuitable for him; his love has a passive, Pythagorean character; he is pathetic in his poems; he is a woman, and in his pseudo-immorality has not even the instinct of virility. This anxious, pliant, submissive nature glides through all his love poems; he is always finding some new "friend in beauty"; in all his verses we discover a flavor of weak tea, and even when he sings —

"Thou lov'st in silence — would that it had bound me !
That I had only cast on thee my glances !
Had I, with words, ne'er made the first advances,

These anxious sorrows had not twined around me.
And yet I would not be as love first found me !
Woe to the day which coldly ends its chances !
'Tis from that realm where, lost in raptured trances,
Blest angels mingle."

— we at once think of how it is recorded that Wisdom cried aloud in the streets and no man regarded her ; and the puzzle becomes immediately comprehensible, for we understand that in this case at least the fault was that wisdom of Madame Wisdom herself. For the voice does not ring true. Everywhere, in Platen's poems, we see the ostrich, which only hides its head, the vain, weak bird, which has the most beautiful plumage, and yet cannot fly ; and which, ever quarrelsome, stumbles along over the polemic sandy desert of literature. With his fine feathers, without the power to soar, with his fine verse, without poetic flight, he is the very opposite to that eagle of song who, with less brilliant wings, still rises to the sun. I must return to my old refrain : Count Platen is no poet.

Two things are required of every poet : that there should be natural tones in his lyric poems, and characters in his epic or dramatic productions. If he cannot legitimately establish himself on these points, he must lose his title as poet, although all his other family papers and diplomas of nobility are in perfect order. I have no doubt that the last is the case with Count Platen, and I am convinced that he would only deign a smile of pitying sorrow to any one who should attempt to cast doubt on his title as Count. But dare to so much as level a couplet at his poetic title, and he will at once set himself down and publish five-act satires against you. The want of natural chords in the poems of the Count is the more touching from the fact that he lives in an age when he dare not so much as name his real feelings, when the current morality which is so directly opposed to his love even forbids him to express his sorrows openly, and when he must anxiously and painfully disguise every sentiment for fear of offending by so much as a single syllable the ear of the public as well as that of the "disdainful and beautiful one." This constant fear suppresses every natural chord in him — it condemns him to labor metrically away at the feelings of

other poets which have already passed muster as acceptable, and which must of necessity be used to cloak his own conceptions. It may be that wrong is done him when those who understand such unfortunate situations assert that Count Platen is desirous of showing himself as Count in poetry and of holding in it to his nobility, and that he consequently only expresses the feelings of such well-known families as have their sixty-four descents. Had he lived in the days of the Roman Pythagoras, it may be that he would have expressed these feelings more openly and perhaps have passed for a true poet. Then natural chords at least would not have been missed in his lyric poems — albeit the want of character in his dramas must ever have remained, at least until he changed his moral nature and became an altogether different man. The forms of which I speak are those independent creatures which spring perfect and fully armed from the creative power of the poet, as Pallas Athene sprang from the head of Kronion — living dream-forms whose mystic birth stands, far more than is imagined, in active relation with the mental and moral nature of the poet — a spiritual production denied to the one who, a mere fruitless creature, vanishes gazelle-like in his windy weakness.

These are, however, after all, only the private opinions of a poet, and their importance depends on the degree of credit which is accorded them. But I cannot avoid mentioning that Count Platen has often assured the public that in days as yet to come he will compose the most remarkable poetry of which no one has as yet even a presentiment, yes, and that he will publish *Iliads* and *Odyssies* and classic tragedies, and similar immortally colossal poems, after he has toiled so or so many lustrums. Reader, you have perhaps read some of these outpourings of self-consciousness in his laboriously filed verses, and the promise of such a glorious future was probably the pleasanter to you, when the Count at the same time represented all the contemporary German poets, with the exception of the aged Goethe, as a set of nasty wretches who only stood in his way on the path to immortality, and who were so devoid of shame as to pluck the laurels and the praise which of right belonged to him alone.

I will pass over what I heard in Munich on this theme ;

but for the sake of chronology I must mention that it was at this time that the King of Bavaria announced his intention of bestowing on some German poet a pension without any attendant official duties; an unusual example which might have the happiest result on the entire literature of Germany. I was told —

But I will not quit my theme; I spoke of the vain boasting of Count Platen, who continually cried. "I am the poet, the poet of poets! I shall yet write *Iliads* and *Odyssies*," etc., etc. I know not what the public thinks of such boasting, but I know right well what a poet thinks of them — that is to say, a true poet who has felt the ashamed sweetness and the secret trembling of poetry, and who like a happy page who enjoys the secret love of a princess, most assuredly will not boast of them in the public market-place.

Not unfrequently has the Count for thus puffing himself up been soundly taken down, yet like Falstaff he always knew how to excuse himself. He has for such excuses a useful talent which is peculiarly his own and one deserving special mention. It lies in this that Count Platen, who is familiar with every failing in his own breast, is also quick at recognizing the faintest trace of kindred faults in any great man, and is not less prompt on the strength of this elective affinity of vice to institute a comparison between the other and himself. Thus, for instance, having observed that Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a young man and not to a woman, he at once praises Shakespeare for choosing so rationally, compares himself with him — and that is all which he has to say of him. One might negatively write an apology for Count Platen and assert that he has not as yet developed this or that failing because he has not as yet compared himself with this or that great man who has been reputed guilty of them. Most genial, however, and amazing did he show himself in the choice of one in whose life he discovered speeches void of modesty, and by whose example he fain would lend a color to his own boasting. In fact, the words of this man as establishing such a point have not been cited — for it was none other than Jesus Christ himself, who has hitherto always been taken for the pattern of meekness and humility. Christ once boasted! the most humble of man-

kind, and the more humble—since he was the divinest? Yes—what has escaped all theologians was discovered by Count Platen, for he insinuates that Christ, when he stood before Pilate, was not humble nor did he answer humbly, for when the latter asked him, “Art thou the King of the Jews?” he answered, “Thou sayest it.” And so says he, the Count Platen: “I am he, I am the Poet!”—What the hate of one who scorned Christ never as yet effected, was brought to pass by the exegesis of self-enamored vanity.

As we know what we should think when any one thus cries without intermission: “I am the Poet!” so we also understand the affinity which it has to the immensely remarkable poems which the Count, when he has attained due ripeness, intends to write, and which are to surpass in such an unheard-of manner all his previous performances. We know well enough that the later works of a true poet are no more superior to his first than the later children to which a woman gives birth are superior to her first-born—although the bearing them is easier. The lioness does not first bring forth a puppy, then a hare, then a hound and finally a lion. Madame Goethe, at her first birth brought forth her young lion, and he in turn at the first throe gave us his lion of Berlichingen. Even so did Schiller bring forth his “Robbers,” whose claws at once showed the lion breed. At a later date came the polish and refinement and finish in the “Natural Daughter” and the “Bride of Messina.” It was not thus with Count Platen, who began with anxious and elaborate art, and of whom the poet sings:—

“Thou who from naught so lightly did'st advance,
With thy smooth-licked and lacquered countenance,
Like some toy puppet neatly carved from cork ”

Yet should I speak out the very thought of my soul, I would confess that I by no means regard Count Platen as the extraordinary fool which one would take him to be from his boasting and incessant burning of incense before his own shrine. A little folly, it is well known, always accompanies poetry, but it would be terrible if Nature should burden a single man with such an incredible quantity of folly as would suffice for a hundred poets, and give him therewith such an insignificant dose

of poetry I have reason to suspect that the Count does not believe in his own boasting, and that he, poverty-stricken in life as in literature, is compelled in literature as in life by the needs of the instant, to be his own self-praising Ruffiano. Hence the phenomena of which one might say that they have rather a psychological than an esthetic interest, hence the joint company of the most lamentable somnambulism of the soul and affected excess of pride; hence the miserable little deeds with a speedy death and the threatened big deeds with their future immortality; hence the high-flashing beggarly pride, and the languishing slavish submissiveness; hence the unceasing cry that "Cotta lets him starve," and again that "Cotta lets him starve"; hence the paroxysms of Catholicism, etc., etc.

Whether the Count is in earnest with all his Catholicism, is to me a matter of doubt. Nor do I know whether he has become especially Catholic, like certain of his high-born friends. That he intended to do so, first came to my knowledge from the public papers, wherein it was even stated that Count Platen was about to become a monk and retire to a monastery. Scandal-mongers were of the opinion that the vows of poverty and of abstinence from meat would not, in his case, present any remarkable difficulties. Of course when this news was heard in Munich, the pious chimes rang loudly in the hearts of his friends. His poems were praised with "Kyrie Eleison" and "Halleluiahs" in the priestly papers; and, indeed, the holy disciples of celibacy must have greatly rejoiced over those poems in which all are so strongly recommended to refrain from contact with the female sex. My poems unfortunately have a directly opposite tendency, and it might indeed concern me greatly, but ought not to astonish me, that priests and singers are not greatly interested in them. And quite as little was I astonished when the day before my departure for Italy I learned from my friend, Doctor Kolb, that Count Platen was very inimically disposed towards me, and that he had already prepared my utter annihilation in a comedy, entitled "King Œdipus," which in Augsburg had got into the hands of certain princes and counts, whose names I have either forgotten or shall forget. Others also told me that Count Platen hated me, assuming

the position of an enemy towards me,—and I would much prefer to have it reported that Count Platen hated me to my face, than that he loved me behind my back. As for the holy men whose holy hatred burst out at the same time against me, and which was inspired, not only by my anti-celibatic poems, but also by the “Political Annals,” which I then published, it is evident enough that I could only gain when it became evident enough that I was none of their party. And when I here intimate that nothing good is said of them, it does not follow that I speak evil of them. I am even of the opinion that they, purely out of love for what is good, seek to weaken the words of the Evil One by pious deception, and by slander pleasing to the Lord. Those good people who, in Munich, presented themselves publicly as a congregation, have been foolishly honored with the title of Jesuits. They are in faith no Jesuits, or they would have seen for example that of all men, I — one of the bad — least understand the literary alchemic art, by which, as in a mental mint, I strike ducats out of my enemies, and that in such a manner that I retain the ducats while my foes get the blows. They would have seen, too, that such blows, with their impressions, lose nothing of their value, even when the name of the mint-master is worn away, and that a wretched criminal does not feel the lash the less severely, though the hangman who lays it on be declared dishonorable. But — and this is the chief point — they would have seen that a slight prepossession for the antiaristocratic Voss, and a few merry vergings towards jokes on the Virgin Mary, for which they pelted me with abuse and stupidity, did not proceed from any anticatholic zeal. In truth they are no Jesuits, but only mixtures of abuse and of stupidity, whom I am no more capable of hating than I do a manure wagon and the oxen which draw it, and who, with all their efforts, only reach the very opposite of what they intended, and can only bring me to this point, that I show them how Protestant I am; that I exercise my good Protestant right to its fullest extent, and swing around the good Protestant battle-ax with a right good-will. To win over the multitude, they may have the old women’s tales of my unbelief repeated by their poet laureate as much as they please — but by the well-known blows they shall recognize the fellow be-

liever with Luther, Lessing and Voss. Of course I could not swing the old ax with the earnestness of these heroes — for I burst into laughter at the sight of such enemies, and I have a bit of the Eulenspiegel nature in me, and love a seasoning of jokes — and yet I would not rap those manure oxen less soundly although I beforehand wreath my ax with smiling flowers.

But I will not wander from my subject. I believe that it was about the time in question that the King of Bavaria, from the motives alluded to, gave to Count Platen an annual pension of six hundred florins, and that, indeed, not from the public treasury, but from his own royal private purse, this being requested by the Count as an especial favor. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seem (since it characterizes the caste of the Count), for the benefit of the investigator into the secrets of nature, who perhaps studies the aristocracy. Everything is of importance to science, and let him who would reproach me for devoting myself too seriously to Count Platen, go to Paris, and see with what care the accurate, exquisite Cuvier, in his lectures, describes the smallest insect even to the minutest particulars. I even regret that I cannot more accurately determine the date of those six hundred and forty florins; but this much I know, that it was subsequent to the composition of "King Œdipus," and that the play would not have been so biting if its author had had something more to bite.

It was in North Germany, where I was suddenly called by the death of my father, that I first received the monstrous creation which had finally crept from the great egg over which our beautifully plumed ostrich had so long brooded, and which had been greeted long in advance by the night-owls of the congregation with pious croaking, and by the noble peacocks with joyful spreading of plumes. It was to be at least a destroying basilisk — dear reader, do you know what the legend of the basilisk is? People say, that when a male bird lays an egg after the manner of the female, that a poisonous creature is hatched from it whose breath poisons the air, and which can only be destroyed by holding a mirror before it, in which case it dies from terror at its own ugliness.

Sacred sorrows which I would not profane, first permitted

me, two months later, when visiting the watering-place Helgoland, to read "King Œdipus," and there, raised to a lofty state of mind by the continual aspect of the great, bold sea; the petty narrow thoughts and the literary botching of the high-born writer, were to me visible enough. I saw him at length in that masterwork exactly as he is, with all his blooming decay, all his copiousness of want of spirit, all his vain imaginings without imagination, a writer, forced without force, piqued without being piquant, a dry watery soul, a dismal debauchee. This troubadour of misery, weakened in body and in soul, sought to imitate the most powerful, the richest in fancy and most brilliant poets of the young Grecian world! Nothing is really more repulsive than this cramp-racked inability which would fain puff itself up into the likeness of bold strength, these wearily collected invectives, foul with the moldiness of ancient spite, and this painfully labored imitation of delirious rapture, trembling throughout at syllables and trifles. As a matter of course there is nowhere in the Count's work the trace of an idea of a deep world-annihilation such as lies darkling at the base of every Aristophanic comedy, and from which the latter shoots like a fantastic ironic magic tree rich in the blooming garniture of flowers of thought, bearing amid its branches nests of singing nightingales and capering apes. Such an idea, with the death merriment and the fireworks of destruction which it involves, cannot of course be anticipated from the poor Count. The central point, the first and last idea, ground and aim of his so-called comedy, consists, as in the "Mysterious and Terrible Fork" of petty literary managing; the poor Count indeed could only imitate a few of the external traits of Aristophanes—the dainty verses and the vulgar words. I say vulgar words, not wishing to use any vulgar expression myself. Like a brawling woman, he casts whole flower-pots of abuse on the heads of the German poets. I heartily forgive the Count his spite, but he should have guarded against a few oversights. He should at least have honored our sex, since we are not women but men and consequently belong to a sex which despite his evident displeasure over it is nevertheless his own. In this he manifests a lack of delicacy, and many a youth will in consequence doubt the sincerity of his homage, since every one must feel

that he who loves truly, honors the whole sex. The singer Frauenlob was undoubtedly never rude to a lady, and a Platen should show more regard towards men. It is characteristic of the imagination of Count Platen that it always induces him to attack his enemies a posteriori. He did not even spare Houwald, that good soul, soft-hearted as a maiden—ah! perhaps it is on account of this gentle woman-likeness, that a Platen hates him. Mullner, whom he, as he says, “long since by real wit laid low deprived of force,” rises again like a dead man from the grave. Child and child’s child are not spared in their rights. Raupach is a Jew—

“The small Jew canker-worm—

Who now as Raupach holds so high his nose.”

“Who scrawls tragedies in sickly, drunken headaches” Far worse does it fare with the “Baptized Heine.” Yes, yes, reader, you are not mistaken, it is I of whom he speaks, and in “King Œdipus” you may read, how I am a real Jew; how I, after writing love-songs for a few hours, sit me down and clip ducats; how I on the Sabbath higgie and trade with some long-bearded Moses and sing the Talmud; how I on Easter night slay a Christian youth, and out of malice choose some unfortunate writer for the purpose—no, dear reader, I will not tell you lies, such admirably painted pictures are not to be found in “King Œdipus,” and the fact that they are not there is the very thing which I blame. Count Platen has sometimes the best subjects and does not know how to treat them. If he had only been gifted with a little more imagination, he would have shown me up at least as a secret pawnbroker, and what comic scenes he might then have sketched! It really vexes me when I see how the poor Count suffers every opportunity to be witty to escape him. How gloriously he could have represented Raupach as a tragedy Rothschild, from whom the royal theaters get their loans! By slightly modifying the plot of the fable, he might have made far better use of Œdipus himself, the hero of his play. A Platen in such a poem must have succeeded wonderfully in the dramatic (pe) drastic, his own natural feelings would have stood him in stead of any effort; like a nightingale, he need only have sung the throbbings of his own breast, and he would have

brought out a piece which, if the dead dear gazelling Iffland still lived, would beyond question be at once studied in Berlin, and played in private theaters. I can imagine nothing more perfect than the actor Wurm in the performance of such an *Œdipus*. He would surpass himself. Again, I do not find it politic in the Count, that he assures us in his comedies that he has "real wit." Or is he working to bring about the startling and unprecedented effect as a coup de théâtre, of making the public continually expect wit, which after all will not appear? Or does he wish to encourage the public to look for the real secret wit in the play, the whole affair being a game at blind man's buff, in which the Platenic wit is so shrewd as not to suffer itself to be caught? It is probably for this reason that the public, which is accustomed to laugh at comedies, is so solemn and sad over the Platen pieces; in vain it hunts for the hidden wit and cannot find it, in vain the hidden wit squeaks out "here I am," and again more clearly "here I am, here I am indeed!" — all is of no avail, the public is dumb and makes a solemn face. But I who know where the joke really lies, have laughed from my heart as I detected the meaning of "the count-like imperious poet, who veils himself in an aristocratic nimbus, who boasts that every breath which passes his teeth is a crushing to fragments," and who says to all the German poets:—

"Yes, like to Nero I would ye had but one head,
That by one blow of wit I might decapitate it."

The verse is incorrect. But the hidden joke consists in this, that the Count really wishes that we were all out and out Neros, and he, on the contrary, our single dear friend, Pythagoras.

Perhaps I will, for the benefit of the Count, yet praise many a hidden jest of his up into notice, but since he in his "*King Œdipus*" has touched me on my tenderest point—for what can be dearer to me than my Christianity?—it should not be blamed in me if I, yielding to human weakness, honor the "*Œdipus*," this "great deed in words," less fervently than the earlier works of its composer.

Meanwhile, true merit never misses its reward, and the author of the "*Œdipus*" will prove to be no exception to the

rule, though he has here as everywhere yielded entirely to the interest of his noble and spiritual bumbailiffs. Aye, there is a very old tradition among the races of the East and of the West that every good or bad deed has its direct consequences for the doer. And the day will come when they will come—get ready, I beg you, reader, for a flourish of the pathetic and the terrible combined—the day will come when they will rise from Tartarus—"the Eumenides," the terrible daughters of Night. By the Styx!—and by this oath the gods never swore falsely—the day will come when they will appear, the gloomy, primevally just sisters, and they will appear with countenances serpent-locked and glowing with rage, with the same scourges of snakes with which they once scourged Orestes, the unnatural sinner who murdered his mother, the Tyndaridean Clytemnestra. It may be that even now the Count hears the serpents hiss—I beg you, reader, just at this instant to think of the Wolf's Ravine and the Samiel music—perhaps even now the secret shudder of the sinner seizes on the Count, heaven grows dark, night birds cry, distant thunders roll, lightning flashes, there is a smell of colophonium,—woe! woe! the illustrious ancestors rise from their graves, they cry three and four times "woe! woe!" over their wretched descendant, they conjure him to don their breeches of iron mail to protect himself from the terrible lashes—for the Eumenides intend slashing him with them—the serpents of the scourge will ironically solace themselves with him, and like King Rodrigo, when he was shut in the Tower of Serpents, the poor Count will at last whimper and wail:—

"Ah! they're biting, ah! they're biting
That with which I chiefly sinned!"

Be not alarmed, dear reader,—'tis all a joke! These terrible Eumenides are nothing but a merry comedy, which I, after a few lustrums, intend writing under this title, and the tragic verses which just now frightened you so much are to be found in the jolliest book in the world, in "*Don Quixote de la Mancha*," where an old respectable lady in waiting recites them before all the court. I see that you're smiling again. Let us take leave of each other merry and laughing! If this

last chapter is tiresome it is owing to the subject ; besides, it was written rather for profit than for pleasure, and if I have succeeded in making a new fool fit for use in literature, the Fatherland owes me thanks. I have made a field capable of cultivation on which more gifted authors will sow and harvest. The modest consciousness of this merit is my best reward. To such kings as are desirous of presenting me, over and above this, with snuff-boxes for my deserts, I would remark that the book firm of "Hoffmann and Campe" in Hamburg are authorized to receive anything of the sort on my account.

THE CITY OF LUCCA

"The City of Lucca," which is connected with "The Baths of Lucca," and which was written at the same time, is not given here by any means as a picture by itself, but as the conclusion of a period of life corresponding with that of one of the world's.

CHAPTER I

NATURE around us acts upon Man—why not Man upon the Nature which encircles him? In Italy she is passionate like the people who live there; with us in Germany she is more solemn, reflective and patient. Was there once a time when Nature had like Man a deeper life? The force of soul in Orpheus, says the legend, could move trees and rocks by his inspired rhymes. Could the like be done now? Man and Nature have become phlegmatic, and stare gaping at each other. A royal Prussian poet will never, with the chords of his harp, set the Tempelower Hill or the Berlin lindens to dancing.

Nature has also her history, and it is an altogether different Natural History from that which is taught in schools. Let one of those gray old lizards which have dwelt for centuries in the rocky crevices of the Apennines be appointed as an altogether extraordinary Professor at one of our Universities, and we should learn from him some very extraordinary things. But the pride of certain gentlemen of the legal faculty would rebel against such an appointment. One of them already cherishes a secret jealousy of the poor puppy Fido Savant, fearing lest he may displace him in erudite fetching and carrying.

The lizards, with their cunning little tails and bright crafty eyes, have told me wonderful things as I clambered along among the cliffs of the Apennines. Truly there are things between heaven and earth which not only our philosophers

but even our commonest blockheads have not comprehended.

The lizards have told me that there is a legend among the stones that God will yet become a stone to redeem them from their torpid motionless condition. One old lizard was however of the opinion that this stone-incarnation will not take place until God shall have changed himself into every variety of animal and plant and have redeemed them.

But few stones have feeling and they only breathe in the moonlight. But these few which realize their condition are fearfully miserable. The trees are better off—they can weep. But animals are the most favored, for they can speak, each after its manner, and Man the best of all. At some future time, after all the world has been redeemed, then all created things will speak as in those primeval times of which poets sing.

The lizards are an ironic race, and love to quiz other animals. But they were so meek and submissive to me, and sighed with such honorable earnestness as they told me stories of Atlantis, which I some day will write out for the pleasure and profit of the world. It went so to my very soul among those little creatures who guard the secret annals of Nature. Are they perhaps enchanted families of priests, like those of ancient Egypt, who, prying into the secrets of Nature dwelt amid labyrinthine rocky grottoes? And we see on their little heads, bodies, and tails just such wondrous characters and signs as in the Egyptian hieroglyphic caps and garments of the hierophants.

My little friends also taught me a language of signs, by means of which I could converse with silent Nature. This often cheered my soul, especially towards evening, when the mountains were veiled in fearful pleasant shadows, and the waterfalls roared, and every plant sent forth its perfume, and hurried lightnings twitched hither and thither, —

O Nature! thou dumb maiden!—well do I understand thy summer lightning, that vain effort at speech which convulses thy lovely countenance, and thou movest me so deeply that I weep. But then thou understandest me also, and thou art glad and smilest on me with thy golden eyes. Beautiful one, I understand thy stars and thou understandest my tears!

CHAPTER II

"NOTHING in the world will go backwards," said an old lizard to me. "Everything pushes onwards and finally there will be a grand advance in all Nature. The stones will become plants, the plants animals, the animals human beings, and human beings Gods."

"But," I cried, "what will become of those good folks, the poor old Gods?"

"That will all arrange itself, good friend," replied he. "Probably they will abdicate, or be placed in some honorable way or other on the retired list."

I learned many another secret from my hieroglyph-skinned natural philosopher; but I gave him my word of honor to reveal nothing. I know no more than Schelling and Hegel.

"What do you think of these two?" once inquired of me the old lizard with a scornful smile, as I chanced to mention their names.

"When we reflect," I replied, "that they are merely men and not lizards, we should be amazed at their knowledge. At bottom they teach one and the same doctrine, the Philosophy of Identity which you so well know, but differ in their manner of setting it forth. When Hegel sets forth the principles of his philosophy, one imagines that he sees those neat figures which an expert schoolmaster knows how to form by an artistic combination of all manner of numbers, so that a common observer only sees in them the superficial—the house or boat or absolute soldier formed from the figures, while a reflecting schoolboy rather sees in the picture the solution of a deep problem in arithmetic. But what Schelling sets forth reminds us of those Indian images of beasts which are formed themselves by bold combinations from other beasts, serpents, birds, elephants, and similar material. This sort of representation is far more agreeable, cheerful, and causes warmer throbbings of the heart. All lives in it, while the abstract Hegelian ciphers stare at us, on the contrary, so gray, so cold and dead."

"Good, good!" replied the old lizard. "I see what you mean; but tell me, have these philosophers many auditors?"

I explained to him how in the learned caravansary at Berlin the "camels" assemble around the fountain of Hegelian wisdom, kneel down to be loaded with precious skins, and then wend their way on through the sandy deserts of the Mark. I further described to him how the modern Athenians crowded to the well of the spiritual wisdom of Schelling as though it were the best of beer, the lush of life, the swizzle of immortality.

The little natural philosopher paled with all the yellowness of envy as he heard that his colleagues had such a run of customers, and he vexedly asked, "Which of the two do you regard as the greater?" "That," I replied, "is as difficult to answer as though you had inquired of me if the Schechner were greater than the Sonntag, and I think —"

"Think!" cried the lizard, in a sharp aristocratic tone indicating the very intensity of slight — "think! who among you thinks? My wise gentleman, for some three thousand years I have devoted myself to investigating the spiritual functions of animals, with especial regard to men, monkeys and snakes as objects of study. I have expended as much untiring industry on these curious beings as Lyonnet on caterpillars, and as a result of all my observations, experiments and anatomical comparisons, I can plainly assure you that no human being thinks, only once in a while something occurs to a man, or comes into his head, and these altogether unintentional accidents they call thoughts, while the stringing them together they call thinking. But in my name you may deny it; no man thinks, no philosopher thinks, neither Schelling nor Hegel thinks, and as for all their philosophy it is empty air and water like the clouds of Heaven. I have seen myriads of such clouds, proud and confident, sweeping their course above me, and the next morning's sun dissolved them again into their primeval nothingness; — there is but one true philosophy, and that is written in eternal hieroglyphs on my own tail."

With these words, which were spoken with disdainful pathos, the old lizard turned his back on me, and as he slowly wiggled away I saw on him the most singular characters, which in variegated significance spread at length over his entire tail.

CHAPTER III

THE dialogue detailed in the previous chapter took place between the Baths of Lucca and the city of that name, not far from the great chestnut-tree whose wild green twigs overshadow the brook, and in the vicinity of an old white-bearded goat who dwelt there as a hermit. I was on the way to Lucca, to visit Francesca and Matilda, whom I was to meet there as agreed on eight days before. But I had gone thither in vain the first time, and now I was once more on the road. I went on foot through beautiful mountain tracts and groves, where the gold oranges, like day stars shone out from the dark green, and where garlands of grape-vines in festal drapery spread along for leagues. The whole country is there as garden-like and adorned as the rural scenes depicted in our theaters, even the peasants resembling those gay figures which delight us as a sort of singing, smiling and dancing stage ornament. No Philistine faces, anywhere. And if there are Philistines here, they are at least Italian orange-Philistines and not the plump, heavy German potato-Philistines. The people are picturesque and ideal as their country, and every man among them has such an individual expression of countenance, and knows how to set forth his personality in gestures, fold of the cloak, and, if needful in ready handling of his knife. With us, on the contrary, one sees nothing but mere men with universally similar countenances; when twelve of them are together they make a round dozen, and if any one attacks them they call for the police.

I was struck in the Luccan district, as in other parts of Tuscany, with the great felt hats with long waving ostrich plumes worn by the women; and even the girls who plaited straw had these heavy coverings for the head. The men on the contrary generally wear a light straw hat, and young fellows receive them as presents from girls who have braided with them their love thoughts, and it may be many a sigh besides. So sat Francesca once among the girls and flowers of the Val d'Arno, weaving a hat for her Caro Cecco, and kissing every straw as she took it, trilling at times her "Occhie, Stelle mortale";—the curly-locked head which

afterwards wore it so prettily is now tattered, and the hat itself hangs, old and worn-out, in the corner of a gloomy abbé's cell in Bologna.

I am one of that class who are always taking shorter cuts than those given by the regular highway, and who in consequence are often bewildered in narrow, woody and rocky paths. That happened to me during my walk to Lucca, and I was beyond question twice as long on the journey as any ordinary highroad traveler would have been. A sparrow, of whom I inquired the way, chirped and chirped and could give me no correct information. Perhaps he did not know himself. The butterflies and dragon-flies who sat on great flowerbells, would not throw me a word, fluttering away, even before my question was asked, and the flowers shook their soundless bell heads. Often the wild myrtles awakened me, tittering with delicate voices from afar. Then I hurriedly climbed the highest crags, and cried, "Ye clouds of heaven! sailors of the air! which is the way to Francesca? Is she in Lucca? Tell me what she does! What is she dancing? Tell me all, and when ye have told me, tell me it once again!"

In such excesses of folly it was natural enough that a solemn eagle, awakened by my cry from his solitary dreams, should have gazed on me with contemptuous displeasure. But I willingly forgave him, for he had never seen Francesca, and could in consequence sit so sublimely on his firm rock, and gaze so free of soul at heaven, or stare with such impertinent calmness down on me. Such an eagle has such an insupportably proud glance, and looks at one as though he would say, "What sort of a bird art thou? Knowest thou not that I am as much of a king as I was in those heroic days when I bore Jupiter's thunders and adorned Napoleon's banners? Art thou a learned parrot who hast learned the old songs all by heart and pedantically repeats them? Or a sulky turtle-dove who feels beautifully and coos miserably? Or an almanac nightingale? Or a gander who has seen better days and whose ancestors saved the Capitol? Or an altogether servile farmyard cock, around whose neck, out of irony, men hang my image in miniature, the emblem of bold flight, and who for that reason spreads himself and struts as though he himself were a veritable eagle?" But you know,

reader, how little cause I have to feel injured when an eagle thinks so of me. I believe that the glance which I cast at him was even prouder than his own, and if he took the trouble to inquire of the first laurel in his way he now knows who I am.

I had really lost my way in the mountains as the twilight shadows began to fall, as the forest songs grew silent and as the trees rustled more solemnly. A sublime tranquillity and an inexpressible joy swept like the breath of God through the changed silence. Here and there beautiful dark eyes gleamed up at me from the ground, disappearing in the same instant. Delicate whispers played with my heart, and invisible kisses merrily swept my cheek. The evening crimson hung over the hills like a royal mantle, and the last sun-rays lit up their summits till they seemed like kings with gold crowns on their heads. And I stood like an Emperor of the World, among these crowned vassals who in silence did me homage.

CHAPTER IV

I do not know if the monk who met me not far from Lucca is a pious man. But I know that his aged body hides, poor and bare, in a coarse gown year out and year in; his torn sandals do not sufficiently protect his feet when he climbs the rocks through bush and thorn, that he may, when far up there, console the sick or teach children to pray;—and he is content if any one, for his pains, puts a piece of bread in his bag and lets him have a little straw to sleep on.

“Against that man I will write nothing,” said I to myself. “When I am again at home in Germany, sitting at ease in my great armchair by a crackling stove, well fed and warm, and writing against Catholic priests—I will write nothing against that man —”

To write against Catholic priests one must know their faces. But the original faces are only to be found in Italy. The German Catholic priests and monks are only bad imitations, often mere parodies of the Italian, and a comparison of the two would be like comparing Roman or Florentine

pictures of the saints with the scarecrow, pious caricatures which came from the blockhead bourgeois pencil of some Nuremberg town painter, or were born of the blessed simplicity of some soul-borer who owes his dreary existence to the long-haired Christian new German school.

The priests in Italy have long settled down into harmony with public opinion; the people there are so accustomed to distinguish between clerical dignity and priests without dignity, that they can honor the one even when they despise the other. Even the contrast which the ideal duties and requirements of the spiritual condition form with the unconquerable demands of sensuous nature—that infinitely old, eternal conflict between the spirit and matter—makes of the Italian priest a standing character of popular humor in satires, songs and novels. Similar phenomena are to be found all the world over where there is a like priestly rank, as for instance in Hindustan. In the comedies of this primevally pious land, as we have remarked in the “*Sacrotala*,” and find confirmed in the more recently translated “*Vasantasena*,” a Brahman always plays the comic part, or, as we might say, the priest harlequin, without the least disturbance of the reverence due to his sacrificial functions and his privileged holiness—as little in fact as an Italian would experience in hearing of mass or confessing to a priest whom he had found the day before tipsy in the mud of the street. In Germany it is different; there, the Catholic priest will not only set forth his dignity by his office, but also his office by his person; and because he perhaps in the beginning was in earnest with his calling, and subsequently found that his vows of chastity and of poverty conflicted somewhat with the old Adam, he will not publicly violate them (particularly lest by so doing he might lay himself open to our friend Krug of Leipzig), and so endeavors to assume at least the appearance of a holy life. Hence, sham holiness, hypocrisy and the gloss of outside piety among German priests, while with the Italians the mask is more transparent, manifesting also a certain plump fat irony and a digestion of the world passing right comfortably.

But what avail such general reflections! They would be of but little use to you, dear reader, if you had a desire to

write against the Catholic priesthood. To do this one should see with his own eyes the faces thereunto pertaining. Of a truth it is not enough to have seen them in the royal opera-house in Berlin. The last head manager did his best to make the coronation array in the "Maid of Orleans" true to life, to give his fellow countrymen an accurate idea of a procession, and to show them priests of every color. But the most accurate costumes cannot supply the original countenances, and though an extra hundred thousand dollars should be fooled away for gold miters, festooned surplices, embroidered chasubles, and similar stuff — still the cold reasoning Protestant noses which come protesting out from beneath the miters aforesaid, the lean, meditative legs which peep from under the white lace of the surplices, and the enlightened bellies, a world too wide for the chasubles — would all remind one of us that it was not Catholic clergymen but Berlin worldlings which wander over the stage.

I have often reflected whether the chief stage manager would not have succeeded better and have brought more accurately before our eyes the idea of a procession if he had had the priestly parts played, not by the ordinary supernumeraries, but by those Protestant clergymen of the theological faculty who know how to preach so orthodoxically in the "Church Journal," and from the pulpit, against "Reason," "worldly lusts," "Gesenius," and "Devildom." We should then have seen faces whose priestly stamp would have corresponded far more illusively with the part. It is a well-known observation that priests, all the world over, whether Rabbis, Muftis, Dominicans, Councilors of the Consistory, Popes, Bonzes, in short the whole diplomatic corps of the Lord, have a certain family likeness in their faces, such as we are accustomed to find in those who follow the same trade. Tailors in every quarter of the globe have weak legs, butchers and soldiers all have a fierce color and style and the Jews have their own peculiar honorable expression, not because they spring from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but because they are business men, and the Frankfort Christian shopman looks as much like a Frankfort Jewish shopman as one rotten egg looks like another. And the spiritual shop people, such as get their living by the religion business, also acquire by it a re-

semblance in countenance. The Catholic priest does business like a clerk who has a place in an extensive establishment. The firm of the Church, at whose head is the Pope, gives him a regular occupation and a regular salary; he works leisurely or lazily like every man who is not in business on his own account and has many fellow laborers, and who escapes observation among the multitude—only he has the credit of the house at heart, and still more its permanence, since by a bankruptcy he would lose his means of support. The Protestant clergyman is, on the contrary, everywhere himself principal, and he carries on the religion business on his own account. He does not drive a wholesale business like his Catholic colleague, but only a small retail trade, and as he represents his own interests, it would never do for him to be negligent. He must cry up his articles of faith to the people, depreciate those of his rivals, and like a real retailer he stands in his small shop, full of professional envy of all the large houses, particularly of the great firm in Rome, which salaries so many thousand bookkeepers and salesmen, and has its factories in every quarter of the globe.

Each has of course its physiognomic separate effect, but these are not perceptible from the parquet. In their main features, the family likeness between Catholic and Protestant remains unchanged, and if the head manager would pay down liberally to the gentlemen aforesaid, he could induce them to act their parts admirably—as they are in the habit of doing. Even their walk and gait would conduce to the illusion, though a sharp practised eye would readily detect certain shades of difference between it and that of Catholic priests and monks.

A Catholic priest walks as if heaven belonged to him; a Protestant clergyman, on the contrary, goes about as if he had taken a lease of it.

CHAPTER V

It was not till night that I reached the City of Lucca.

How differently it had appeared to me the week before as I wandered by day through the echoing deserted streets, and imagined myself transported to one of those enchanted cities

of which my nurse had so often told me. Then the whole city was silent as the grave, all was so pale and deathlike; the gleam of the sun played on the roofs like gold-leaf on the head of a corpse; here and there from the windows of a moldering house hung ivy tendrils like dried green tears, everywhere glimmering dreary and dismally petrifying death. The town seemed but the ghost of a town, a specter of stone in broad daylight. I sought long and in vain for some trace of a living being. I can only remember that before an old Palazzo lay a beggar sleeping with outstretched open hand. I also remember having seen above at the window of a blackened moldering little house, a monk, whose red neck and plump shining pate protruded right far from his brown gown, and near him a full-breasted, black-haired girl was visible, while below in the half-open house door I saw entering a little fellow in the black dress of an abbé, who carried with both hands a mighty, full-bellied wine flask. At the same instant there rang not far off a delicately ironic little bell, while in my memory tittered the novels of Messer Boccaccio. But these chimes could not entirely drive away the strange shudder which ran through my soul. It held me the more ironly bound since the sun lit up so warmly and brightly the uncanny buildings; and I marked well that ghosts are far more terrible when they cast aside the black mantle of night to show themselves in the clear light of noon.

But what was my astonishment at the changed aspect of the city when I, eight days later, revisited Lucca. "What is that?" I cried, as innumerable lights dazzled my eyes and a stream of human beings whirled through the streets. Has an entire race risen specter-like from the grave to mock life with the maddest mummery?" The lofty melancholy houses were bright with lamps, variegated carpets hung from every window, nearly hiding the crumbling gray walls, and above them peered out lovely female faces, so fresh, so blooming, that I well marked that it was Life herself celebrating her bridal feast with Death and who had invited the Beauty of Life as a guest. Yes, it was such a living death feast, though I do not know exactly how it was called in the calendar. At any rate it was the flaying day of some blessed martyr or other, for I afterwards saw a holy skull and several extra bones

adorned with flowers and gems, carried around with bridal music. It was a fine procession.

First of all went such Capuchins as were distinguished from the other monks by wearing long beards, and who formed as it were the sappers of this religious army. Then followed beardless Capuchins, among whom were many noble countenances, and even many a youthful and beautiful face, which looked well with the broad tonsure, since the head seemed through it as if braided around with a neat garland of hair, and which came forth with the bare neck in admirable relief from the brown cowl. These were followed by cowls of other colors, black, white, yellow and gaily striped as well as down-drawn triangular hats, in short, all those cloister costumes which the enterprise of our theatrical manager has made so familiar. After the monkish orders came the regular priests, with white shirts over black pantaloons, and wearing colored caps, who were in turn succeeded by still more aristocratic clergymen, wrapped in different colored silken garments and bearing on their heads a sort of high caps, which in all probability originated in Egypt, and with which we are familiar from the works of Denon, from the "Magic Flute," and from Belzoni. These latter had faces which bore marks of long service, and appeared to form a sort of old guard. Last of all came the regular staff around a canopied throne, beneath which sat an old man with a still higher head-dress and in a still richer mantle, whose extremity was borne after the manner of pages by two other old men clad in a similar manner.

The first monks went with folded arms in solemn silence, but those with the high caps sang a most miserable and-unhappy psalm, so nasally, so shufflingly, and so gruntingly, that I am perfectly convinced that if the Jews had formed the great mass of the people, and if their religion had been the established religion, the aforesaid psalmodizing would have been characterized with the name of "mauscheln."¹ Fortunately one could only half hear it, since there marched behind the procession with a full accompaniment of drums and fifes, several companies of troops, besides which there were on each side, near the priests in their flowing robes,

¹ *Mauscheln*—a slang term signifying to speak like a Jew.

grenadiers going by two and two. There were almost as many soldiers as clergy, but it requires many bayonets nowadays to keep up religion, and even when the blessing is given cannon must roar significantly in the distance.

When I see such a procession, in which clergymen amid military escort walk along so miserably and sorrowfully, it strikes painfully to my soul, and it seems to me as though I saw our Savior himself surrounded by lance bearers and led to judgment. The stars at Lucca felt beyond question as I did, and as I sighing glanced up at them, they looked down on me, one with my soul, with their pious eyes, so clear and bright. But we needed not their light. Thousands and fresh thousands of lamps and candles and girls' faces gleamed from all the windows; at the corners of the streets flaring pitch hoops were placed, and then every priest had his own private torch-bearer to keep him company. The Capuchins had generally little boys, who carried their lights for them, and the youthful fresh little faces looked up from time to time right curiously and pleased at the old solemn beards. A poor Capuchin like these cannot afford a greater torch-bearer, and the boy to whom he teaches the Ave Maria, or whose old aunt confesses to him, must, at the procession, perform this service gratis; and beyond question it is not done with the less love on that account. The monks who came after did not have much larger boys; a few more respectable orders had grown-up youths, and the high-minded and mitred priests rejoiced in having each a real citizen to hold a candle. But the one last of all, the Lord Archbishop—for such was the man who in aristocratic humility went along beneath the canopy, and whose train was borne by gray pages—had on either side a lackey, each brilliant in blue livery with yellow laces, and bearing a white wax taper as ceremoniously as though he officiated at court.

At all events this candle bearing seemed to me to be a good arrangement, since it enabled me to see so plainly the faces pertaining to Catholicism, and now I have seen them, and in the best of lights at that. And what did I see? Well! the clerical stamp was nowhere wanting. But if this was not thought of, there was as great a variety in the faces

as in those of other men. One was pale, another red, this man held his nose well up, that one was dejected, here there was a flashing black, there a flickering gray eye—but in every face there was a trace of the same malady; a terrible incurable malady, which will probably be the reason why my descendant, when he a century later looks at the procession in Lucca, will not find a single one of all those faces. I fear that I myself am infected with that illness, and that one result of it is that languor which so strangely steals over me when I see the sickly face of a monk, and read in it such sorrows as hide under a coarse cowl; aggravated love, gout, disappointed ambition, spine complaint, remorse, hemorrhoids, and the heart wounds which are caused by the ingratitude of friends, by the slander of enemies, and by our own sins. Yea, all of these, and far many more, which find no more difficulty in settling under a coarse cowl than beneath a fashionable dress coat. Oh! it is no exaggeration when the poet cries out in his agony, “Life is a sickness, all the world a lazar house!”

“And Death is our physician!”—Ah, I will say nothing evil of him and disturb none in their confidence in him; for as he is the only physician, they may as well believe that he is the best, and that the only remedy which he employs, his eternal earth cure, is also the best. His friends can say at least this much in his favor, that he is always at hand, and that despite his immense practise, he makes no one wait who earnestly desires to see him. And often does he follow his patient, even to the procession, and bears for them the torch. Surely it was Death himself whom I saw walking by the side of a pale, sorrowful priest; bearing in his thin, quivering bony hands a flickering torch, who nodded pleasantly and consolingly with his anxious, bald pate, and who, weak as he himself was on the legs, still held up, from time to time, the old priest, whose steps seemed growing weaker and readier to fall. He seemed to be whispering courage to the latter, “only wait a few short hours, then we will be home, and I will lay thee in bed, and thy cold, weary limbs may rest as long as they will, and thou shalt sleep so soundly that thou wilt not hear the whimpering of the little St. Michael’s bell.”

"And against that man, also, I will write nothing," thought I, as I saw the poor, pale priest, whom Death himself was lighting to his bed.

Alas! one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great Lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities, how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbors, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation.



CHAPTER VI

"He then also poured forth to the other immortals assembled
Sweetest pleasantest nectar, the goblet quickly exhausting,
And still an infinite laughter rang from the happy immortals
As they saw how Hephæstus around was so cleverly passing
Thus through the hivelong day until the sun was declining
The feast went on, nor was wanting through all the genial banquet
Either the sound of the strings of the exquisite lyre of Apollo
Nor the soft song of the Muses with voices sweetly replying"

SUDDENLY there came gasping towards them a pale Jew, dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head; bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder; and he cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist.

Then there were dreary days, and the world became gray and gloomy. There were no more happy immortals, and Olympus became a hospital, where flayed, roasted and spitted gods went wearily, wandering round, binding their wounds and singing sorrowful songs. Religion no longer offered

joy, but consolation; it was a woful, bleeding religion of transgressors.

Was it, perhaps, necessary for miserable and oppressed humanity? He who sees his God suffer, bears more easily his own afflictions. The merry gods of old, who felt no pangs, knew not, of course, the feelings of poor, tortured Man, who in turn could in his need find no heart to turn to them. They were festival gods, around whom the world danced merrily, and who could only be praised at feasts. Therefore they were never loved from the very soul and with all the heart. To be so loved—one must be a sufferer. Pity is the last consecration of love,—it may be, love itself. Of all the gods who loved in the olden time, Christ is the one who has been the most loved. Especially by the women — —

Avoiding the bustling throng, I lost myself in a solitary church, and what you, dear reader, have just read, are not so much my own thoughts, as certain involuntary words which came to life in me, while I, reclining on one of the old benches for prayer, let the tones of the organ flow freely through my breast. Thus I lie in soul amid strange fantasies, the wondrous music suggesting, from time to time, a more wondrous text. At times my eyes sweep through the dim-growing archways, seeking the dark visible echoes of forms belonging to those organ melodies. Who is that veiled figure kneeling yonder before an image of the Madonna? The swinging lamp which hangs before it, lights up fearfully yet sweetly the beautiful Mother of Suffering of a crucified love, the Venus dolorosa; but pandering gleams, full of mystery, fall, from time to time, as if by stealth, on the beautiful outlines of the veiled and praying lady. She lay, indeed, motionless on the stone altar steps, but in the quivering light her shadow seemed to live and often ran up to me and then retreated in haste, like a dumb negro, the timid love messenger of a harem—and I understood him. He announced the arrival of his lady, the Sultanness of my heart.

Minute by minute it grew darker in the empty house, here and there an undefined form glided along the pillars, now and then a soft murmur was heard in a side chapel, and the

organ groaned out its long-drawn tones, like the heart of a sighing giant.

It seemed as though those organ notes would never cease, as though the death notes of that living death would endure forever. I felt an indescribable depression of spirits, and such a nameless, anxious terror, as though I had been buried in a trance. Yes, as though I, one of the long dead, had risen from my grave, and had gone with dark mysterious comrades of the night into the Church of Phantoms, to hear the Prayer of the Dead and confess the Sins of the Corpse. I often felt as though I saw seated near me, in the spectral twilight, the long departed of the city, in obsolete Old Florentine dresses, with long pale faces, with gold-bound books of devotion in their thin hands, secretly whispering, nodding in silent melancholy wise, one to the other. The wailing tone of a far-away Bell of the Dead reminded me again of the sick priest whom I had seen in the procession, and I said to myself: he too is now with the departed, but he will come here to read the first Night Mass, and then the sad specter scene will begin in earnest. But suddenly there arose from the steps of the altar the lovely form of the veiled and praying lady—

Yes, it was she, her living shade had already driven afar the white phantoms; I now saw but her alone. I followed her quickly from the church, and as she, on passing the door, raised her veil, I saw it was Francesca's face, bedewed with tears. It was like a white rose flowered to fulness by love longing, pearled by the dew of night and gleaming in the moon-rays. "Francesca, dost thou love me?" I asked much and she answered but little. I accompanied her to the Hotel Croce di Malta, where she and Matilda lodged. The streets were empty, the houses slept with their window eyes closed, only here and there, through their wooden lashes, there gleamed a light. High in heaven, among the clouds, there was a clear green space, and in it swam the half-moon, like a gondola in an emeraldine sea. In vain I begged Francesca to look up for once at our dear old 'trusty friend — but she kept her head dreamily bent downwards. Her gait, once so elate and spirited, yet gliding, was now as it were in ecclesiastical measure, her steps were gloomy and Catholic,

she moved as if to the music of an organ on some high festival day; and as her limbs had in other nights been inspired by Sin, so they now seemed to be inspired by Religion. On the way she crossed her head and breast before every saint's image; and in vain did I attempt to aid her in this. But when we, on the market-place, passed the Church of San Michiele, where the marble Mother of Pain gleamed forth dimly from her dark niche, with a gilded sword in her heart and a crown of lamps on her head, Francesca suddenly cast her arms around my neck, kissed me, and whispered, "Cecco, Cecco, caro Cecco!"

I calmly took charge of the kiss, though I well knew that it was really intended for a Bolognese abbé, a servant of the Roman Catholic Church. As a Protestant, I did not scruple to appropriate to my use the goods of the Catholic Church, and I consequently secularized the pious kiss of Francesca on the spot. I know that when the priests come to hear of this they will rage, they will scream out church robbery at me, and, if possible, would gladly apply to me the French Law of Sacrilege. To my sorrow, I must confess that the aforesaid kiss was the only one which I got hold of, that night. Francesca had determined to devote the night, kneeling and in prayer, to the safety of her soul. In vain did I beg leave to share her pious exercises; when she reached her room she shut the door in my face. In vain did I stand a whole hour without, begging for entrance, sighing every possible sigh, feigning pious tears and swearing the most sanctified oaths — of course with clerical reservation. I felt that I was, little by little, becoming a Jesuit, I grew altogether depraved, and finally offered for one night to become Catholic.

"Francesca!" I cried, "star of my thoughts! Thought of my soul! *vita della mia vita!* my beautiful, oft-kissed, slender, Catholic Francesca! for this one night, if thou wilt grant it to me, I will become a Catholic — but only for this night! O the beautiful, blessed, Catholic night! While I am in thy arms, with deepest Catholicism, I will believe in the Heaven of thy love, we will kiss the sweet confession from our lips, Faith will become corporeal in body and in form! oh, what religion! Ye priests, ring forth meanwhile

in joy your Kyrie Eleison, ring, burn incense, sound the bells! let the organ be heard, peal out the mass of Palestrina — that is the spirit! — I believe, I am blest, I sleep — but so soon as I awake on the next morning, I will rub away sleep and Catholicism from my eyes, and see again clearly the sunlight and the Bible, and be as before Protestant, reasonable and sober.”

CHAPTER VII

WHEN the next day the sun smiled gloriously down from heaven, it banished all the sad thoughts and somber feelings which the procession of the previous night had awakened in me, and had made life appear like a sickness and the world like a hospital.

All the town was alive with a cheerful multitude — gaily decked mortals — while here and there among them hastened along a black little priest. All was noise and laughter and gossip; scarce could we hear the chiming of the bells, which summoned us to grand mass in the Cathedral. This is a beautiful simple church, whose façade of variegated marble is ornamented with those short pillars, rising one above the other, which look with such a merry melancholy on us. Within, pillars and walls were clad in scarlet drapery, and serene music swelled forth over the wavelike masses of human beings. Francesca leaned upon my arm, and as I, on entering, gave her holy water, and as our souls were electrified by the delicious damp touch of each other's fingers, I received, simultaneously, such an electric shock on my leg, that I very nearly tumbled for terror over the kneeling peasant women who, clad all in white and loaded with long earrings and necklaces of yellow gold, covered in masses the floor. As I looked around, I saw another kneeling female, fanning herself, and behind the fan I spied my Lady's merry eyes. I bent towards her, and she breathed at the same time languishingly into my ear, “Delightful!”

“For God's sake!” I whispered to her, “be serious! If you laugh, we shall certainly be turned out-of-doors!”

But prayer and entreaty were in vain. Fortunately no one

understood the language in which we spoke. For when my Lady arose and accompanied us through the throng to the high altar, she gave herself entirely up to her wild caprices without the slightest caution, as though we had stood alone on the Apennines. She ridiculed everything; even the poor painted pictures on the wall did not escape her arrows.

"Look there," she cried, "at Lady Eve *née* Rib, how she chats with the Serpent! It was a good idea, that of the painter, to give the snake a human head with a human countenance; but it would have been much more sensible if he had adorned the face of the seducer with a military mustache. Look there, Doctor, at the angel announcing to the highly blest Virgin her blessed 'situation,' and laughing at the same time so ironically. I know what the rascal is thinking of! And that other Maria, at whose feet the holy alliance of the East are kneeling with their offerings of gold and incense — doesn't she look like Catalani?"

Signora Francesca, who, on account of her ignorance of English, understood nothing of all this chatter, save the word "Catalani," quickly remarked that the lady of whom our friend spoke had really lost most of her celebrity. But our friend did not suffer herself to be in the least put out, and passed her comments on the pictures of the Passion to that of the Crucifixion, an exquisitely beautiful painting, where, among others, three stupid idle faces were painted, looking on at their ease at the divine martyrdom, and as my Lady insisted representing the deputies plenipotentiary of Austria, Russia, and France.

Meanwhile the old frescos, which occasionally appeared between the folds of scarlet drapery, had with their wondrous earnestness of expression some influence in subduing the British love of mockery. There were among them faces from the heroic age of Lucca, of which so much is said in Machiavelli, that romantic Sallust, whose spirit sweeps towards us with such fire from the songs of Dante, the Catholic Homer. In those faces the strong feelings and barbaric thoughts of the Middle Ages are well expressed, although on the mouth of many a silent youth there quivers a smiling confession that in those days all the roses were not of stone or unblown, and although through the pious down-drooping

eyelashes of many a maiden of the day there twinkles a roguish leer of love, as though she were willing to come down from the wall to meet us. At all events it is a higher spirit which speaks to us from those old Florentine paintings: it is the truly heroic, which we recognize in the marble images of the Gods of Antiquity, and which does not consist as our esthetic philosophers suppose in eternal calm without passion, but in an eternal passionate emotion without unrest. We also see in several oil paintings of a later day which hang in the Cathedral of Lucca, the same old Florentine spirit — perhaps as a traditional echo. I was particularly pleased with a "Wedding of Cana," by a scholar of Andrea del Sarto, though it was somewhat harshly and stiffly painted. In it the Saviour sits between the soft fair bride and a Pharisee whose stony law-table countenance is in amazement at the genial prophet who so cheerfully mingles with the merry guests, and treats them to miracles far surpassing those of Moses, for the latter, though he struck with all his force on the rocks, brought forth nothing but water, while the former needed only to speak a single word to fill all the jars with the best of wine. Far softer, almost Venetian in color, is the portrait of an unknown person hanging near it and in which the pleasant blending of hues is strangely qualified by a pain which thrills the soul. It represents Mary anointing the feet of Jesus and drying them with her hair. Christ sits there among his disciples, a beautiful, intelligent God, who with human sorrow feels a fearful pious commiseration for his own body, which ere long must suffer so much; and to whom the flattering unction of honor which the dead receive is already due and already realized. He smiles calmly on the kneeling woman, who impelled by a presentiment of loving anguish performs her pitying task, a deed which will never be forgotten so long as suffering humanity shall endure, and which will breathe forth a perfume for the refreshing of those suffering for thousands of years. With the exception of the youth who rested on the bosom of Christ, and who remarks the deed, none of the Apostles appear to realize its peculiar significance, and the one with the red beard appears, even as the Scripture states, to make the morose remark, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to

the poor?" This economical Apostle was the one who carried the purse, the familiarity with money and business appears to have rendered him insensible to all the unselfish perfume of love, he would gladly exchange it for pence for a practical purpose, and it was just he, the penny changer, who betrayed the Savior—for thirty pence. Thus does the Bible symbolically in the history of the Banker among the Apostles reveal the unholy power of seduction which lurks in the money bag, and warn us against the faithlessness of money-brokers. Every rich man is a Judas Iscariot.

"You are making faces as though you were trying to choke down your piety, dear Doctor," whispered my Lady. "I was just looking and—excuse me if the remark is slanderous—but I really thought that you looked like a good Christian."

"Between you and me I am so; yes, Christ—"

"Do you believe, perhaps, that he is a God?"

"That, of course, my good Matilda. He is the God whom I mostly love—not because he is a legitimate God whose Father since time immemorial ruled the world; but because he, though a born Dauphin of Heaven, is democratically minded, loving no courtly ceremonial splendor, because he is not a God of shaven and shorn bookish pedants and laced men-at-arms, and because he is a modest God of the People, a citizen God, *un bon Dieu citoyen*. Truly, if Christ were no God, I would vote that he should be such, and much rather than an absolute God who has forced himself to power would I obey him, the elected God, the God of my choice."



CHAPTER VIII

THE Archbishop, a solemn gray old man, read mass in person; and to tell the truth, not only I, but even to a certain degree my Lady, was moved by the spirit latent in this holy ceremony and by the sanctity of the old man who officiated;—albeit every old man is in and by himself a priest, and the ceremonies of the Catholic world are so primevally old that they are perhaps the only ones which have remained from

the infancy of the world and have a claim on our pious feelings as a memorial of the first forefathers of all mankind. "Look, my Lady," said I, "every gesture which you here behold, the manner of laying on the hands and the spreading out of the arms, this bowing, this washing of the hands, this burning and offering of incense, this cup, yes, the entire clothing of the man from the miter to the hem of the stole — all is ancient Egyptian and the remains of a priesthood of whose wondrous existence the oldest records only tell us a little, an early hierarchy which investigated the first wisdom of the world, which discovered the first gods, which invented the first symbols, and by whom young humanity —"

"Was first cheated and betrayed," added my Lady, in a bitter tone, "and I believe, Doctor, that of this earliest age of the world there remains nothing but a few dreary formulas of deceit. And they are still active and potent. Only look there, for instance, at the fearfully benighted faces! — particularly at that fellow who is planted on his stupid knees, and who, with his wide, staring mouth, looks so much like an ultrablockhead."

"For Heaven's sake!" I remarked, in a soothing manner, "what does it matter if that head has received so little of the light of reason? What is that to us? Why should that irritate you? Don't you see every day oxen, cows, dogs, asses, which are quite as stupid without suffering your equanimity to be disturbed at the sight or being excited to angry expressions?"

"Ah, that is an entirely different matter," rejoined my Lady, "for those beasts have tails behind, and I vex myself just for that, to think that a fellow who is so bestially stupid has, however, behind him no tail at all."

"Yes — that is a very different matter, indeed, my Lady!"

CHAPTER IX

AFTER the mass there was still much to see and to hear, especially the sermon of a great two-fisted monk, whose bold, commanding old Roman countenance contrasted singularly

with his coarse cowl, so that he looked like the Emperor of Poverty. He preached of heaven and of hell, falling at times into the wildest enthusiasm. His description of heaven was somewhat barbarously overloaded, since he filled it with gold, silver, jewels, costly food and wine of the best vintages. He made, too, such inspired mouth-watering grimaces, and rolled himself to and fro in his gown as though he believed himself to be flying among white-winged angels and one of them. Much less delightful, yes, even very practically earnest, was his description of hell. Here the man was far more in his element. He was especially zealous against those sinners who do not believe, as Christianly as they should, in the old fires of hell, and even think that they have somewhat cooled down of late preparatory to a general extinguishment. "And," he cried, "if hell were going out, then would I with my breath blow up the last glimmering coals till they should blaze up again into all the first fury of their flame." Had any one heard the voice, like the north wind, with which these words were howled forth, and could he have seen the glowing face, the red neck strong as a buffalo's, and the mighty fist of the monk, he would not have regarded this hellish threat as a hyperbole.

"I like this man," said my Lady.

"There you are right," I replied, "and he pleases me, too, better than our soft homeopathic spiritual doctors, who dilute their one ten-thousandth grain of reason with a bucket of moral water, and with it preach us to repose of a Sunday."

"Yes, Doctor, I have respect for this hell, but I can't quite agree with him as to his heaven. In fact I very early had my doubts as to the nature of heaven. While I was still very young in Dublin, I often lay on my back in the grass, and looked up at heaven and wondered if it really contained so many splendid things as people said! 'And,' thought I, 'if it does, why is it that none of these fine things ever fall down—say a diamond earring or a pearl necklace, or at least a piece of pineapple cake? and why is it that nothing but hail, snow or common rain ever comes down? That isn't exactly as it should be,' thought I—"

"Why do you say that, my Lady? Why not rather be

silent with such doubts? Unbelievers who put no faith in heaven should not make proselytes; I much less blame — on the contrary I rather praise — the efforts of those convert makers who have a splendid heaven and who, so far from wishing to keep it to themselves, invite their fellow mortals to share it with them, and who never rest till their invitations are accepted.”

“I have always wondered, Doctor, that so many rich people of that sort, such as Presidents, Vice-Presidents or Secretaries of societies for converting unbelievers, take such pains to make, for instance, some rusty old Jew beggar fit for heaven, and to secure his future society there, without ever so much as dreaming of letting him take part in the things which they enjoy here on earth — such as inviting him during summer to their country-seats, where there are beyond question dainties which would taste as good to the poor rogue as though he were in heaven itself.”

“That is intelligible enough, my Lady; the heavenly delights cost nothing, and it is often a double pleasure when we can make our fellow beings happy at so slight an expense. But to what pleasures can the unbeliever invite any one?”

“To nothing, Doctor, but to a long peaceful sleep, which may, however, be very desirable to a suffering mortal, especially if he has been previously tormented with importunate invitations to heaven.”

The beautiful woman spoke these words with bitter accents which went to the heart, and it was not without some earnestness that I replied: “Dear Matilda, in all that I have seen and done in this world I have not once troubled myself as to whether there were a heaven or a hell. I am too great and too proud to be tempted by heavenly rewards or alarmed by the punishments of hell. I strive for the good because it is beautiful and irresistibly attracts me, and I hate the bad because it is ugly and repulsive. Even as a boy when I read Plutarch — and I still read him every night in bed and often feel as if I would fain jump up and take extra post and become a great man — even then I was pleased with the story of the woman who went through the streets of Alexandria, bearing in one hand a burning torch and in the other a leathern bottle of water, crying to the multitude that with the

water she would quench the fire of hell and with the torch would set fire to heaven, so that people should cease to do evil merely from fear of punishment and not do good for the sake of reward. All our deeds should spring from the source of an unselfish love, whether there is to be a continuance after death or not ”

“Then you do not believe in immortality ? ”

“Oh, you are shrewd, my Lady! I doubt it? I, whose heart ever strikes deeper and deeper root into the most distant millenniums of the past and of the future,—I, who am myself one of the most immortal of men, whose every breath is an eternal life, whose every thought is an undying star—I disbelieve in immortality ! ”

“I think, Doctor, that it must require an inordinate share of vanity and presumption, too, after enjoying so much that is good and beautiful on earth, to ask immortality of the Lord in addition to it all! Man, the aristocrat among animals, who thinks himself better than his fellow creatures, would like also to work out for himself this privilege of endless life by court-like hymns of adoration and praise and kneeling prayer. Oh, I know what that twitching of the lips means, my immortal gentleman ! ”

CHAPTER X

THE Signora begged us to accompany her to a convent where a miraculous cross, the most remarkable in all Tuscany, was preserved. And it was well that we left the Cathedral, for my lady's eccentricities would soon have got us into a scrape. She foamed over with brilliant caprices, pretty and pleasant foolish fancies, which leaped about self-willed and wild as kittens. On leaving the Cathedral she dipped her forefinger three times in the holy water, and sprinkled herself with it each time, murmuring, “Dem zefardeyim kinnim,” which is, according to her assertion, the Arabic formula used by sorceresses to transform a human being to an ass.

On the Piazza, or open place before the Cathedral, a body of troops, nearly all clad in Austrian uniform, were exercis-

ing, the word of command being given in German. At least I heard the German words — “*Prasentirts Gewehr! Fuss Gewehr! Schulters Gewehr! Rechts um! Halt!*”¹ I believe that in all the Italian, as well as in several other European states, they command in German. Ought we Germans to plume ourselves on it? Have we so many orders to give in this world that German has even become the language of command? Or have we been ordered about so much that those who are obedient and subject best understand the German tongue?

My Lady did not seem to be a friend to parades and reviews: “I do not like,” said she, “to be near such men with sabers and guns, particularly when they march along in great numbers, and in regular rows in great reviews. What if some one among these thousands of men should suddenly go mad, and shoot me dead on the spot with the musket which he holds in his hand? Or what if he should suddenly become rational and think: ‘What have I to risk? or lose? even if they should take my life? Perhaps the other world, which they promise us, isn’t so brilliant after all, as they say, and if it be ever so bad they certainly cannot give me less than six kreutzers a day — suppose, then, just for the joke of the thing, that I stab that little English lady with the impertinent nose?’ Wouldn’t I be in the greatest danger of my life then? If I were a king I would divide my soldiers into two classes, and one of them should believe in immortality, so that they might be brave in battle, and not fear death, and I would only use them in war. But the others should be employed in parades and reviews, and lest it should come into their heads that they have nothing to lose (and so kill somebody for the sake of a joke), I would forbid them on pain of death to believe in immortality, — yes, I would even give them some butter on their ammunition bread, so that they might have a real fancy to live. But the first, those immortal heroes, should have a right hard life of it, so that they might despise mortality and regard the roar of the cannon as the introduction to a better life.”

“My Lady,” said I, “you would be but an indifferent

¹Present arms! Ground arms! Shoulder arms! Right-about face! Halt!

ruler. You know but little of government, and nothing at all of politics. If you had read the 'Political Annals' — "

"I understand them, perhaps, even better than you, my dear Doctor. While I was very young, I tried to instruct myself in them. While I was still young in Dublin — "

"And lay on your back in the grass—reflecting or not—as at Ramsgate — "

A glance as of a light reproach of ingratitude shot from my Lady's eyes, but she then smiled again, and continued: "While I was yet young in Dublin, and used to sit on a corner of the cricket where mother's feet rested, I had all sorts of questions to ask, what the tailors, the shoemakers, the bakers, in short, what all sorts of people had to do in the world? And mother explained that the tailors made clothes, the shoemakers made shoes, the bakers baked bread. — And when I asked what the kings did, mother told me that they governed. 'Dear mother,' I replied, 'do you know that if I were a king, I'd go one whole day without reigning, just to see how it looked in the world.' 'Dear child,' said mother, 'many a king does that and yet the world looks just the same as ever.'"

"Yes, my Lady, your mother was really in the right. Particularly here in Italy are there such kings, as we see for instance in Piedmont and Naples — "

"Well, Doctor, we shouldn't blame an Italian king for not reigning on some days when it is so terribly warm. The only danger is that the Carbonari may turn such a day to account, for I have remarked that nowadays revolutions always break out on those days when no reigning is going on. If the Carbonari made a mistake and believed that it was a day without reigning, when contrary to all expectation the king did reign, they all lost their heads. Therefore the Carbonari can never be careful enough and must be particular in choosing their time. So that the most delicate and difficult duty of the king is to keep secret those days when there is no reigning, and then they should at least sit down three or four times on the throne, and perhaps mend a pen or seal up envelopes, or rule white paper—all for show of course—so that the people outside who peep into the palace windows may believe in all sincerity that the reigning is still going on."

While such remarks came from my Lady's delicate little mouth, there swam a smile of tranquil happiness around the full rosy lips of Francesca. She scarcely spoke, but her gait was no longer inspired with the sighing rapture of self-denial so manifest on the previous evening. She now walked triumphantly along, every step the sound of a trumpet, and yet it seemed to be rather a spiritual victory, than one of this world, which inspired her movements. She was almost the ideal image of a church triumphant, and around her head swept an invisible glory. But the eyes, as if smiling through tears, were again those of a child of this world, and in the varied stream of humanity which swept past us no single article of clothing had escaped her searching glance.

"Ecco!" was her exclamation, "what a shawl! — the Marquis shall buy me such a cashmere for my turban when I dance Roxelana. Ah! and he has promised me a diamond cross too!"

Poor Gumpelino! you will agree to the shawl without much demurring — the cross, however, will cost you many a bitter hour. But Signora will torture you so long and keep you so long on the rack that you must at last give in to her wishes!



CHAPTER XI

THE church in which the miraculous crucifix of Lucca is to be seen belongs to a monastery, the name of which at this instant has escaped me.

As we entered the church there lay on their knees before the high altar a dozen monks in silent prayer. Only now and then they spoke, as if in chorus, a few broken words which echoed as it were awfully through the solitary columned aisles. The church was dark, except that through small painted windows fell a many-colored light on bald heads and brown cowls. Unpolished lamps of copper dimly illuminated the blackened frescos and altar-pieces, while from the wall projected carved wooden heads of saints, coarsely colored, which in the dubious flickering light seemed grinning at us in grim life. Suddenly my Lady screamed aloud, and

pointed to a tombstone beneath our feet, on which in relief was the stiff image of a bishop with mythra and crozier, folded hands and trodden-away nose. "Ah!" she whispered, "I just then trod rudely on his stone nose, and now he will appear to me in dreams, and then his nose — who knows?"

The sacristan, a pale young monk, showed us the miraculous cross, and narrated the miracle which it had effected. Whimsical as I am, I probably did not appear incredulous on this occasion. I have now and then my attacks of belief in marvels, especially when, as in this instance, the place and the hour are favorable to them, and I then believe that everything in the world is a miracle and all history a legend. Was I inspired with the faith in marvels of Francesca, who kissed the cross with the wildest enthusiasm? I was vexed and annoyed with the wild mockery of the witty English lady — perhaps I was the more irritated by it since I felt that I was not myself entirely free from the contagion, yet still regarded it as by no means praiseworthy. It cannot be denied that the passion for ridicule and mockery, the delight in the incongruity of things, has something evil in it, while seriousness is more allied with the better feelings — virtue, the sense of liberty, and love itself are very serious. Meanwhile there are hearts in which jest and earnest, the bad and the holy, heat and cold mingle so strangely, that it would be difficult to pass a separate judgment on either. Such a heart swam in the bosom of Matilda; often it was a freezing island of ice on whose polished mirror-like ground there bloomed forth deeply longing, glowing forests of palms — as often an enthusiastic blazing volcano, which was suddenly overwhelmed by a laughing avalanche of snow. She was by no means evilly inclined, with all her abandon — not even sensuous; nay, I believe that she had only caught the humorous side of sensuality, and delighted herself with it as with a merry, ridiculous puppet-show. It was a humorous longing, a sweet curiosity to know how this or that queer character would behave when in love. How entirely different was Francesca! There was a catholic unity in all her thoughts and feelings. By day she was a pale yearning moon, by night a glowing sun — moon of my days! sun of my nights! I shall never see thee again!

"You are right," said my Lady, "I also believe in the

wonder-working powers of a cross. I am convinced that if the Marquis does not hoggle and hesitate too long over the diamond cross, it will certainly work a brilliant miracle on the Signora, and she will be at last so dazzled by its brilliancy as even to be enamored of his nose. And I have often heard of the miraculous powers of crosses of nobility which have the power of changing an honest man into a rascal."

And so the beautiful lady ridiculed everything. She flirted with the poor sacristan—made the drollest excuses to the bishop with the worn-out nose, declining in the politest manner any return of her call, and as we came to the holy-water font, she again attempted to turn me into an ass.

Whether it was a sincere mood inspired by the place, or whether it was that I felt inclined to rebuff as sharply as possible this jest, which really vexed me, I know not, but I assumed the appropriate pathos, and spoke:—

"My Lady, I have no liking for those of your sex who despise religion. Beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume, resembling those cold sober tulips which look upon us from their porcelain vases, as though they themselves were of porcelain, and which if they could speak would, without doubt, explain to us how very naturally they grow from a bulb, how all-sufficient it is for any one here below not to smell badly, and how, so far as perfume is concerned, a rational flower has no need of it whatever."

Even at the very mention of a tulip, my Lady was in a state of the most passionate excitement, and as I spoke her idiosyncrasy against the flower acted so powerfully that she held her ears as if desperate. It was half of it acted, but half was piqued earnestness, as she cast at me a bitter glance, and asked from her very heart, and with all the sharpness of irony:—

"And you, dear flower, which of the current religions do you profess?"

"I, my Lady, have them all; the perfume of my soul rises to Heaven and overcomes even the immortal gods themselves."

CHAPTER XII

As Signora could not understand our conversation, which was carried on principally in English, she conceived the idea — Lord knows how! — that we were quarreling about the preeminence of our respective nations. She, therefore, began to praise the English and the Germans also, although at heart she regarded the former as wanting sense, and the latter as stupid. And she had a peculiarly bad opinion of the Prussians, whose country, according to her geography, lay far beyond England and Germany, while her worst ill will was reserved for the King of Prussia, the great Federigo, before whom, her enemy, Signora Seraphina, had danced the previous year in a ballet at her benefit; for singular enough, this king, that is to say, Frederick the Great, still lives on the Italian stage and in the memory of the Italian people.

“No,” said my Lady, without paying the slightest attention to Signora’s sweet caresses and blandishments — “no, it is not necessary to change this man into an ass. Why, he not only changes his opinions every ten steps and continually contradicts himself, but now he even turns missionary, and, upon my word, I believe he is a Jesuit in disguise. I must make up devout faces myself to be safe, or else he’ll give me over to his fellow hypocrites in Christ, to the dilettanti of the Holy Inquisition, who will burn me in effigy, since the police does not as yet permit them to throw people in person into the fire. Oh! honorable gentleman, dear sir, don’t believe that I am as intelligent as I seem to be; indeed, I am not wanting in religion, I am not a tulip, on my honor, no tulip! for heaven’s sake, no tulip — I had rather believe anything! I believe now in the principal things in the Bible. I believe that Abraham begat Isaac, that Isaac begat Jacob, and that Jacob begat Judah, and that Judah in turn met his daughter-in-law Tamar on the highway. I believe, too, that Lot drank too much with his daughters. I believe that Potiphar’s wife kept in her hands the robes of Joseph. I believe that both the elders who surprised Susanna in her bath were very old. Moreover, I believe that the patriarch Jacob cheated first his brother and then his father-in-law,

that King David gave Uriah a good appointment in the army, that Solomon got himself a thousand wives and then complained that all was vanity! I believe in the Ten Commandments, too, and even keep most of them. I do not covet my neighbor's ox, nor his maid-servant, nor his cow, nor his ass. I do not work on the Sabbath, the seventh day on which the Lord rested; yet, to be on the safe side, since we don't know exactly which was the seventh day of rest, I often do nothing through the whole week. But, as for the commandments of Christ, I always obeyed the one which is most important—that we should love our enemies—for, ah! those persons whom I have best loved were always, without my knowing it, my worst enemies.”

“For heaven's sake, Matilda, do not weep!” I cried, as there once more darted forth a tone of the acutest anguish from the most genial mockery like a serpent from a bed of flowers. I well knew that tone which often thrilled the wild and witty crystal heart of the strange and lovely woman, powerfully it was true, but never for a long time, and I well knew that it would vanish as readily as it had risen, before the first jest which one would utter to her, or which would flit through her own soul. While she stood leaning against the monastery gate, pressing her burning cheeks against the cold stone, and wiping the tears from her eyes with her long hair, I tried to revive her merry mood by mystifying poor Francesca; giving the latter the most important particulars of the Seven Years' war, which appeared to be to her a matter of especial interest, and which she believed to be still going on. I told her many interesting things of the great Federigo, the witty gaiter god of Sans Souci who invented the Prussian monarchy, and when young played right well on the flute and made French verses. Francesca asked me if the Prussians or the Germans would conquer? For, as I have already intimated, she supposed the former to be an entirely different race, and it is indeed common enough in Italy to imply by the name “Germans” only the natives of Austria. Signora was not a little astonished when I told her that I myself had lived for a long time in the Capitale della Prussia, that is to say in Berelino, a city which lies very far up on the map, not far from the North Pole. She shuddered

as I depicted to her the dangers to which one is there exposed from the Polar bears which stray about the streets. "For, dear Francesca," I explained to her, "in Spitzbergen there are by far too many bears which lie there in garrison and they sometimes visit Berlin, either inspired by desire to see the bear and the Bassa, or else to eat a good dinner at Bergermann's in the Café Royal—an indulgence which sometimes costs more money than they have with them, in which case one of the bears is bound down there until his companions return and pay for him, whence the expression of 'to bind a bear' originated. Many bears live in the city itself; yes, some people even assert that Berlin owes its origin to the bears and ought really to be called Bearlin. The town bears are, however, very tame, and some of them are so highly educated that they write the most beautiful tragedies and compose the finest music. Wolves are also very common there, but as they generally go clad in sheep's clothing on account of the cold, they are difficult to recognize. Snow geese¹ flutter about there and sing bravura airs, while reindeer,² who are dear enough to their tenants, reign with undisputed sway as connoisseurs in art. On the whole the Berliners live very temperately and industriously, and most of them sit buried up to their navels in snow, writing works of positive religion, devotional books, religious tales for daughters of the higher classes, catechisms, sermons for every day in the year, Elohim poems, and are meanwhile very moral—for they sit up to the navel in snow."

"Are the Berliners then Christians?" cried Signora, in amazement.

"Their Christianity is of a peculiar species. This religion is at bottom utterly and entirely wanting in them, and they are also much too reasonable to seriously practise it. But as they know that Christianity is necessary in a state, so that the subjects may be nicely obedient, and so that people may not steal and murder too much, they endeavor with great eloquence to convert at least their fellow beings to Christianity, seeking as it were substitutes in a religion, whose main-

¹ Lat. *Anser hyperboreus*, soft white pretty misses of the kind which reminded Thackeray of rabbits

² *Rennthiere*, a reindeer *Rentirer*, one who lives on his rents.

tenance is desirable to them, and whose strict practise as well as profession would give them too much trouble. In this dilemma, they employ the zealous service of poor Jews, who are obliged to become Christians for them, and as this race will do anything for gold, and for good words, they have at length exercised themselves completely into the very depths of Christianity. Yes — so deeply that they cry out as well as the best against unbelief, fight as for life and death for the Trinity, believe in it even in the dog-days, rage against the naturalists, slip secretly around in many lands as missionaries and spies of the faith, circulate tracts, roll up their eyes better than any one in the churches, make the most hypocritical faces, and act piety with such success, that the old two of a trade envy is beginning to show itself, and the old masters of the business secretly bewail that Christianity is at present entirely in the hands of the Jews."

CHAPTER XIII

THOUGH Signora did not understand me, you at least, dear reader, will have no difficulty in doing so. My Lady also understood me, and the effect thereof was to revive her good humor. But as I (I do not really know if it was done with a serious expression) undertook to assert that the multitude needed a settled religion, she could not refrain from again attacking me in her peculiar manner.

"People must have a religion!" she cried. "Always must I hear that text preached by a thousand stupid, and by endless thousands of hypocritical lips —"

"And yet, my Lady, it is true. As the mother cannot answer every question to the child with truth, because its power of comprehension is not sufficient, so in like manner there must be a positive religion, a church which can answer for the people according to their comprehension, and reduce to the test of the senses all such questions as transcend sensation."

"Oh, misery! Doctor, your very comparison puts me in mind of a story which in its application is not very favorable to your theory. While I was yet young in Dublin —"

“And lay on your back —”

“Pshaw! Doctor, there’s no speaking a reasonable word with you — stop laughing at me, I say, in that indecent way and listen. While I was still young in Dublin and sat at my mother’s feet, I once asked what people did with the old full moons. ‘My dear child,’ said mother, ‘the Lord breaks the old moons to pieces with the sugar hammer, and makes little stars of them.’ One shouldn’t blame my mother for telling such a story, for with the very best astronomical knowledge, she could never have explained to me the whole system of the sun, moon and stars, and she accordingly answered the supernatural question in a natural way. But it would have been better had she put off the question until I was older, or at least told me the plain truth. For when I afterwards was looking with little Lucy at the full moon, and explained to her how stars were to be made from it, she laughed at me and said that her grandmother, old Mrs. O’Meara, had told her that the full moons were eaten in hell for fire melons, and because there was no sugar there, they sprinkled them with pepper and salt. As Lucy had at first laughed at my naive evangelic opinion, so I now laughed at her gloomy catholic idea, from laughing we got to fighting, we scratched, and we spit at each other in the real polemic style, until little O’Donnell came out of school and separated us. This boy had been better instructed than we in the heavenly science, he understood mathematics, and calmly explained to us our mutual errors, and the folly of our quarrel. And what was the result? Why we two girls at once stopped our quarrel, and united our forces to give the quiet little mathematician a good beating.”

“My Lady, I am troubled, grieved at what you say, for you are in the right. But matters can’t be changed, people will always go on fighting as to the preeminence of the conceptions of religion which were first instilled into their minds, and the reasonable men among them will thereby be doomed to double suffering. Once, of course, things were different, when it never occurred to any one to extol particularly the doctrines or solemnity of his religion, or to press it on any one. Religion was a dear and beautiful tradition, holy narratives, commemorative festivals and mysteries were handed

down from ancestors as the sacred family rites of the people, and it would have been a harsh and cruel thing for a Greek, if a foreigner, not of his race, had demanded fellowship in the same religion with him; and it would have seemed to him a still more inhuman thing to induce any one, by compulsion or cunning, to give up the religion to which he was born, and to substitute for it a strange one. But there came a race from Egypt, from the fatherland of the crocodile and of priesthood, and in addition to cutaneous diseases, and the stolen vessels of gold and silver, this race brought with it a so-called positive religion, a so-called church, a structure of dogmas, in which men must believe, and holy ceremonies which men must celebrate—the first type of later religions of state. Then arose the endless finding of faults in human nature, the making of proselytes, the compulsion of faith, and all that holy torture which has cost the human race so much blood, and so many tears.”

“God damn this *primevil* race!”

“Oh, Matilda, it has long been damned, and has dragged the agonies of its damnation with it for thousands of years. Oh, this Egypt! her works defy time, her pyramids still stand unshattered as of old, her mummies are as imperishable as ever, and not less imperishable is that mummy of a race, which wanders over the world wrapped in most ancient swathing bands of letters, a petrified fragment of the History of the World, a specter which gets its living by trading in bills of exchange and old pantaloons. My Lady, do you see yonder that old man with a white beard, the point of which seems to be growing black again,—a man with ghostlike eyes?”

“Are not the ruins of the old Roman graves there?”

“Yes—and there he sits offering his prayer, a fearful prayer, in which he bewails his sufferings, and accuses races which have long since vanished from the earth, and now live only in nursery legends—while he in his pain scarce marks that he sits on the graves of those very enemies for whose destruction he prays to Heaven.”

CHAPTER XIV

I SPOKE in the previous chapter of positive religions, only so far as they are especially privileged by the state, as churches, under the name of state religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will prove to you in the most convincing manner, that the opponent of the ecclesiastical system of such a religion of state is also an enemy of religion, and of the state, an enemy of God and of the king, or as the common formula reads, an enemy of the throne and of the altar. But I tell you that it is a lie, I honor the real holiness of every religion, and conform myself to the interests of the state. And if I do not render homage, and devote myself to Anthropomorphism, I still believe in the power and glory of God, and even though kings are so insane as to resist the spirit of the people, or even so ignoble as to oppress their organs by neglect and persecution, I still remain, in accordance with my deepest conviction, an adherent to the kingdom and to the monarchical principle. I do not hate the throne, but I do those windy nothings of aristocratic vermin which have nestled in the crannies of the old throne, and whose character Montesquieu has described so accurately with the words: "Ambition hand in hand with Indolence, Vulgarity allied to Pride, the longing to become rich without labor, the dislike of truth, flattery, treachery, faithlessness and the breaking of words, the contempt of the duties of the citizen, the fear of princely virtue, and an interest in princely vice!" I do not hate the altar, but I hate the serpents which lurk amid the loose stones of the old altar; those malignantly cunning snakes which can smile innocently as flowers, while they secretly spurt their poison into the cup of life, and hiss slander into the ear of the pious one praying; those glossy, gliding worms with soft sweet words:—

"Mel in ore, verba lactis
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."

And just because I am a friend of the state and of relig-

ion, do I hate that abortion termed the religion of state. If there were no such religion of state, no privilege of dogma and of a religion, Germany would be united and strong, and her sons lordly and free. But as it is, our poor Fatherland is torn by divisions of creeds, the people are separated into warring parties in religion, Protestant subjects quarrel with Catholic princes, or vice versa, everywhere there is mistrust, or crypto-Catholicism or crypto-Protestantism, accusations of heresy, espionage of views and opinions, pietism, mysticism, smelling of rats by church journals, sectarian hatred and zeal for conversion, so that while we fight for heaven above, we are all going to the devil here on earth below. An indifferentism in religion would be, perhaps, the only thing which could save us, and by becoming weak in faith, Germany might grow politically strong.

But it is as ruinous for religion itself, and for her holy existence, when she is clad with privileges, and when her servants are especially endowed by the state with power to represent it, so that one hand as it were washes the other, the religious the worldly, and vice versa, from which a wish-wash results which is to the blessed Lord a folly, and to man a torture. If the state has opponents, they will become foes to the religion which confers privileges on the state, and consequently renders them allies; and even the innocent believer will become mistrustful when he detects political objects in religion. But the most repulsive of all is the pride of the priests when they, for the service which they think they have done the state, presume to count upon the support of the latter, and when they in return for the spiritual fetters which they have lent the state to bind the people, betake themselves to the protection of the state's bayonets. Religion can never sink so low as when she is in such a manner raised to a religion of state, her last claim to innocence is then vitiated, and she becomes as brazenly proud as a declared concubine. Of course, more homage and assurances of reverence are then made her, she every day celebrates new conquests in gleaming processions, where even generals who once served under Bonaparte bear torches, the proudest spirits swear fidelity to her banner, day by day unbelievers are converted and baptized — but all this pouring on of water butters no parsnips,

and the new recruits of the religion of state are like those of Falstaff—they fill the state. As for self-sacrifice no one even speaks of such a thing, the missionaries with their tracts and books travel about like commercial agents with their samples—there is no longer any danger in the business, and all goes on in a regular mercantile economical form.

Only so long as religions are rivals and more persecuted than persecutors, are they noble and worthy of honor, and only then do we find inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs and palms. How beautiful, how holy and lovely, how strangely sweet was the Christianity of the early ages while it as yet resembled its divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! Then there was still the legend of a god, all their own, who, in the form of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine and preached human love, and set forth those doctrines of freedom and of equality, which at a later day were recognized as true by the reason of the greatest thinkers, and which as a French gospel inspired our age. But let any one compare that religion of Christ with the different Christianities which have been formed in different countries as religions of state—for instance, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or even that Catholicism without poetry which we see ruling as “High Church of England,” that dismal, crumbling skeleton of faith from which all fresh life has departed! The monopoly of system is as injurious to religions as to trades, they are only strong and energetic by free competition, and they will again bloom up in their primitive purity and beauty so soon as the political equality of the Lord’s service, or, so to speak, as soon as the trades-freedom of the divinities, is introduced.

The noblest-minded men in Europe have long since asserted that this is the only means to preserve religion from an utter overthrow; but its present servants would sooner sacrifice the altar itself than the least thing which is sacrificed on it; just as the nobility would sooner give up to utter destruction the throne and the illustrious Highness seated thereon, than that he should seriously give up the most improper of his proper privileges. But is the affected interest for throne and altar only a mocking show played off before the people? He who has been behind the scenes and peeped into the mysteries of the business, knows that the priests do not so much as the

laity respect that God, whom they, for their own profit and at will knead from bread and words, and that the nobility respect the king much less than a serf would have them do, and that they in their hearts scorn and despise even that royalty for which they in public manifest so much honor, and seek to awaken respect in others; in fact, they resemble those people who exhibit for money to the gaping public in booths on the market-place, a Hercules, or a giant, or a dwarf, or a savage, or a fire-eater, or some other remarkable man of whom they praise the strength, size, bravery and invulnerability; or if he is a dwarf, his wisdom. All this they do with the most incredible readiness of speech, blowing at times their trumpet, and wearing a gaily colored jacket, while in their hearts they laugh at the ready faith of the staring people, and mock the poor be-praised subject, who by dint of daily intercourse has become very uninteresting to them, and whose weaknesses and whose arts acquired by training they understand only too accurately.

Whether the blessed Lord will long suffer the priests to pass off a bugbear for him, and make money by the show, is more than I know; at least it would cause me no surprise if I should some day read in the "Hamburg Impartial Correspondent," that the old Jehovah warns every one against giving credit in his name to any one, no matter who he be, or even to his own son. But I am convinced — and time will show it — that there will come a day when kings will no longer submit to be the show puppets of their high-born despisers, when they will burst loose from etiquette, and break down the marble booths in which they are shown. Then they will disdainfully cast aside the shining frippery intended to impose upon the people, the red mantle which terrified, in such a headsman-like manner, the diamond tiara which was pulled over their ears that they might not hear the voices of the people, the golden rod given as a sham sign of supremacy into their hands — and the kings set free will become free as other men, and walk freely among them, and feel free, and marry free, and express their opinions freely, and that will be the emancipation of monarchs.

CHAPTER XV

BUT what are the aristocrats to do when they have been robbed of their crowned means of subsistence, when kings are a special property of the people, maintaining an honorable and stable government according to the will of the people — the only source of all power? What will the priests do when kings perceive that a little consecrated oil cannot make any human head guillotine proof, just as the people on their part learn from day to day that no one can grow fat on sacramental wafers? Well, of course nothing will then remain for the aristocracy and clergy, save to join hands, and cabal and intrigue against the new order of things in this world.

Vain efforts! The age like a fiery giantess tranquilly advances, giving no heed to the chatter of the snappish priestlings and lordlings down below. How they howl whenever one of them has burnt his snout on the foot of the giantess, or when she has trodden unwittingly upon a head or two, so that the dark reactionary poison spurts forth! Then their vindictiveness turns all the more bitterly against single children of the age, and, powerless against the mass, they seek to assuage their cowardly spark of spirit on individuals.

Ah! we must confess that many a poor child of the age feels none the less the stabs which he receives in the dark, from lurking lords and priests, and oh! though a glory gathers around the wounds of the conqueror, yet they still bleed and smart! It is a strange martyrdom, that which such conquerors endure in our days, and one which cannot be done away with by bold confession, as in those early ages when the martyrs found a speedy scaffold, or the burning pile with its wild hurrahs! The spirit of martyrdom to sacrifice all earthly things for a heavenly jest, is still the same as ever; but it has lost much of its deepest cheerfulness of faith, it has become rather a resigned endurance, a firm holding out, a lifelong dying, and it even happens that in cold gray hours even the holiest martyrs are assailed by doubts. There is nothing so terrible as hours like those wherein Marcus Brutus began to doubt the reality of that virtue for which he had suffered all things. And, ah! he was a Roman who lived in

the palmy days of the Stoa; but we are of modern softer stuff, and withal we witness the successful course of a philosophy, which grants to any inspiration whatever only a relative significance, and thus in itself annihilates it, or at any rate neutralizes it into a self-conscious Don Quixotery.

The cool, calm, cunning philosophers! How compassionately they smile on the self-torture and mad freaks of a poor Don Quixote, yet with all their school wisdom do not perceive that this Don Quixotery is the most laudable thing in life, yes, life itself, and that it inspires to bolder effort the whole world, and all in it which philosophizes, plays, plants and gapes! For the great mass of the people, with the philosophers, is, without knowing it, nothing but a colossal Sancho Panza who, despite all his sober dread of whippings, and homely wisdom, still follows the knight in all his dangerous adventures, lured by the promised reward in which he believes, because he longs for it, but still more attracted by the mystic power which enthusiasm always exerts on the masses—as we see in all political and religious revolutions, and it may be, also, daily in the smallest events.

Thus, for example, you, dear reader, are in spite of yourself the Sancho Panza of the insane poet, whom you follow through the erratic mazes of this book—it may be while shaking your head misgivingly—but whom you still follow.



CHAPTER XVI

STRANGE! “The Life and Deeds of the Sagacious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha,” written by Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, was the first book which I read after I had attained a tolerably boy age of discretion, and had become to a certain degree familiar with the nature of letters. I can well remember the bit of leisure time, when I early one morning stole away from home, and hastened to the Court Garden, that I might read “Don Quixote” without being disturbed. It was a beautiful May-day, the blooming Spring lay lurking in the silent morning light, listening to the sweet praises of her flatterer the nightingale, and the bird sang so softly and

caressingly, with such melting enthusiasm, that the most shamefaced buds sprang into life, and the love-longing grass and the sun-rays quivering in perfume kissed more hurriedly, and trees and flowers trembled for sheer rapture. But I sat myself down on an old mossy stone bench in the so-called "walk of sighs," and solaced my little heart with the great adventures of the daring knight. In my childish uprightness of heart, I took it all in sober earnest, and ridiculously as the poor hero was treated by luck, I still thought that it was a matter of course, and must be so, the being laughed at as well as being wounded, and that troubled me sadly as I sympathized with it all in my soul. I was a child, and knew nothing of the irony which God had twined into his world as he created it — and I could have found it in my heart to weep the bitterest tears, when the noble knight, for all his heroic courage, received only ingratitude and blows; and as I, who was as yet unpractised in reading, pronounced every word aloud, it was possible for birds and trees, brook and flowers, to hear everything with me, and as such innocent beings of nature know as little as children of the irony of the great world, they took it all for sober earnest, and wept with me over the sorrows of the poor knight; even a worn-out old oak sighed deeply, and a waterfall shook more rapidly his white beard and seemed to scold at the wickedness of the world. We felt that the heroic will of the knight was not the less worthy of admiration, when the lion turned tail on him without wishing to fight, and that his deeds were the more praiseworthy in proportion to the weakness and meagerness of his frame, the brittleness of his armor, and the worthlessness of his palfrey. We despised the base mob who treated him with such thrashing rudeness, and still more that mob of a higher rank, which, ornamented with gay silk attire, aristocratic phrase and ducal titles, scorned a man who was in strength of soul so immeasurably their superior. Dulcinea's Knight rose higher in my estimation, and gained more and more in my love, the more I read in that wondrous book — and that I did every day in the same garden, so that by the Autumn I had concluded the story — and never, in all my life, shall I forget the day on which I read of the sorrowful combat wherein the knight was so shamefully subdued!

It was a gloomy day, hideous clouds swept along the gray heaven, the yellow leaves fell painfully from the trees, heavy tears hung on the last flowers, which fading in sorrow sank their dying heads, the nightingales had long been silent, the image of all things passing away stared at me still and death-like on every side,—and my head was all but broken as I read how the noble knight lay bewildered and crushed on the ground, and without removing his vizor spoke with weak and sickly voice to the victor as though from the grave: “Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate Knight on earth, but it is not fit that my weakness should give the lie to this truth—so on with thy lance, Knight!”

Ah! this gleaming Knight of the silver moon, who conquered the bravest and noblest man in the world, was a disguised barber!

CHAPTER XVII

THAT was all long, long ago. Many fresh springs have bloomed since then, but they were all wanting in their greatest charm, for alas! I no longer believe in the sweet falsehoods of the nightingale, the flatterer of Spring, I know how quickly its bloom passes away, and when I see the latest rosebuds, I see them blooming forth glowing with pain, growing pale and scattering in the wind. On every hand I perceive a winter in disguise.

But in my breast that flaming love still blooms which rises full of longing over the whole earth and sweeps dreamily and wildly through the yawning realms of heaven, is struck back by the cold stars, sinking again to this little ball of earth, and which with sighs and shouts of exultation must confess that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful or better than the heart of man. This love is Inspiration, ever of a divine nature whether her deeds be of folly or of wisdom. And so it happened that the little boy by no means lavished those tears in vain, which he shed over the sorrows of the mad knight, any more, indeed, than the youth did in later years, when he many a night in his narrow study wept over the

death of the holiest heroes of liberty — over King Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over Jesus of Jerusalem, and over Robespierre and Saint Just of Paris. Now that I have donned the toga virilis, and must myself be a man, there is an end to weeping, and the business in hand is to act like a man, after the manner of great predecessors, and if God so wills to be wept in turn in future years by boys and youths. Yes — these are the ones on whom we may count in this cold age, for they will be inspired by the gloomy breath which is wafted to them from ancient lore, and it is thus that they appreciate the hearts of flame of the present age. Youth is unselfish in thought and in feeling, and therefore thinks and feels the truth most deeply, and is not backward when a bold participation in faith or deed is called for. Older people are selfish and small-souled; they think more of the interest of their money than of the interest of mankind; they let their little boat swim calmly along in the gutter of life, troubling themselves but little as to the sailor who on the high seas fights the billows, or they creep with sticky obstinacy to the summit of a mayoralty, or to the presidency of a club, and shrug their shoulders at the images of heroes which the storm cast down from the pillars of renown, telling, perhaps, meanwhile, how they too, when young, also ran their heads against the wall, but that they afterwards made friends with the wall because the wall was the Absolute, that which was appointed so to be, the existing in and for itself, that which because it is, is also reasonable, and that, therefore, he is unreasonable who will not endure a sublimely reasonable undeniably existing, firmly grounded Absolutism. Alas! these rejecters and challengers, who philosophize us into a mild servitude, are always more worthy of regard than the rejected, who, in the defense of despotism, never take stand on the reasonable ground of reason, but strong in their familiarity with history defend it as a right of prescription and custom with which men have gradually grown familiar in the course of time, and which is now legally and equitably impregnable.

Perhaps you are in the right, and I am only a Don Quixote, and the reading of all manner of strange books has turned my head as the Knight of La Mancha's was turned,

and Jean Jacques Rousseau was my Amadis de Gaul, Mirabeau was my Roldan or Agramanto, and I have studied too deeply in the heroic deeds of the French Paladins, and of the Round Table of the National Convention. It is true that my madness and the fixed ideas which I have gathered from those books are of a diametrically different description from the monomania and madness of the Manchan. He was desirous of restoring decaying chivalry to its pristine splendor, while I, on the contrary, would utterly destroy all that there is as yet remaining from those days; and we, consequently, work with views at utter variance. My colleague regarded windmills as giants—I, however, in the braggart giants of the day see only noisy windmills; he thought that leathern wine sacks were mighty magicians, while I, in our contemporary enchanters, see nothing but leather-headed wine sacks; he took beggarly pot-houses for castles, ass drivers for cavaliers, low women for court ladies—while I take our castles for mere inns for blackguards, our knights for ass drivers, our court ladies for common women, and as he mistook a puppet-show for the deeds of a state, so do I regard our state deeds as mere puppet comedies; yet just as bravely as the bold Knight of La Mancha do I let drive into the wooden trash. Ah! such a heroic deed often costs me as much as it did him, and I must like him often suffer much for the honor of my lady. If I would only be false to her from fear or base avarice, I might live comfortably in this absolute existing reasonable world, and I could lead some lovely Maritornes to the altar, and be blessed by sleek magicians and banquet with noble ass drivers, and beget harmless novels and the like base little slaves! Instead of that, adorned with the three colors of my lady, I must constantly be taking my place on the combating ground, and dash onward through fearful toil and tumult—and I fight my way through no victory which does not also cost me some heart's blood. By day and night I am in extremity, for those enemies are so treacherous that many whom I long ago struck down to death still give themselves the guise of living forms, and, changing into every shape, weary and disgust me by day and by night. How many sufferings have I endured through these wretched ghosts! Where love

clothes of their enemies to discover some obsolete baby wrappings from which to nose out trouble, how they even rake the fathers of their enemies out of their graves to see if they perhaps were baptized — oh, the fools! who imagine that they have discovered that the lion belongs to the feline race, and with this natural historical discovery go hissing about so long, that finally the great cat exemplifies the *ex ungue leonem* on their own flesh! Oh! the obscure wights upon whom no light shines until they hang in person on the lamp-post! With the entrails of an ass would I string my lyre that I might worthily sing them — the shorn blockheads!

A mighty joy seizes on me! While I sit and write, music sounds under my window, and in the elegiac grimness of the long drawn out melody, I recognize that Marseilles hymn with which the beautiful Barbaroux and his companions greeted the city of Paris, that rans des vaches of liberty, whose tones gave the Swiss in the Tuileries the homesickness, that triumphant death song of the Gironde — the old sweet cradle song.

What a song! It shudders through me with fire and joy, and lights up in me the glowing stars of inspiration, and the rockets of scorn and mockery. Yes, they shall not be wanting in the great fireworks of the age. Ringing fire streams of song shall pour forth in bold cascades from the summit of Freedom's revels; as the Ganges leaps from Himalaya! And thou, dear Satyra, daughter of the just Themis and of goat-footed Pan, lend me thine aid, for thou art by the mother's side of Titanic blood, and hatest like me the enemies of thy kin, the weak usurpers of Olympus. Lend me the sword of thy mother that I may execute the hated brood, and give me the pipes of thy father that I therewith may pipe them to death.

Already they hear the deathly piping, and panic fears seize them, and they again take to flight in bestial forms as of old, when we piled Pelion upon Ossa.

“Aux armes citoyens!”

They did great injustice to us poor Titans, when they blamed the dark ferocity with which we raged upward in that storming of heaven — ah! down there in Tartarus it was terrible and dark; we heard there only the howls of Cerberus and

the rattling of chains, and it is pardonable if we appear somewhat savage, in comparison with those divinities, comme il faut, who so refined and elegant in manners enjoyed in the cheerful saloons of Olympus so much exquisite nectar and so many sweet concerts given by the Muses.

I can write no more, for the music under my window intoxicates my head, and still more forcibly am I moved by the refrain.

“Aux armes citoyens!”

(1)

THE END

